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# Tom & Jerry COMICS

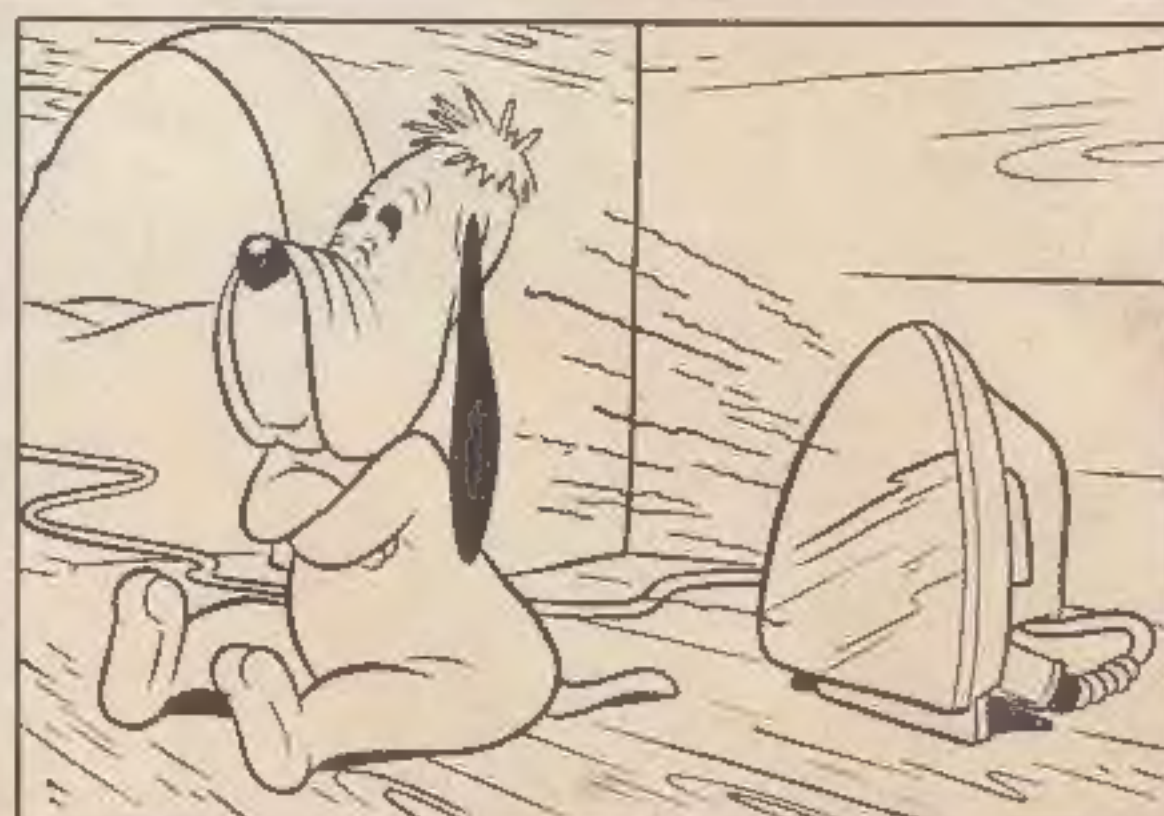
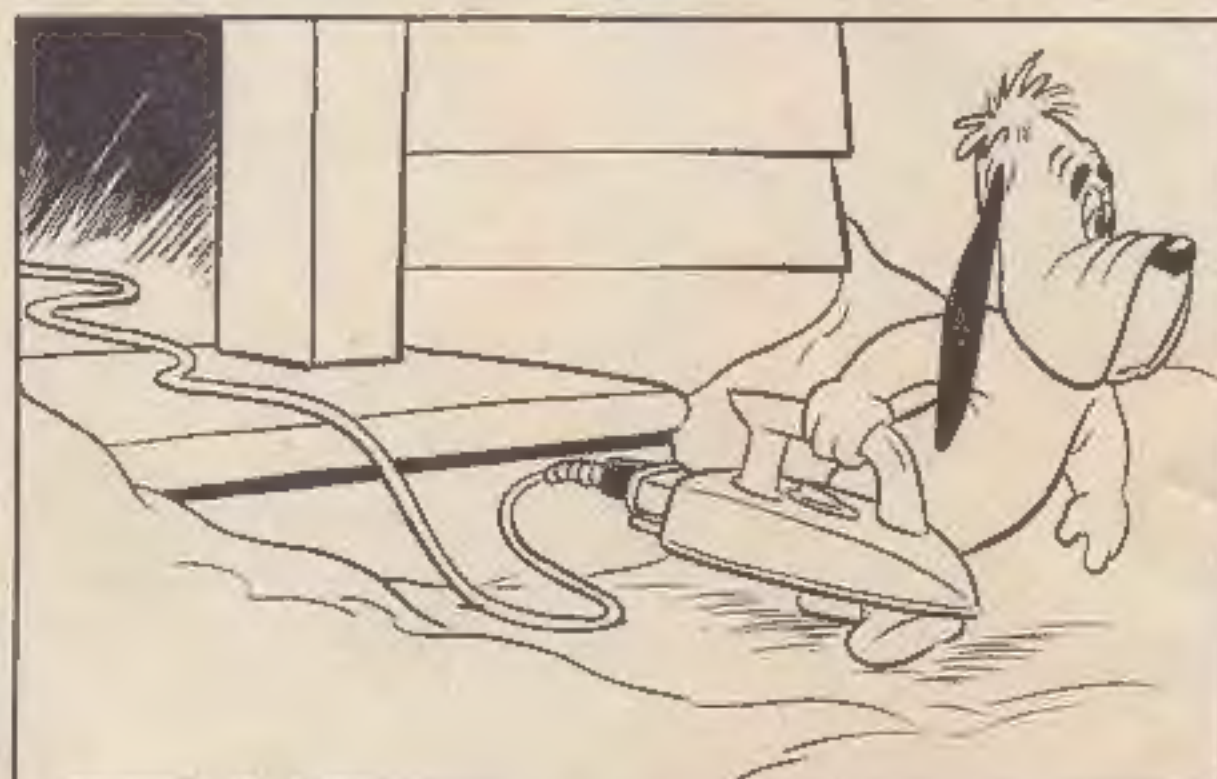
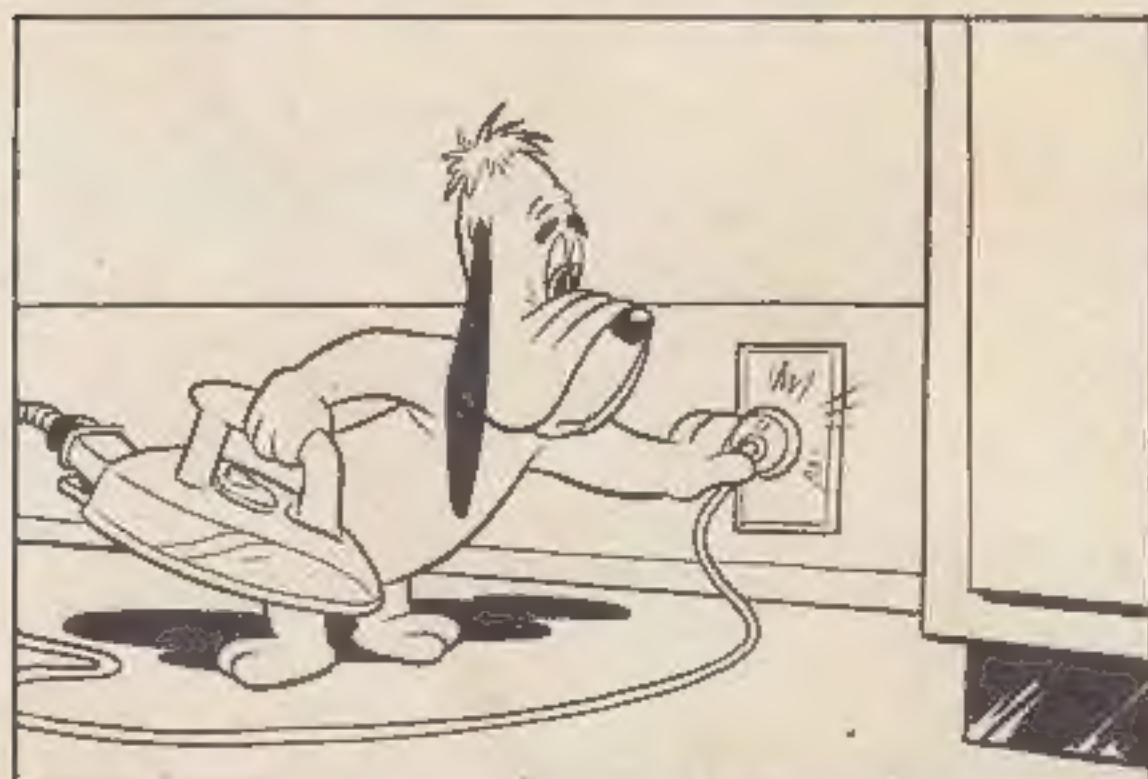
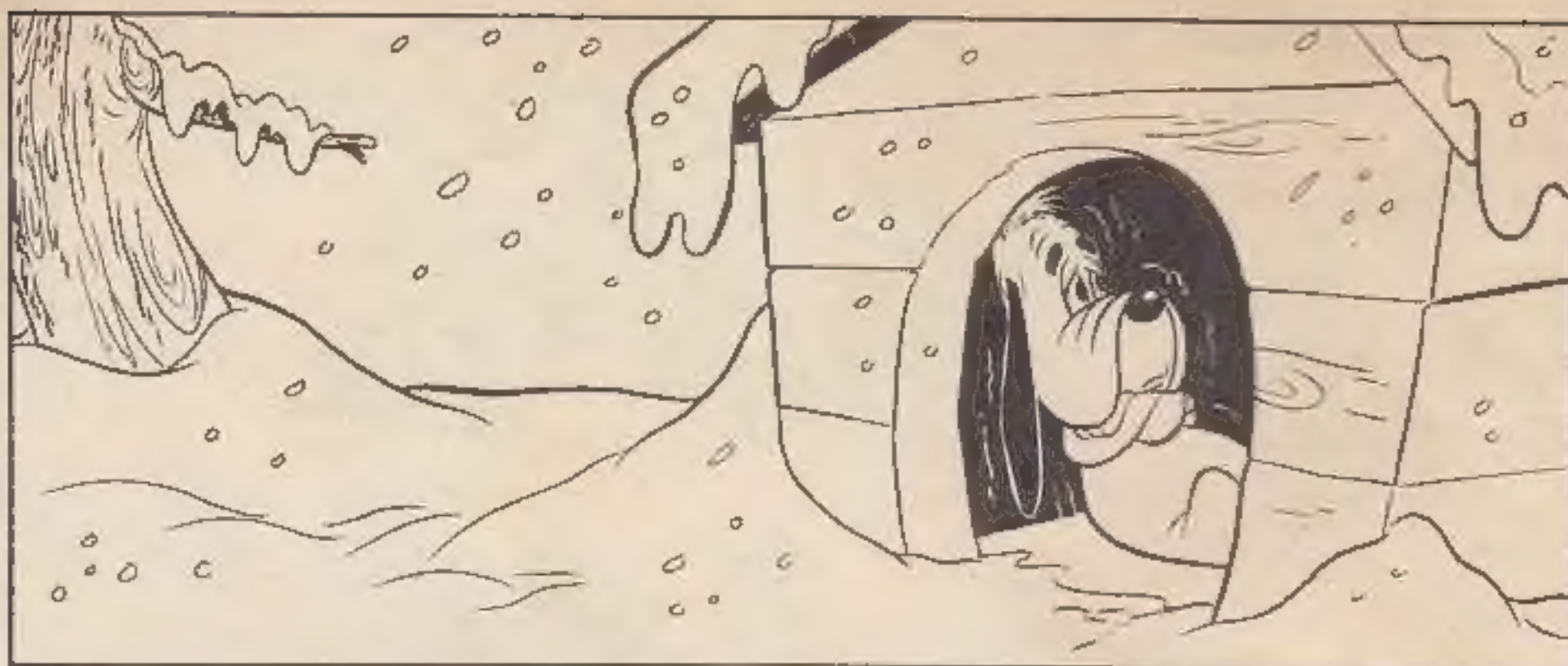
**XMAS  
TREES  
FOR SALE**

**52 pages  
ALL COMICS!**

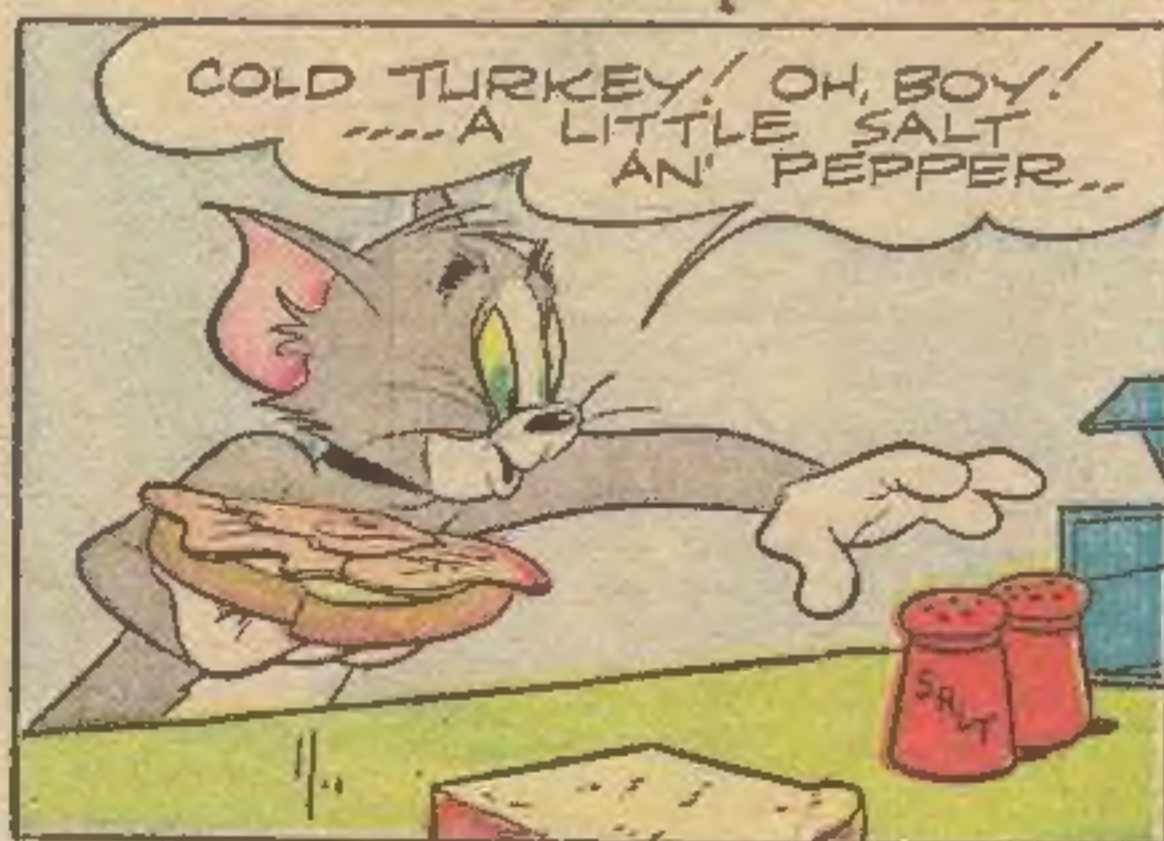
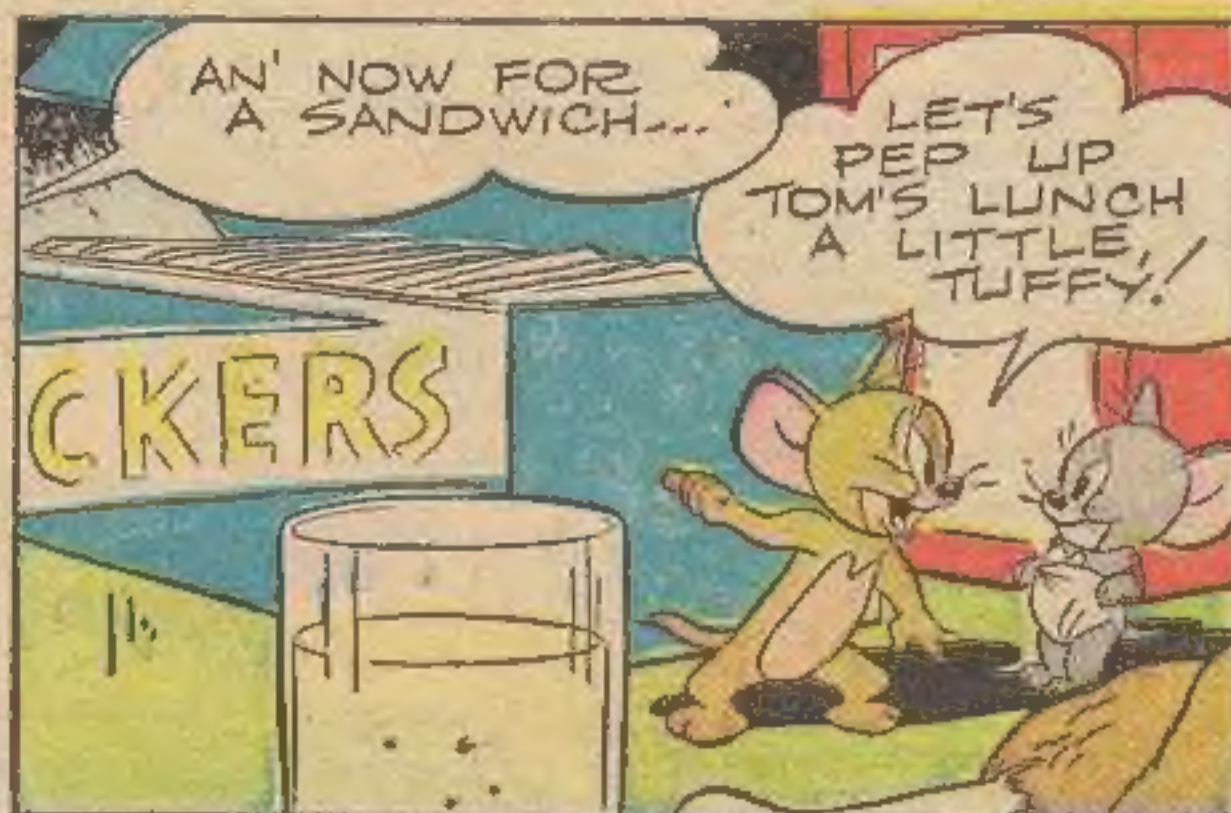




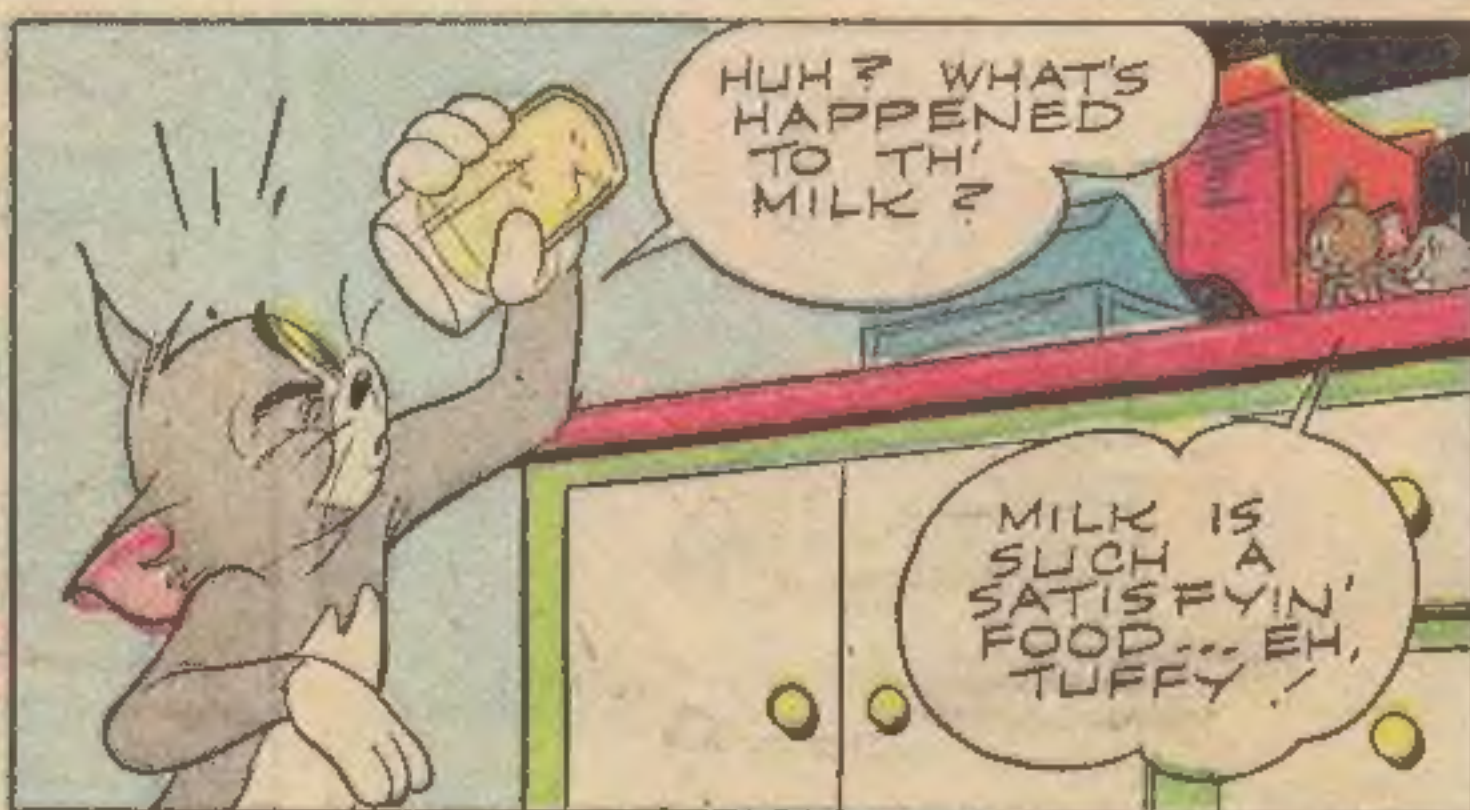
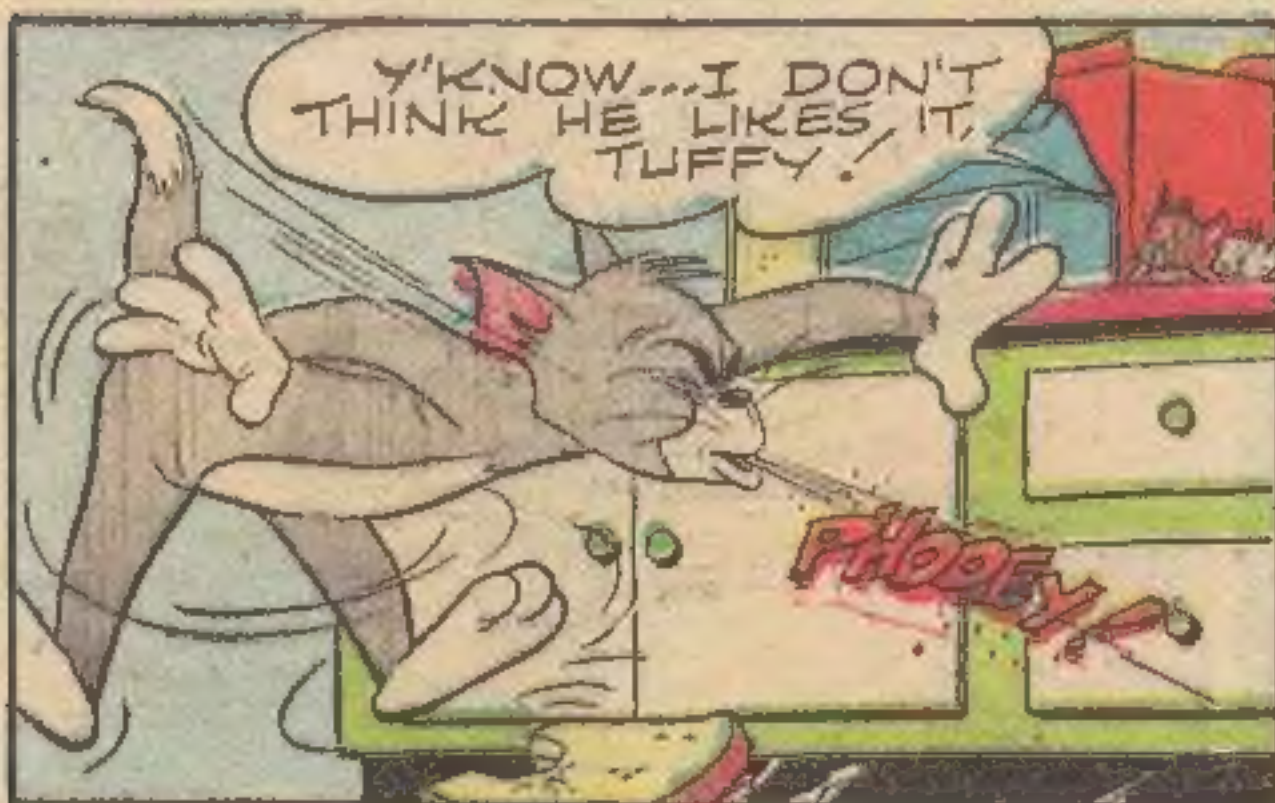
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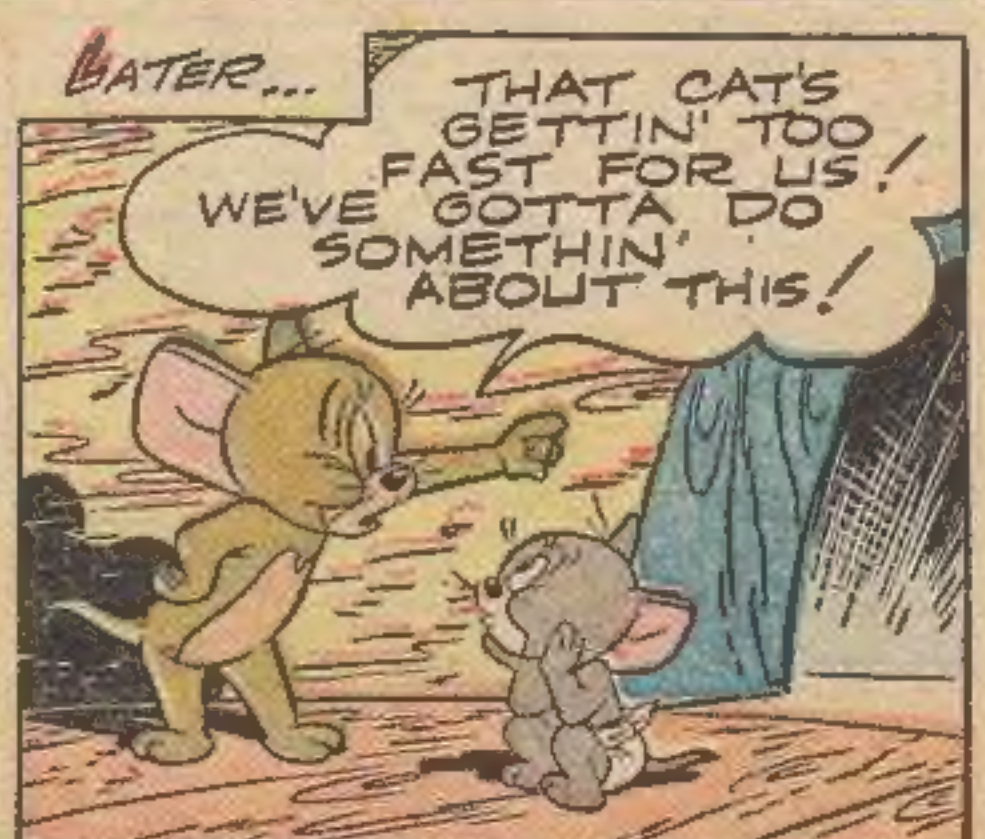
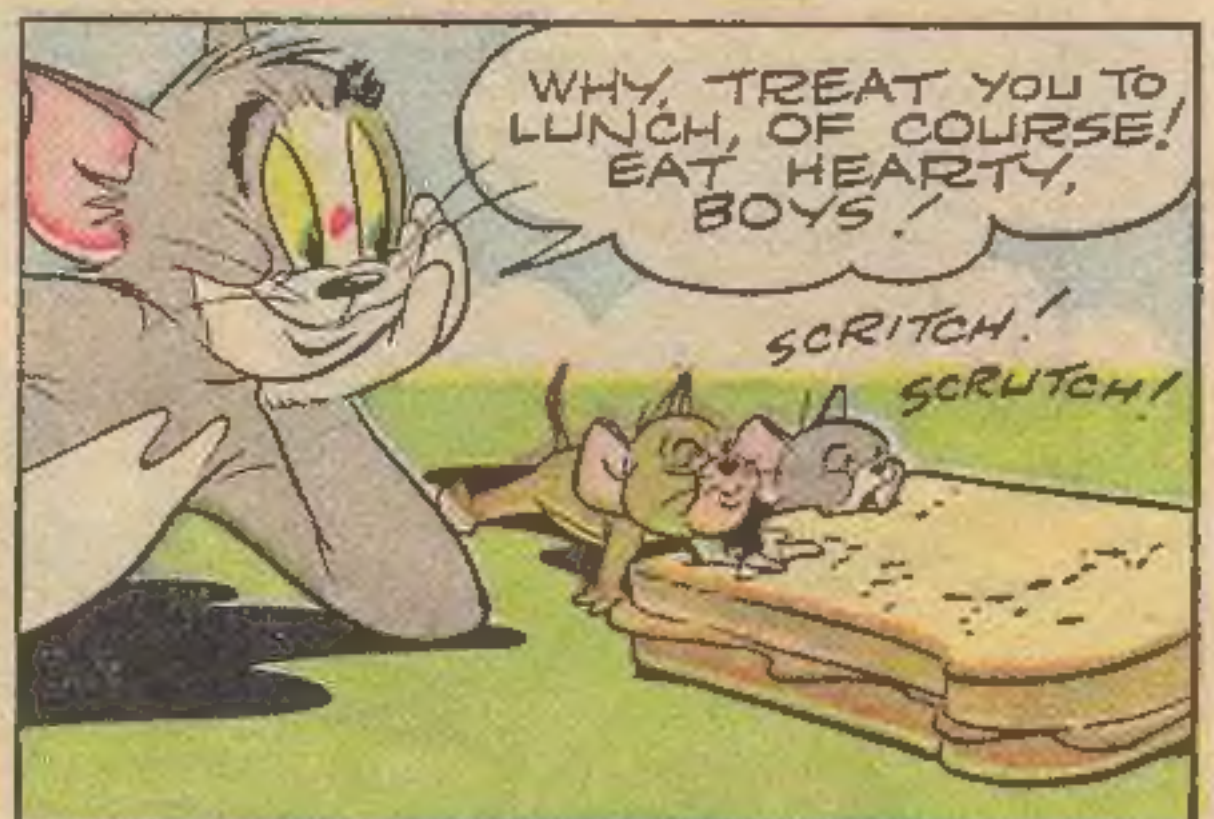
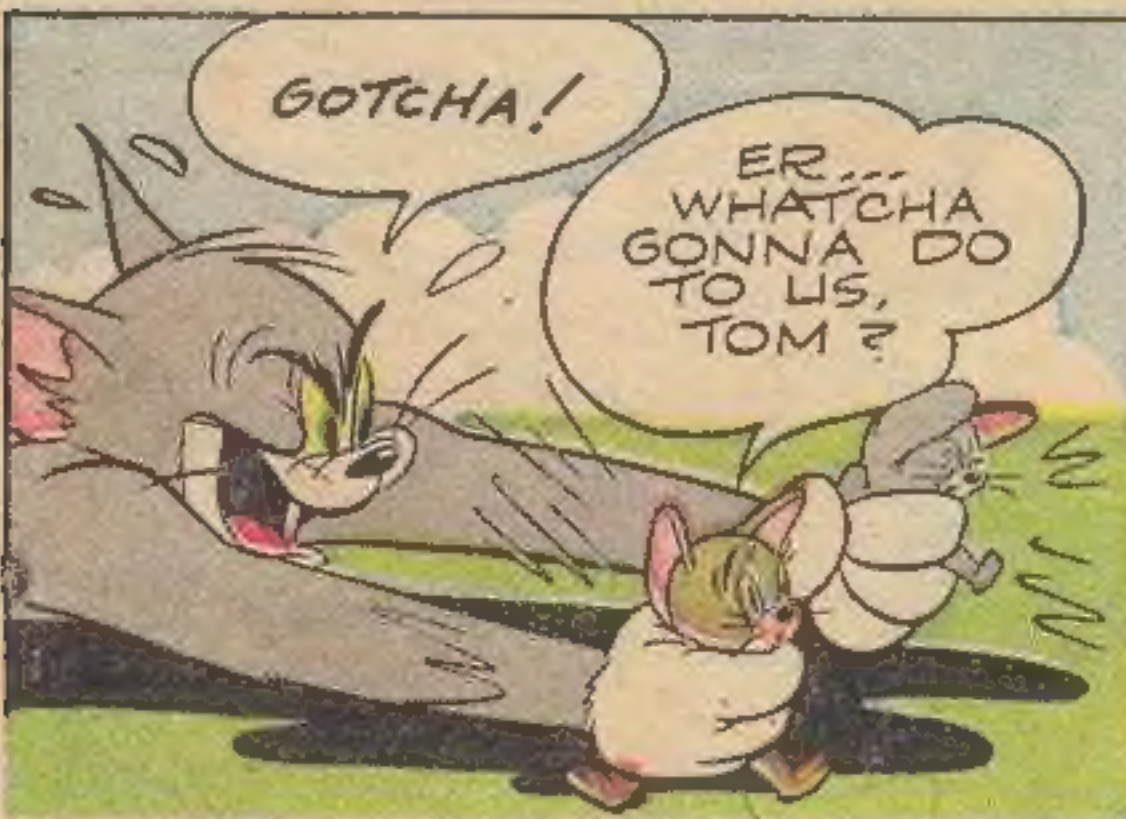
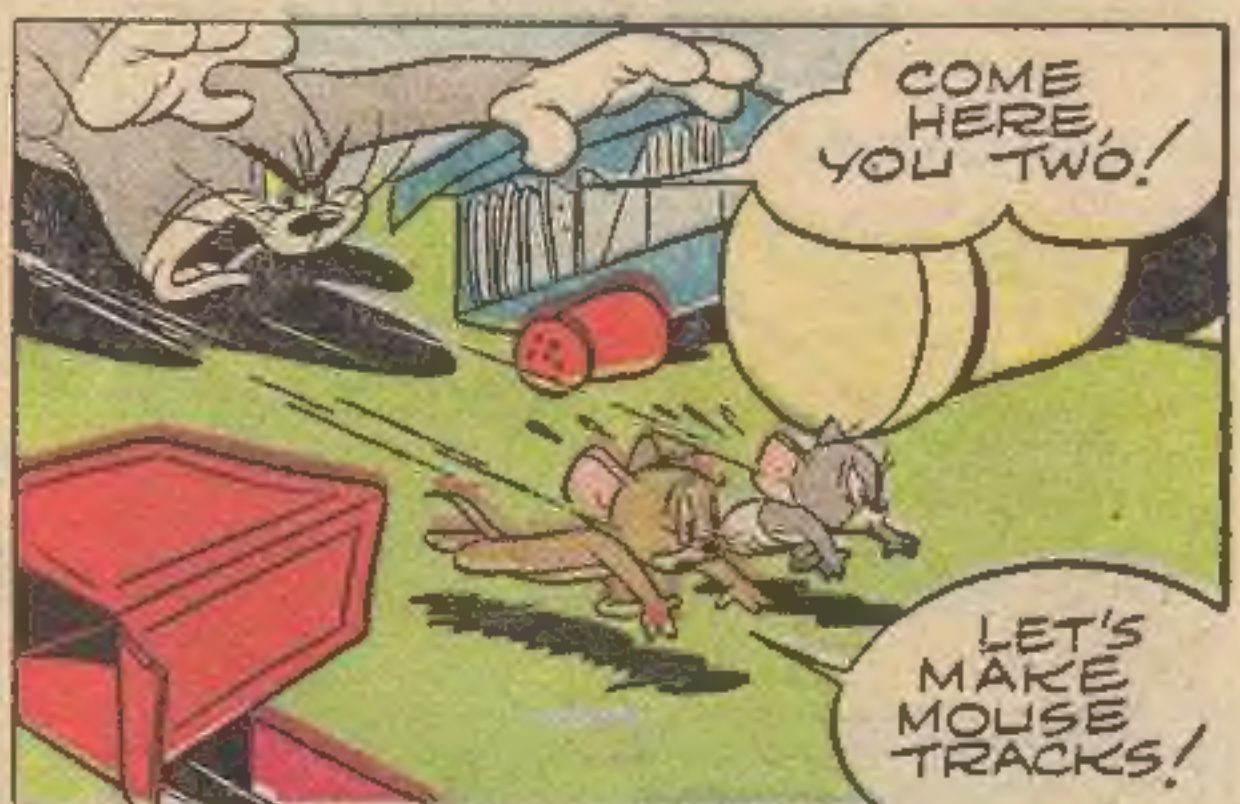
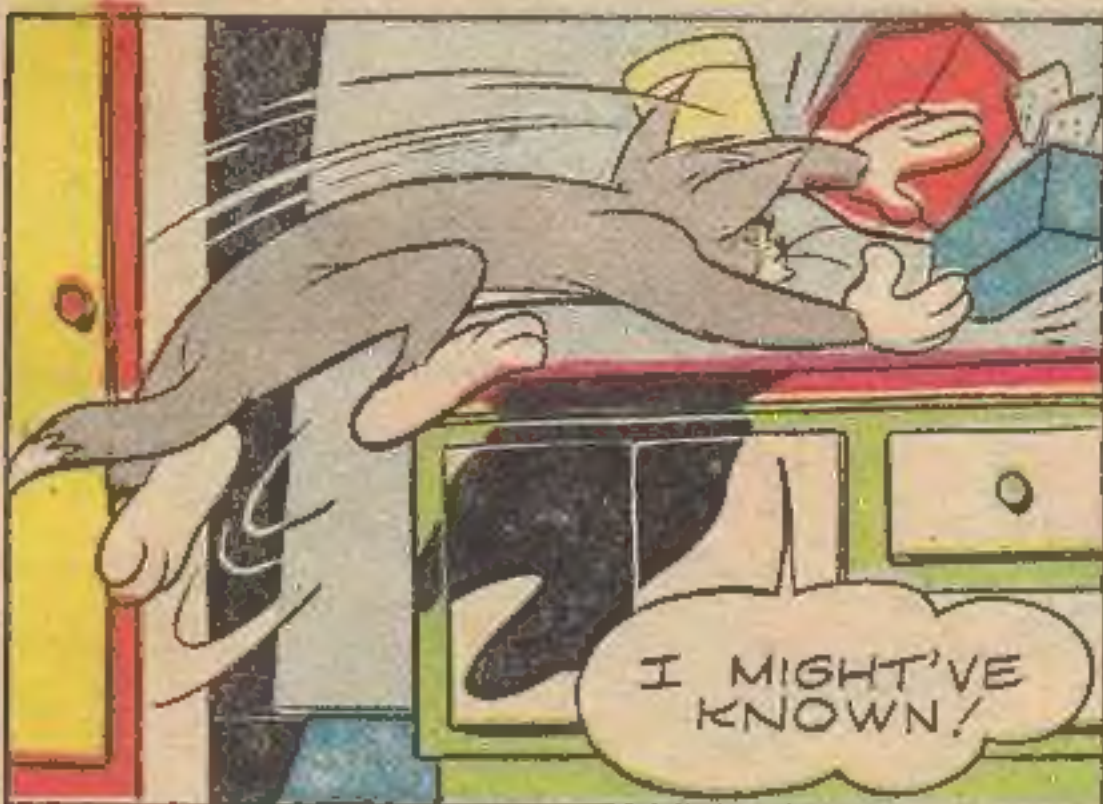




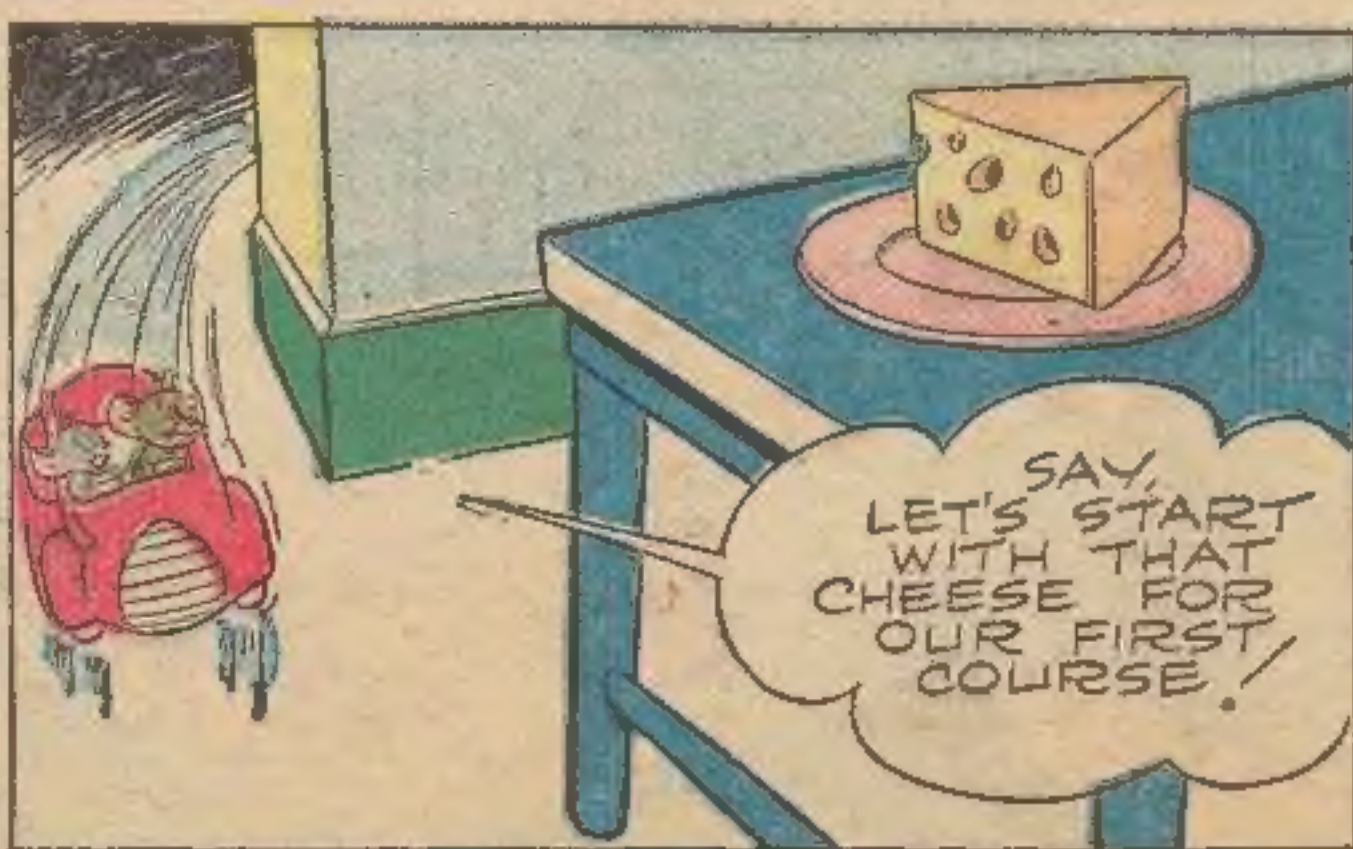
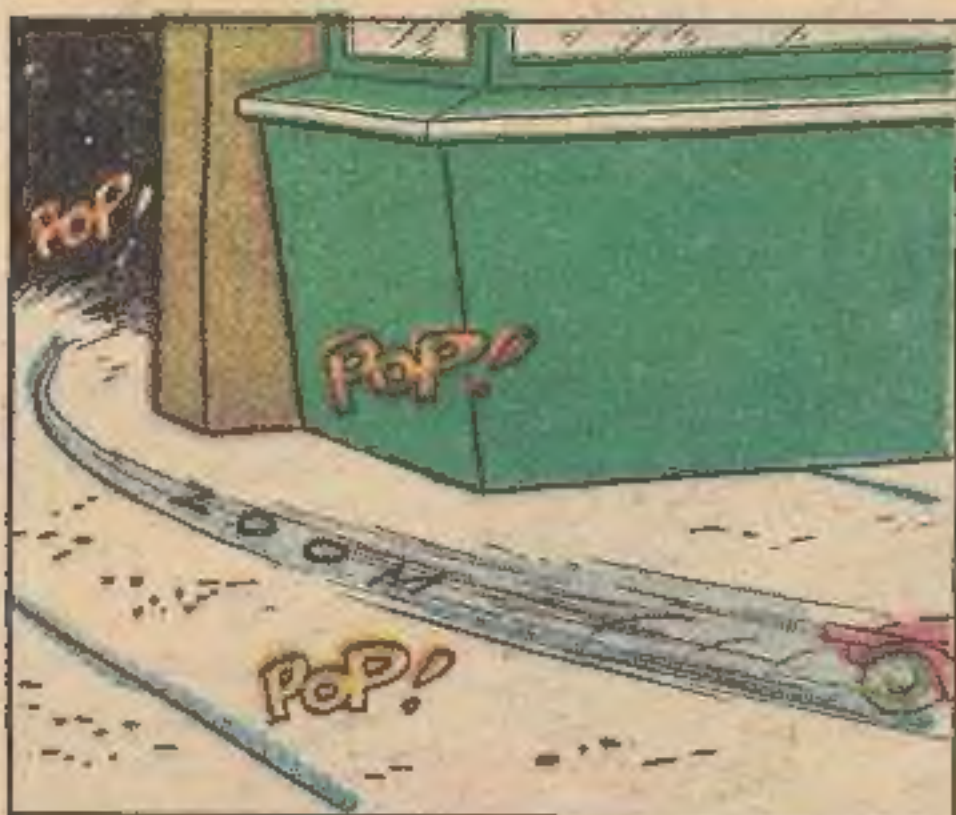
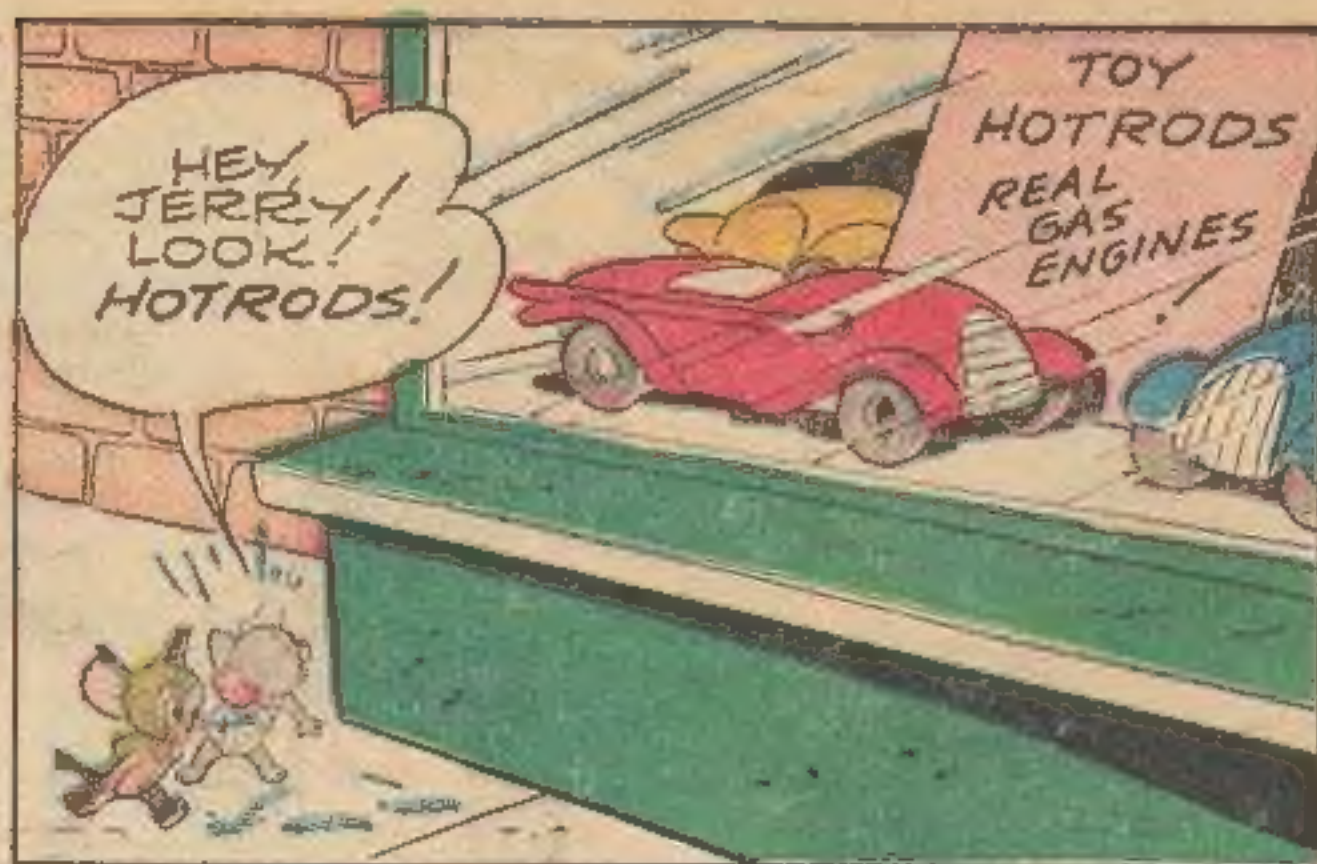
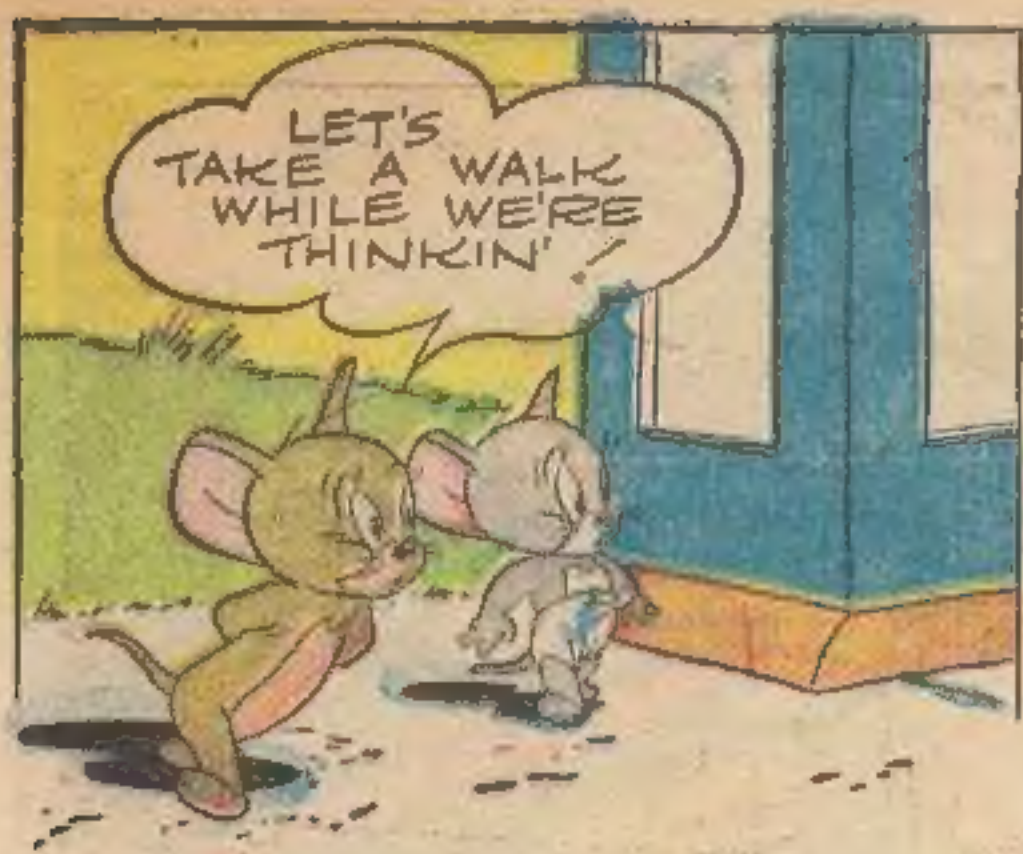




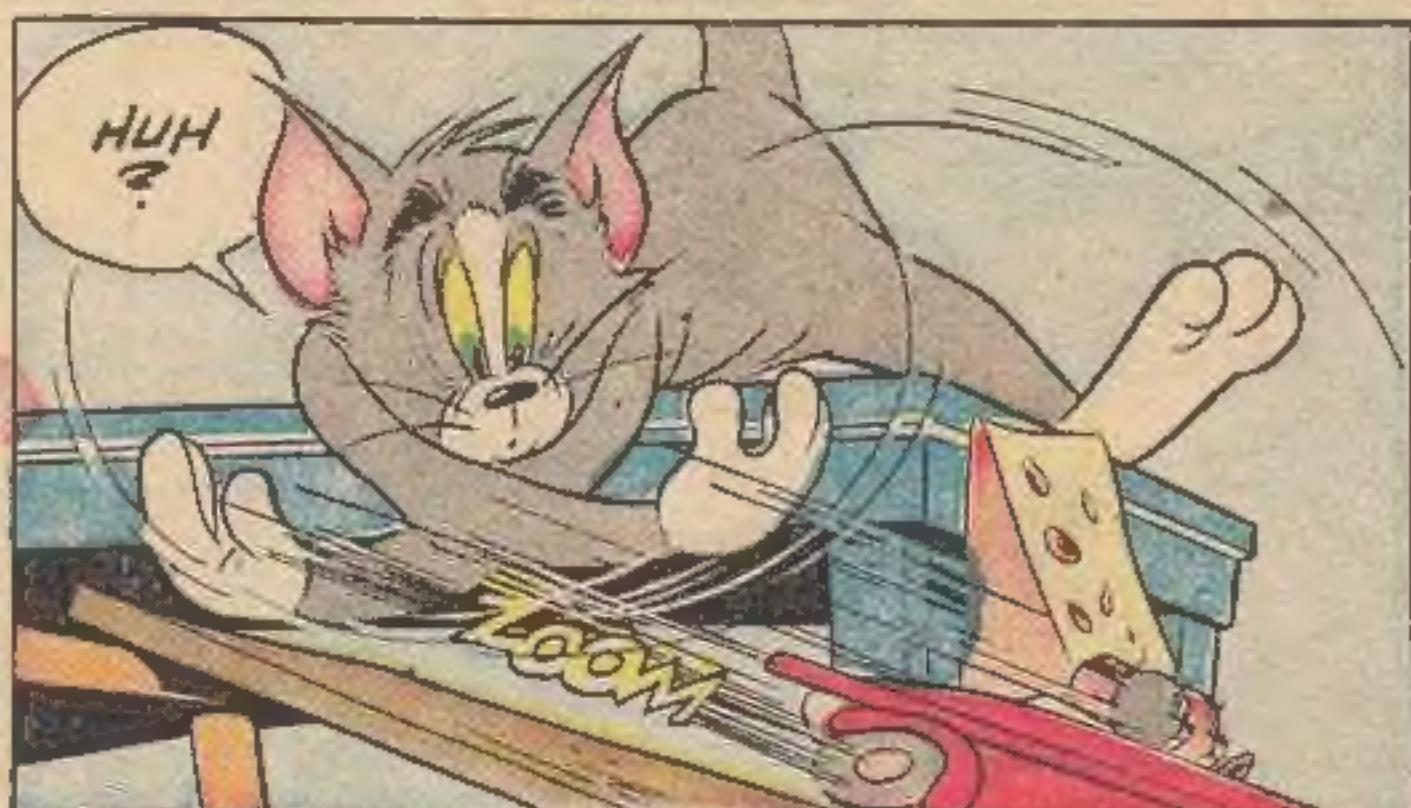
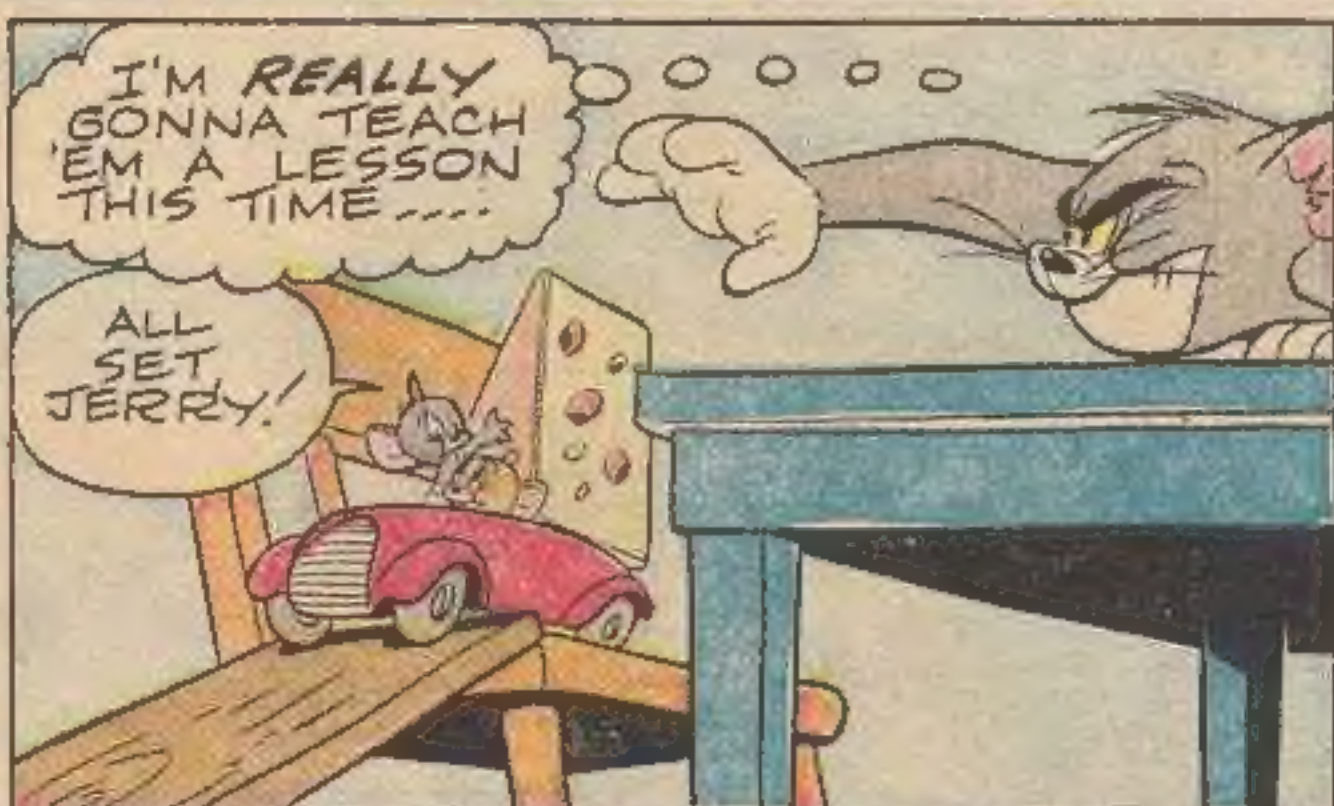
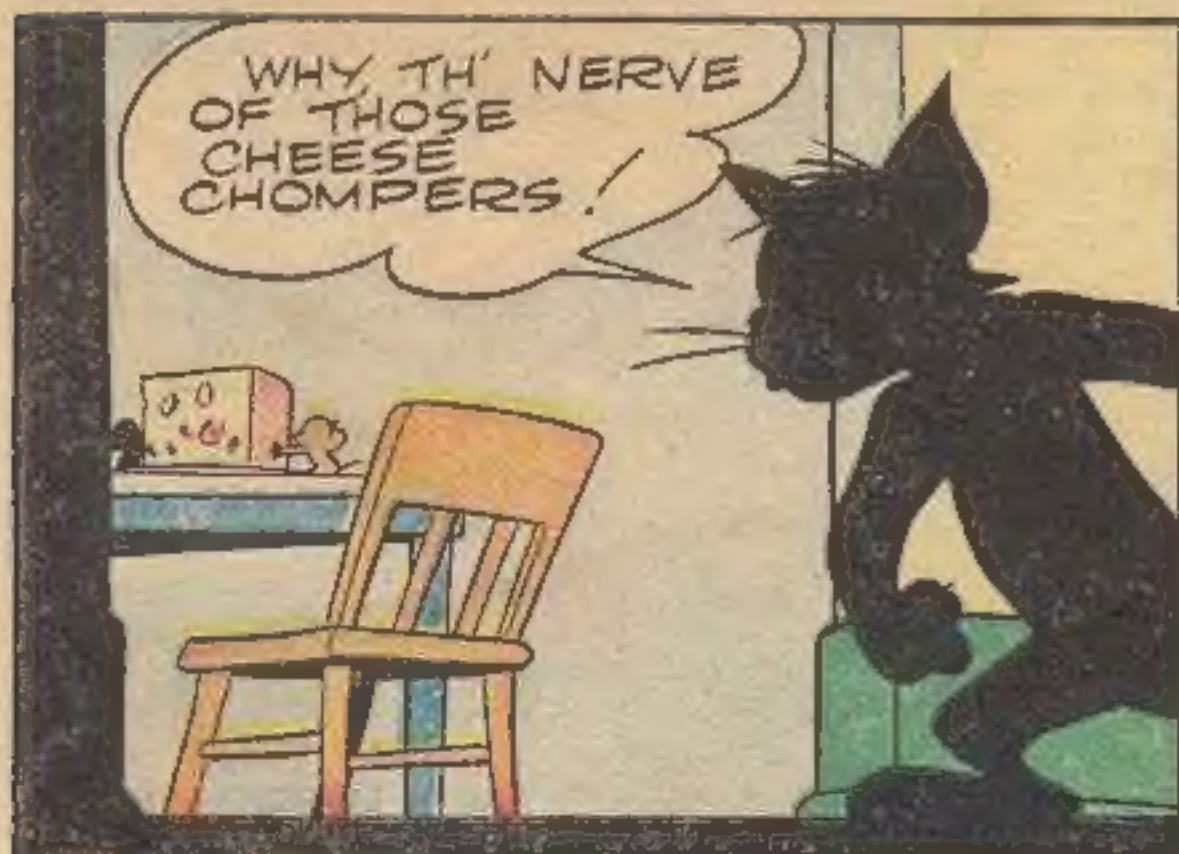




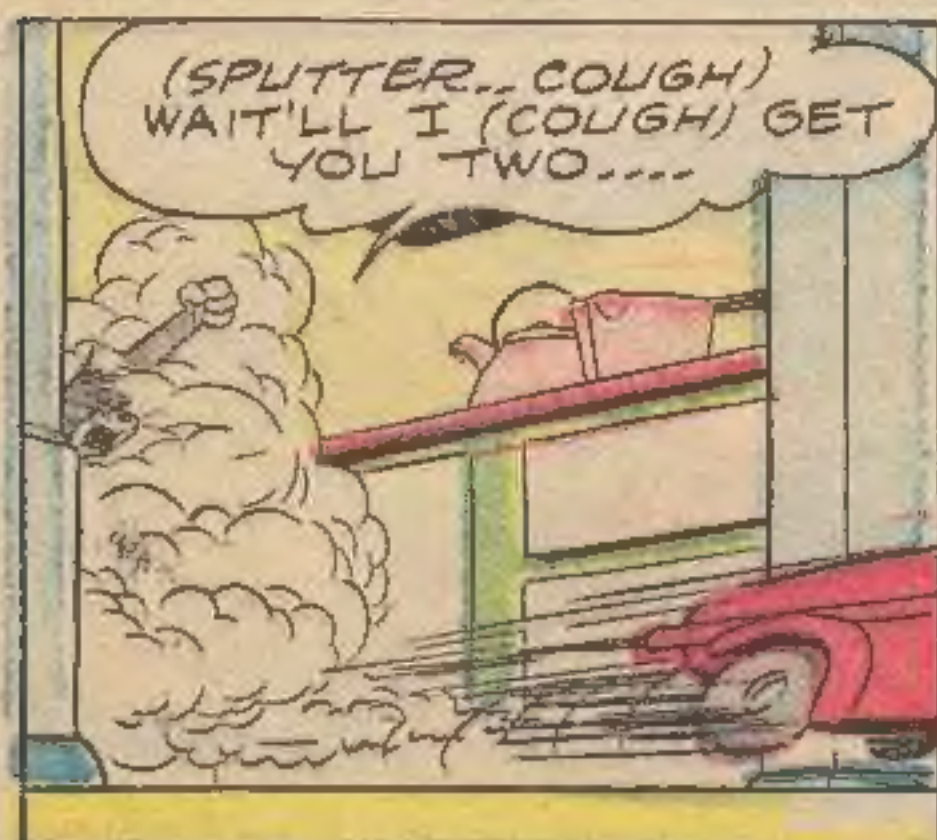
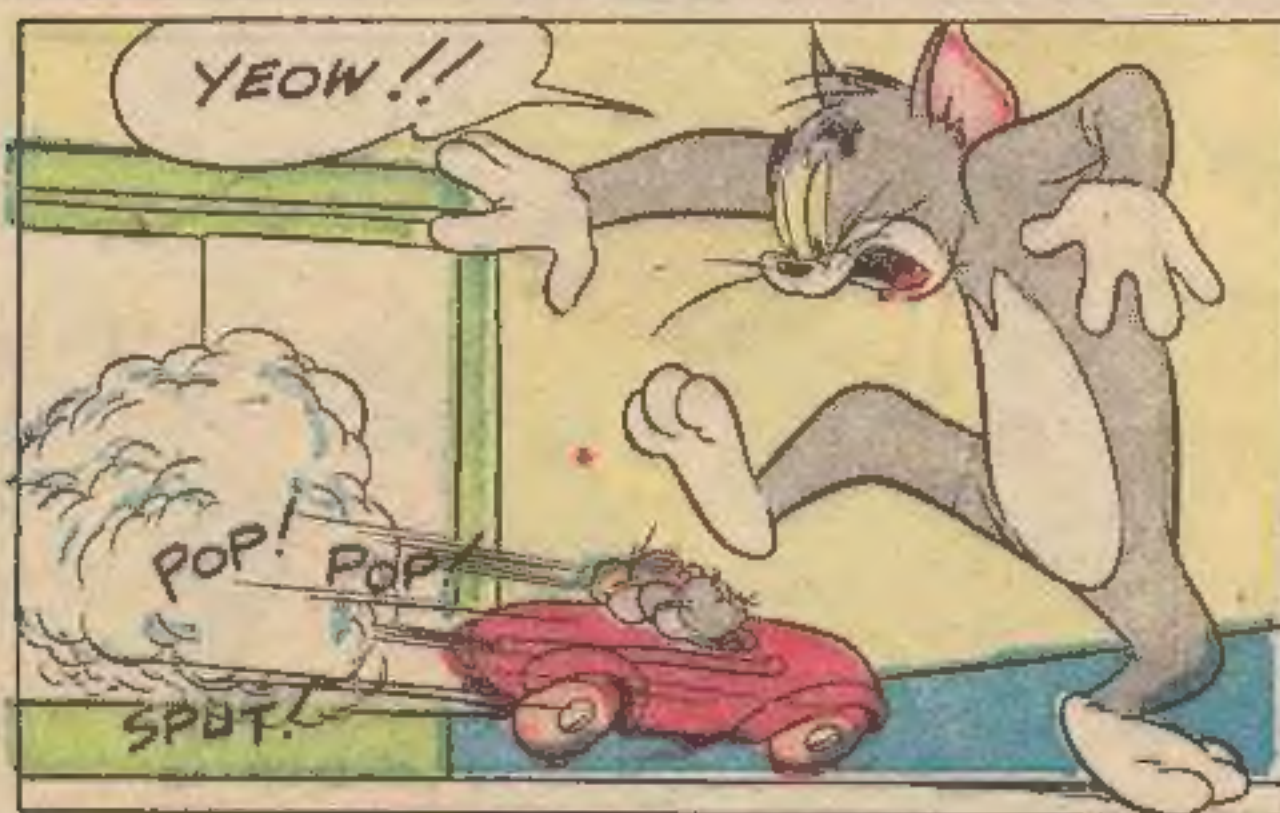
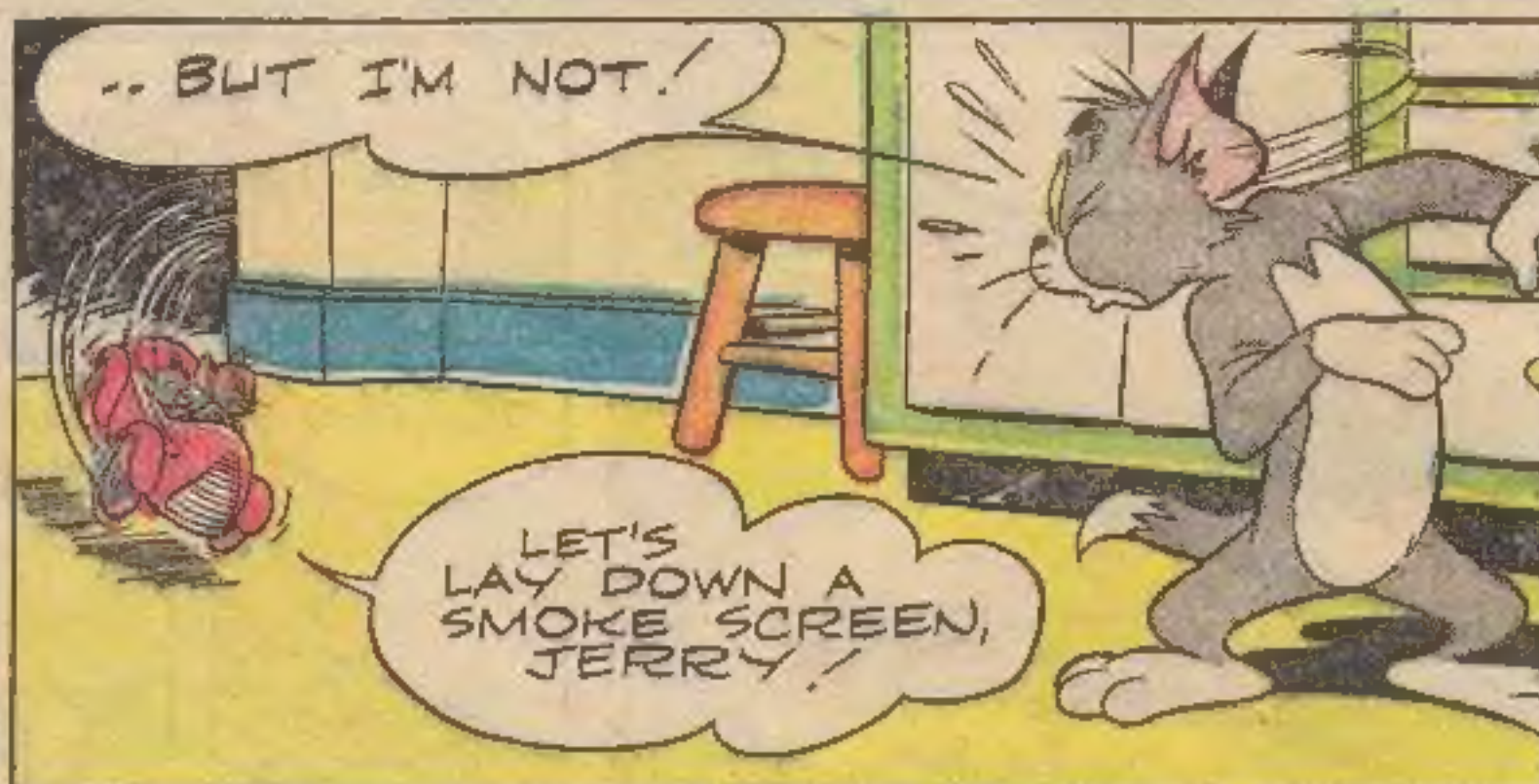




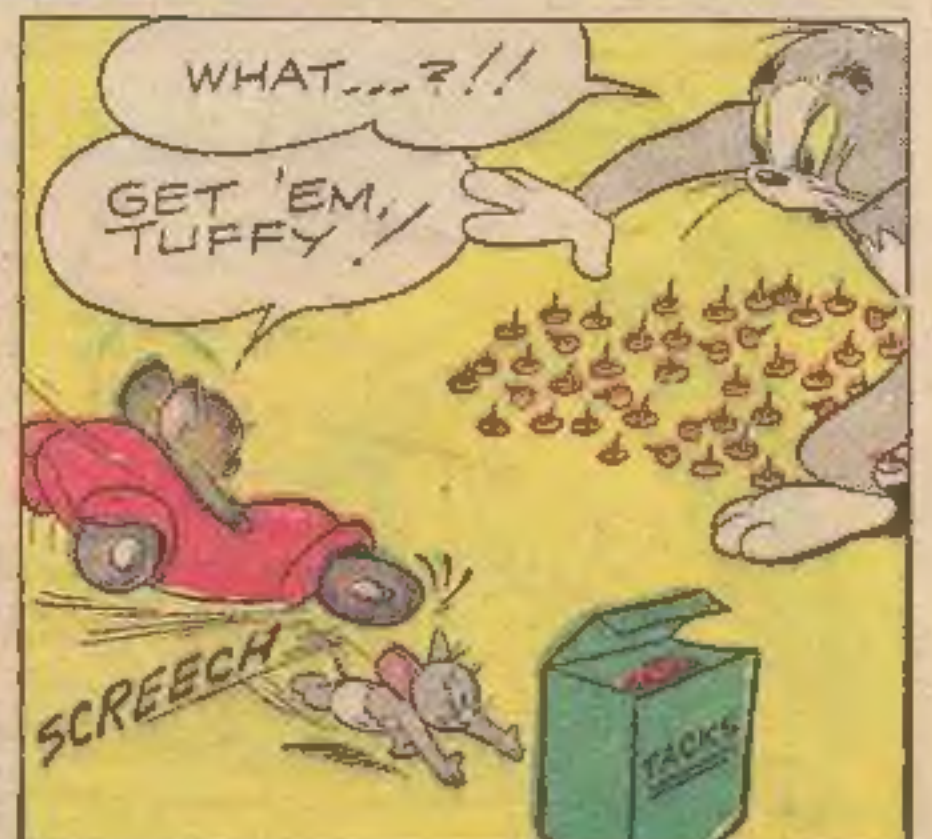
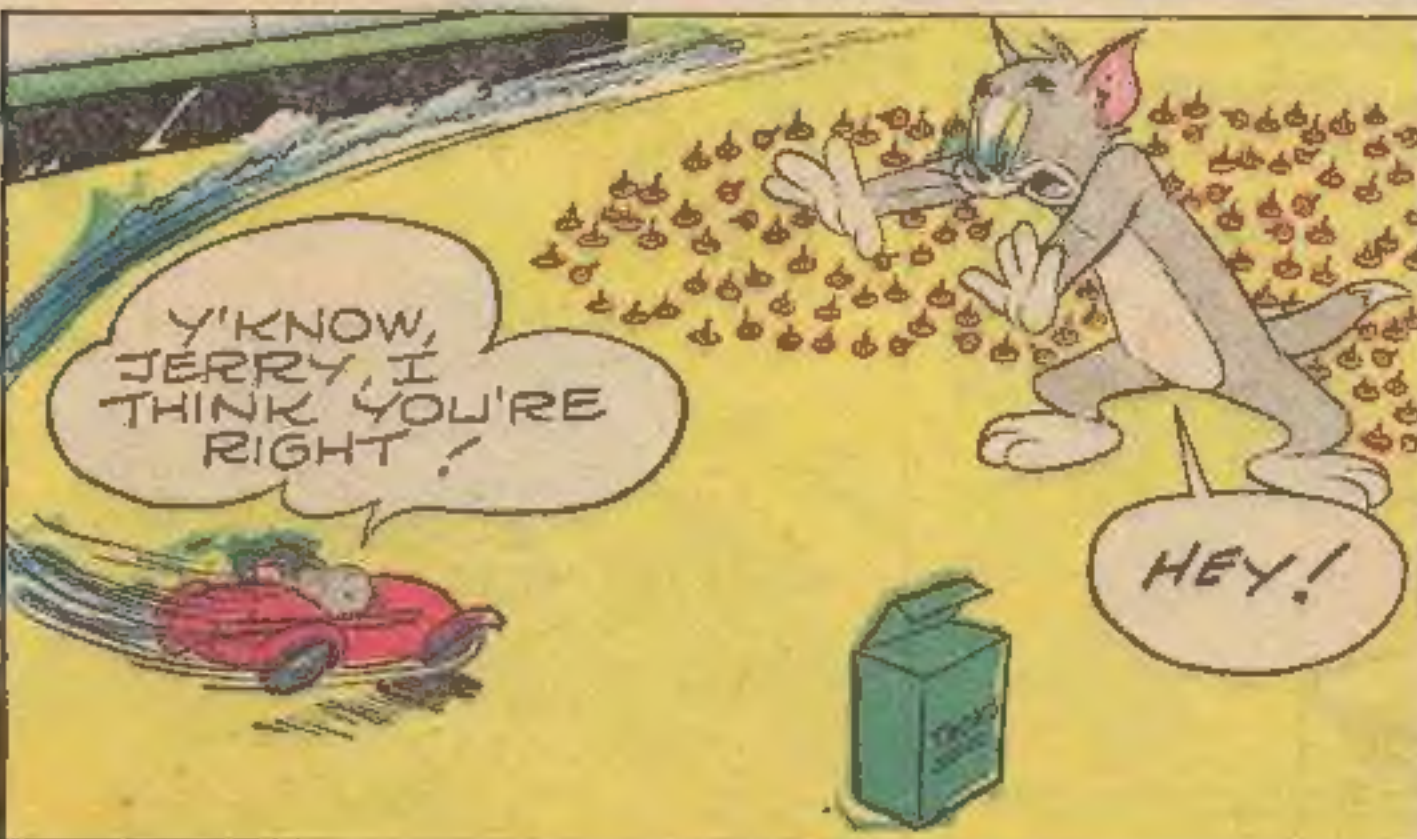
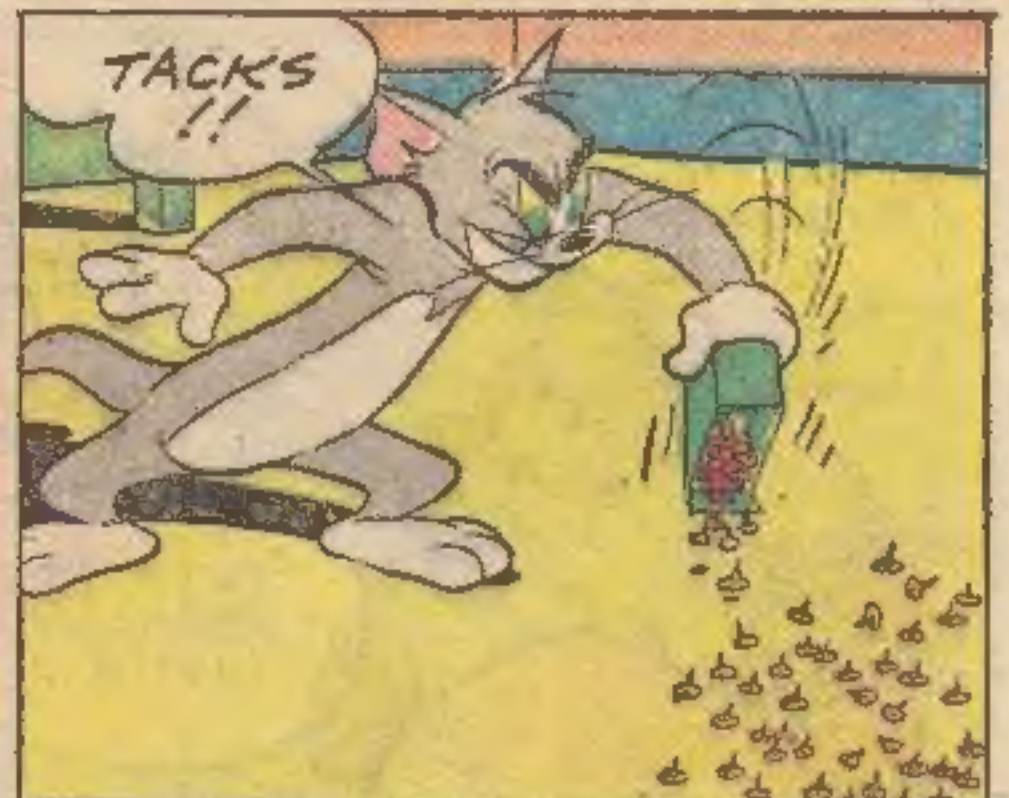
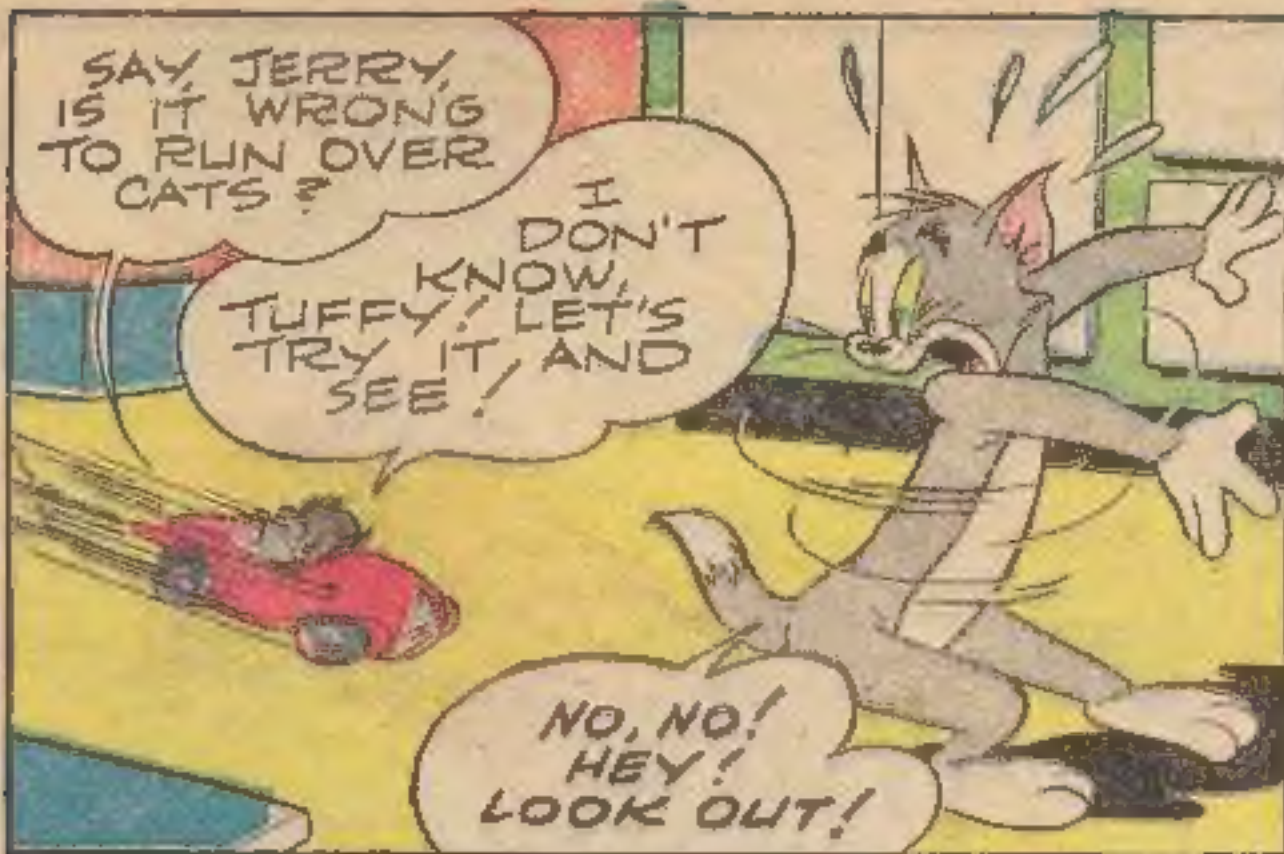




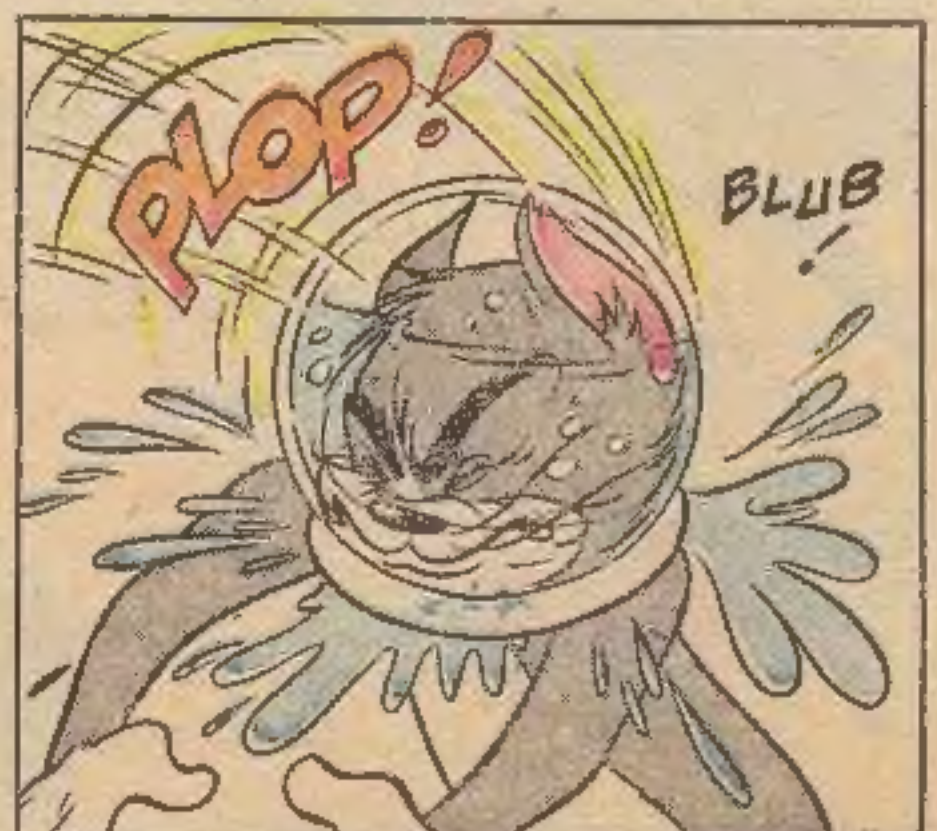
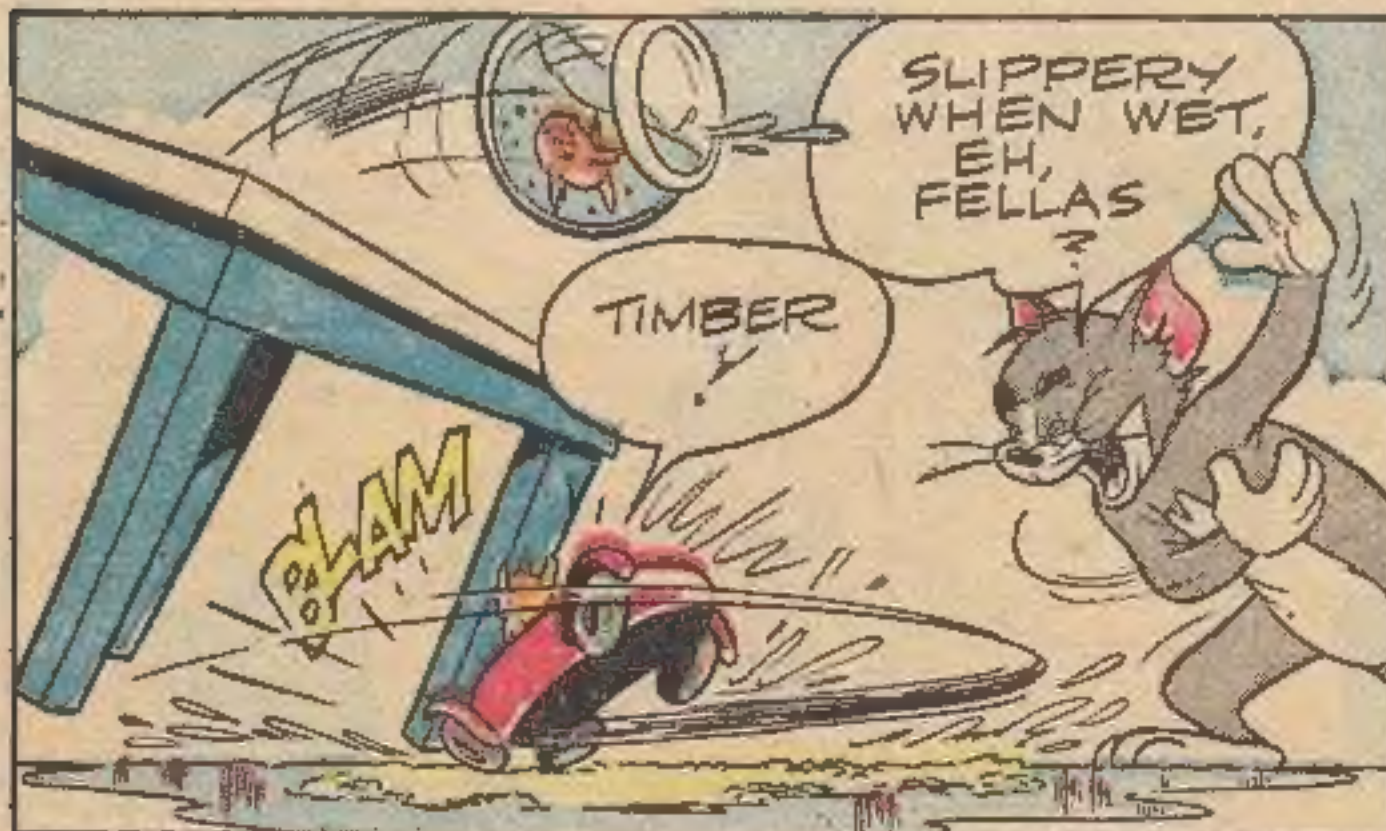




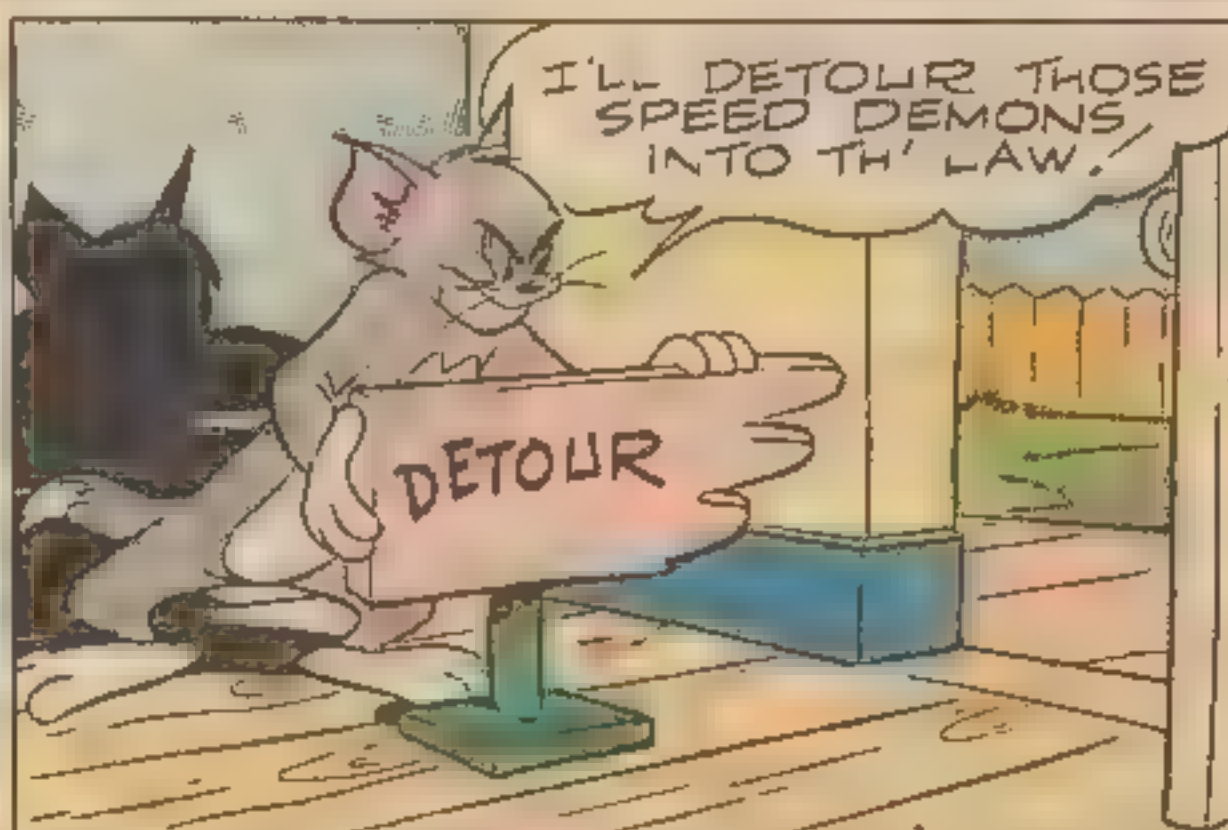
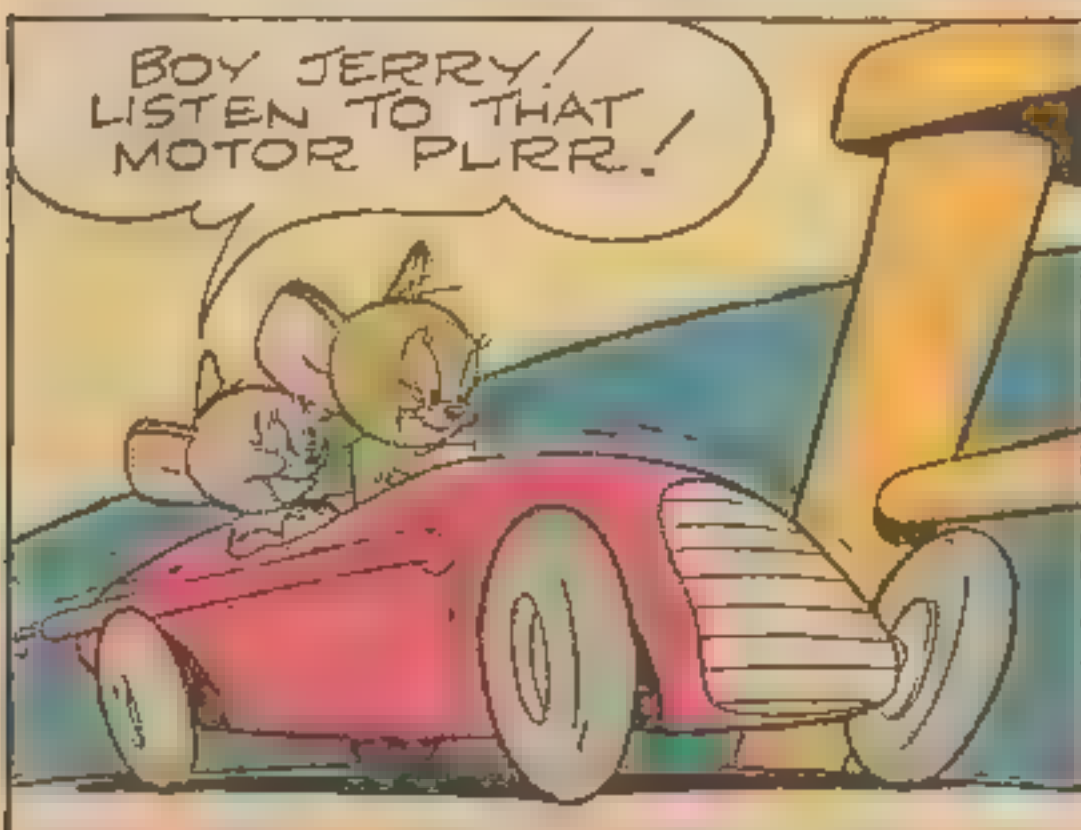
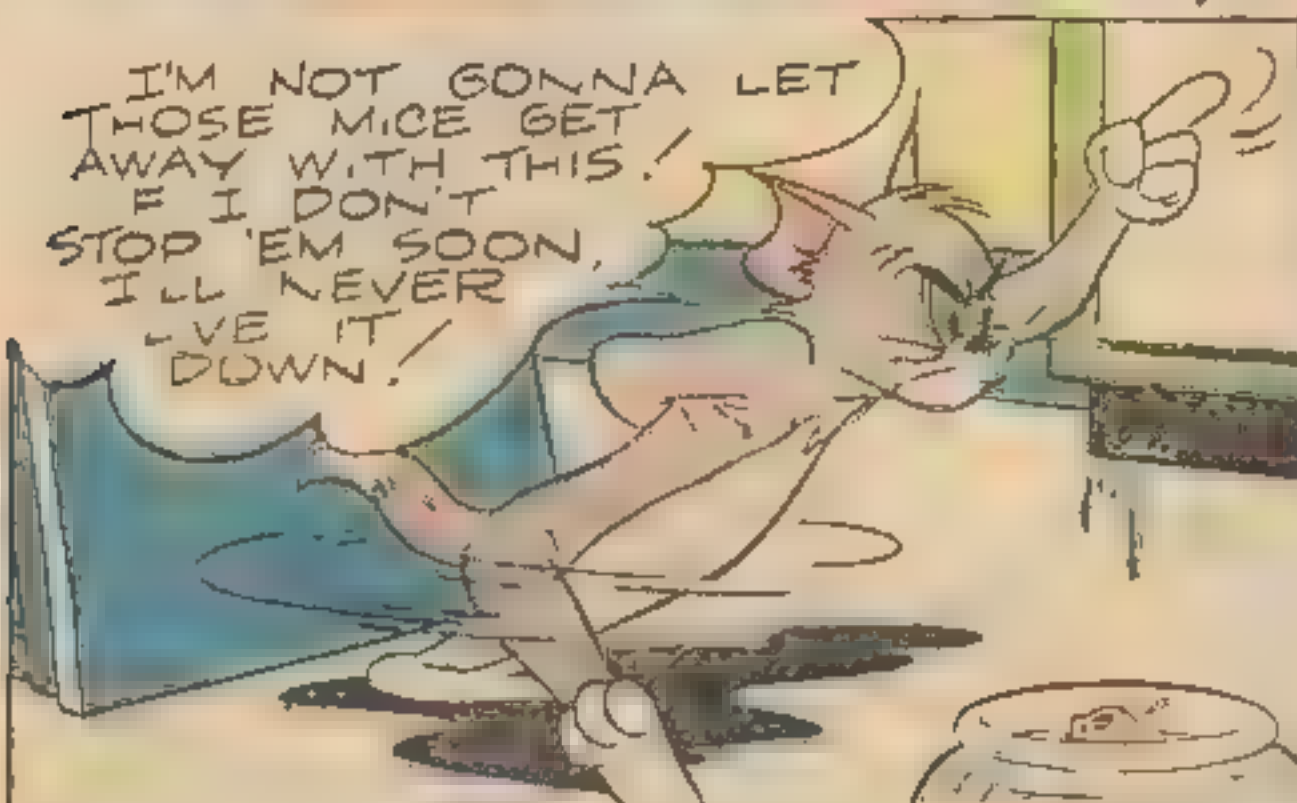
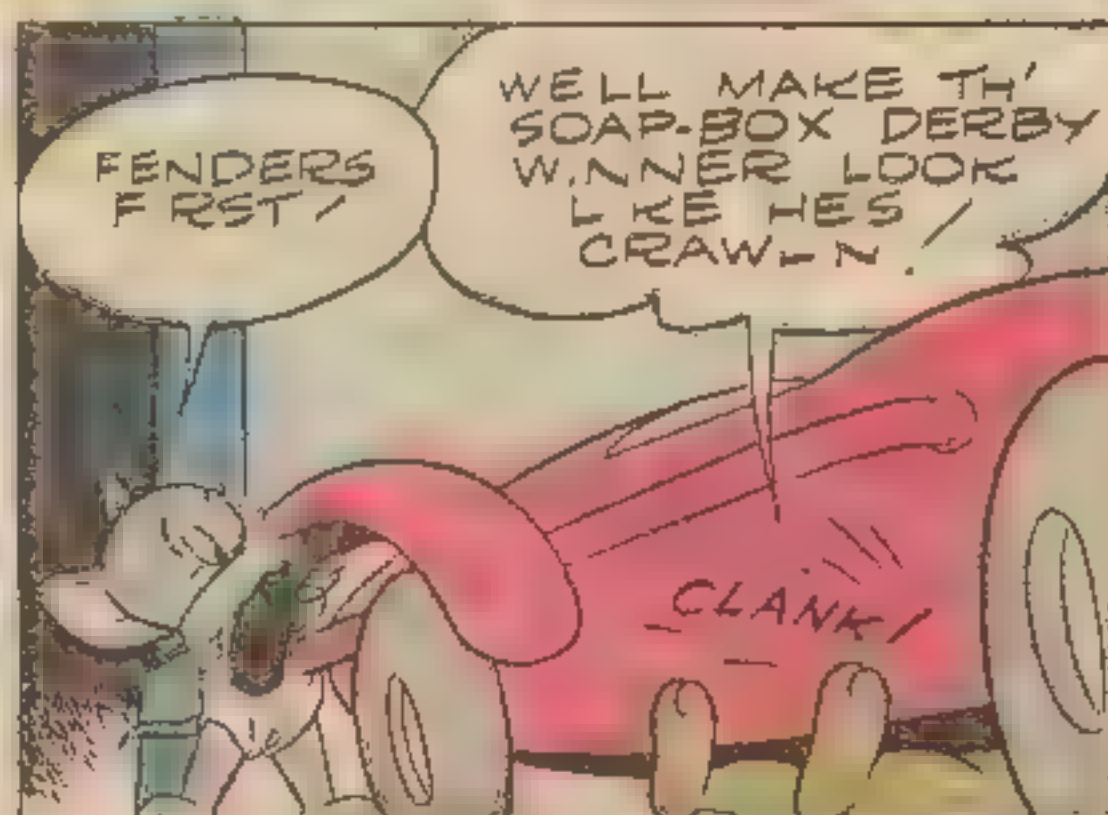
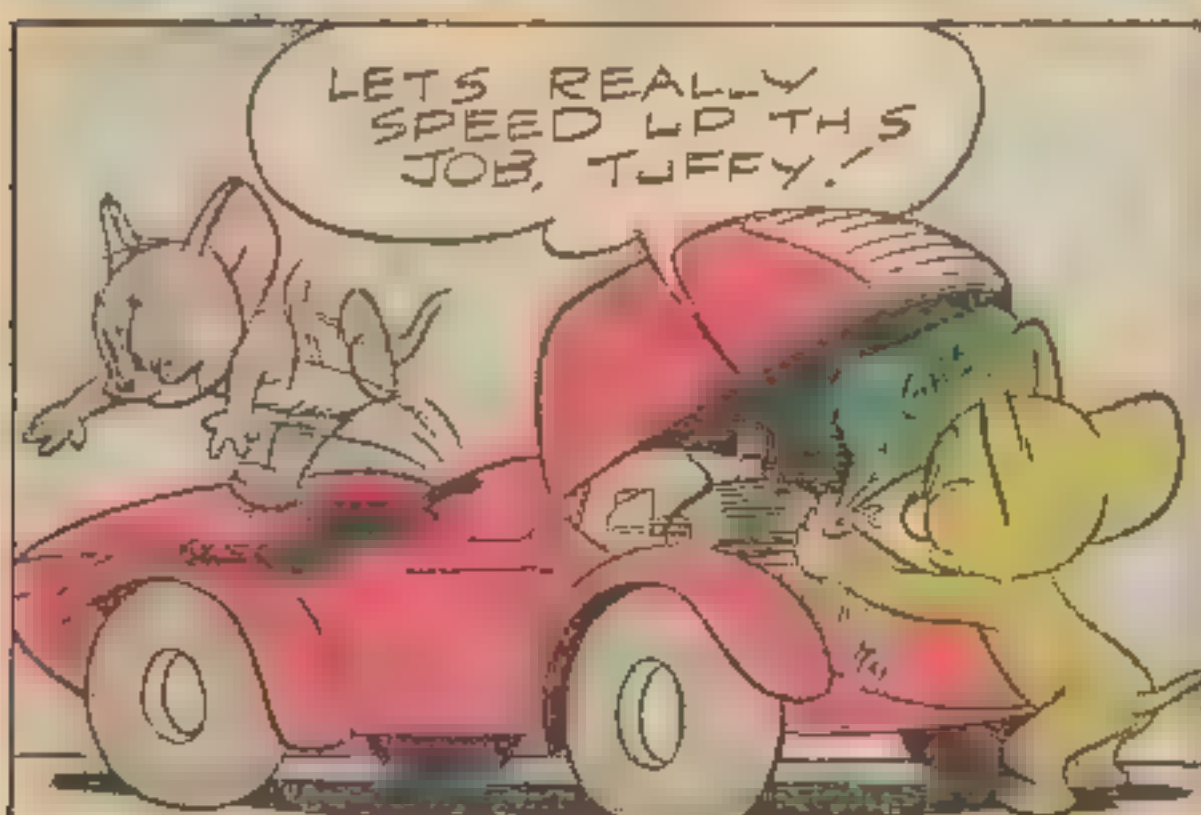
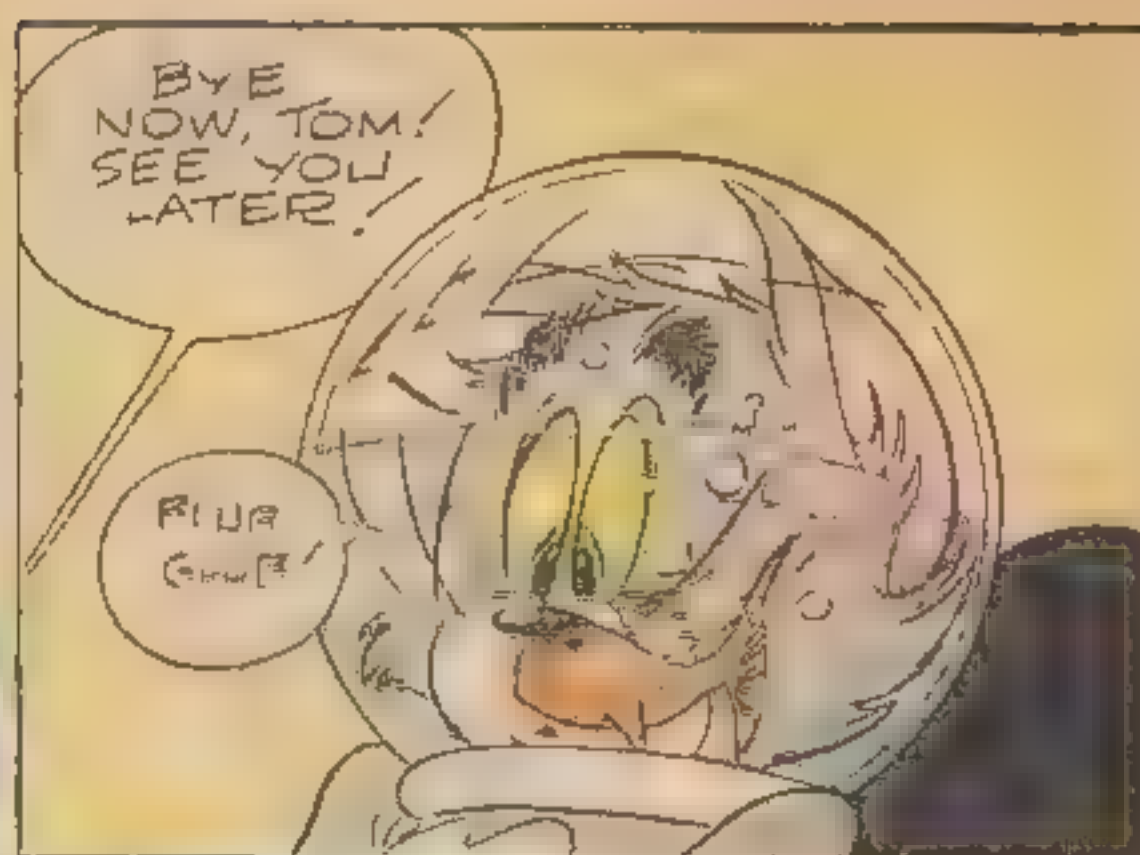
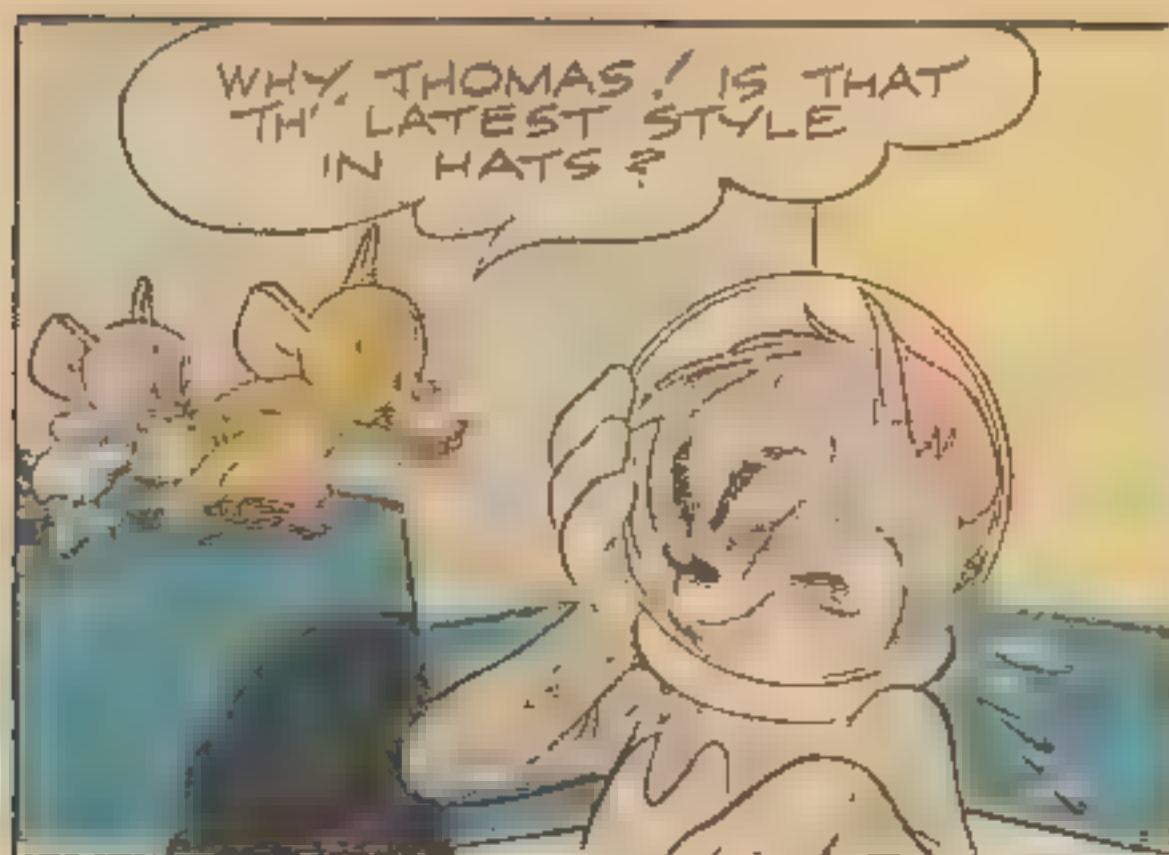




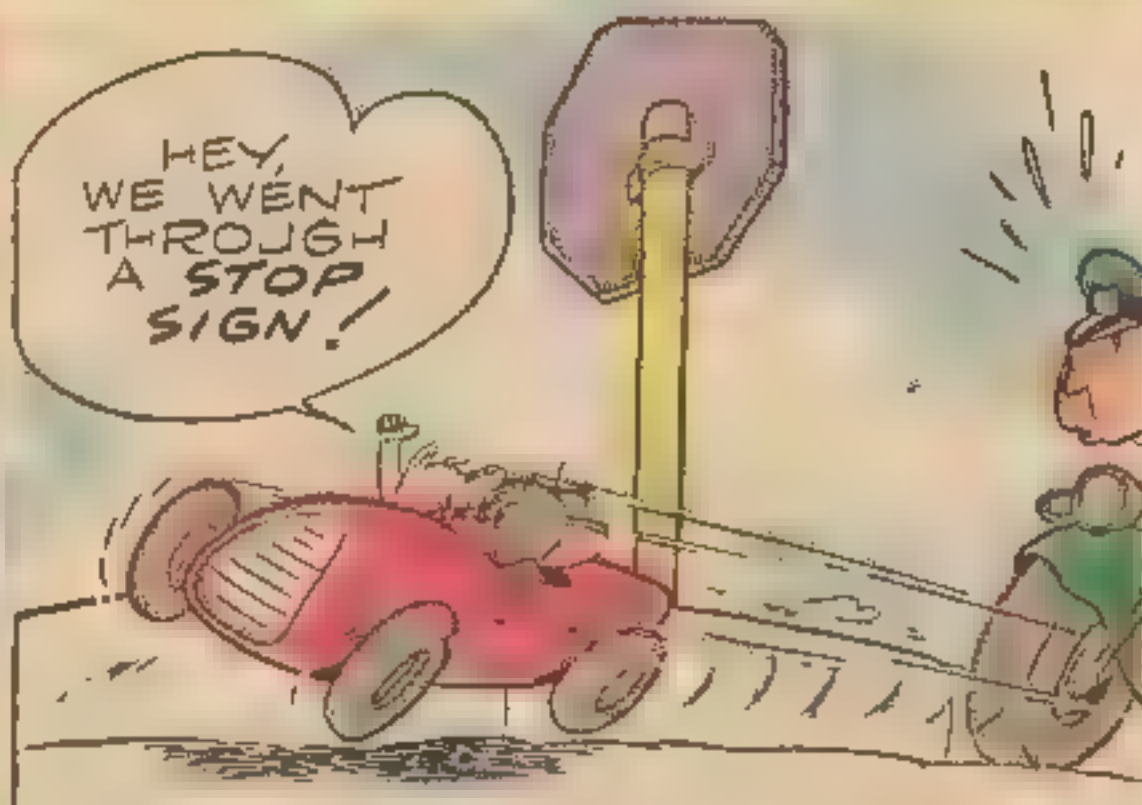
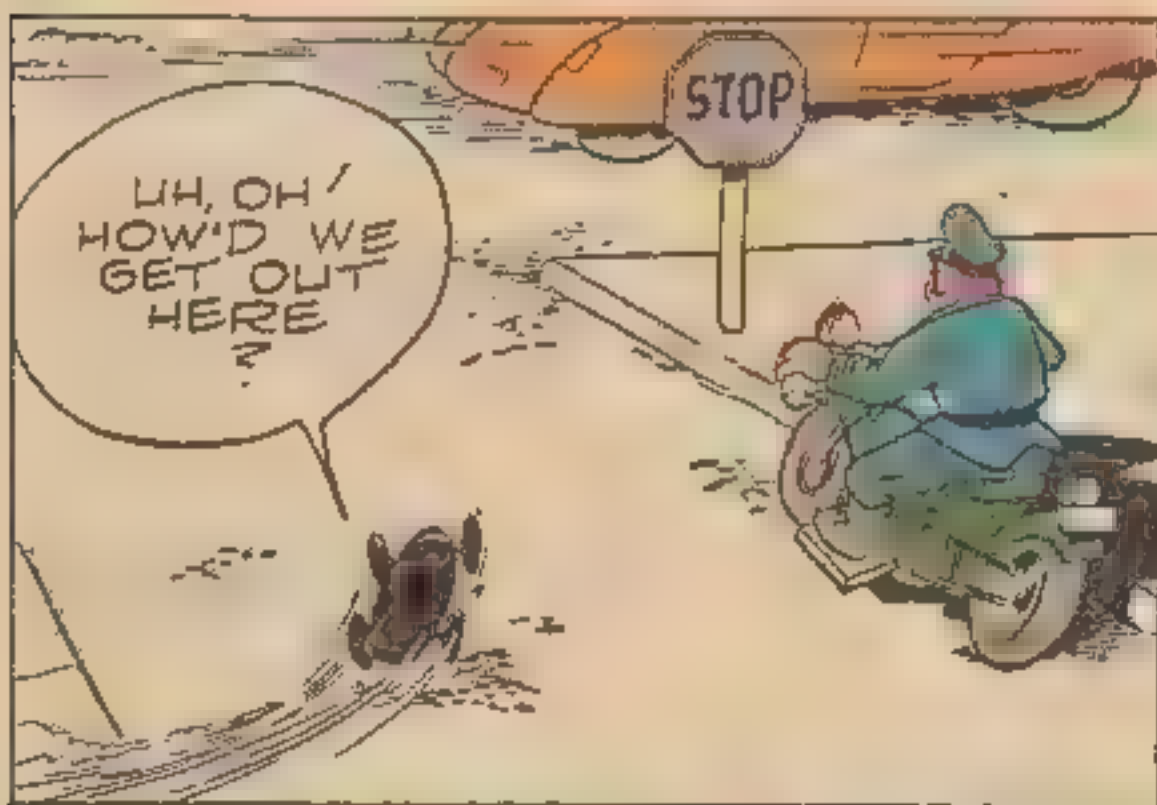
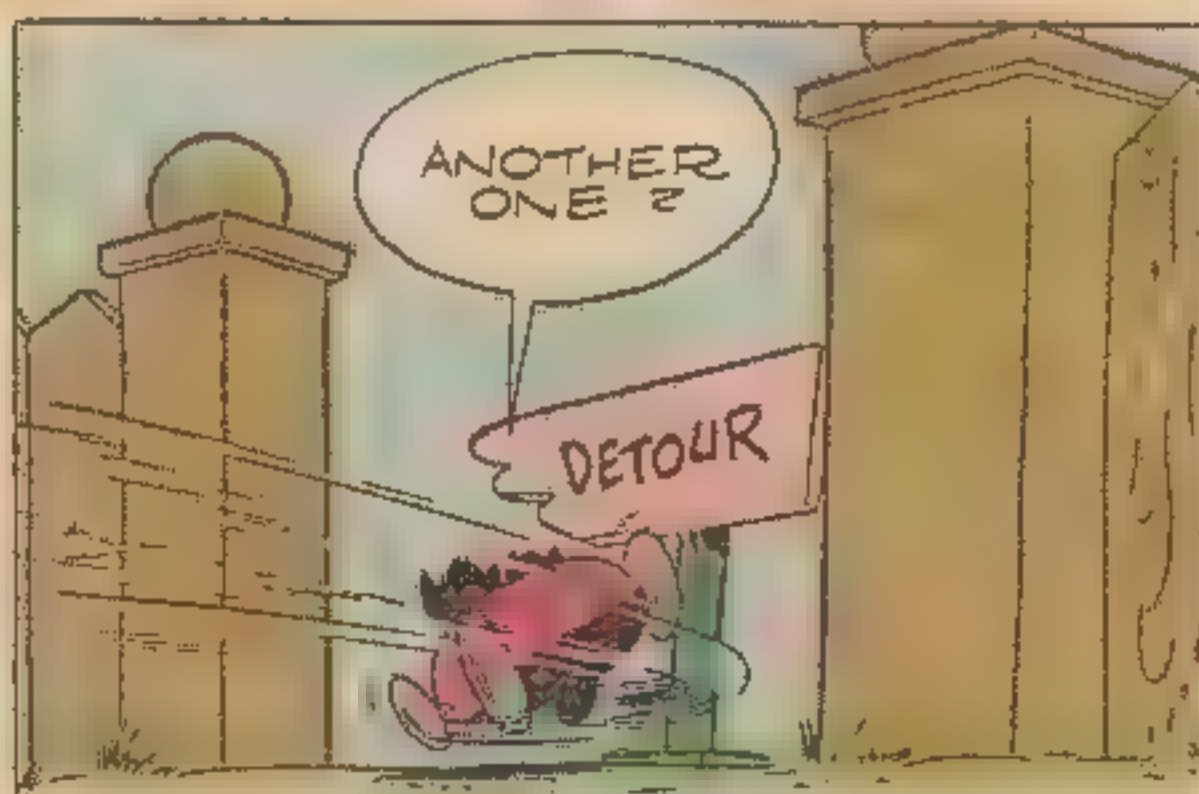
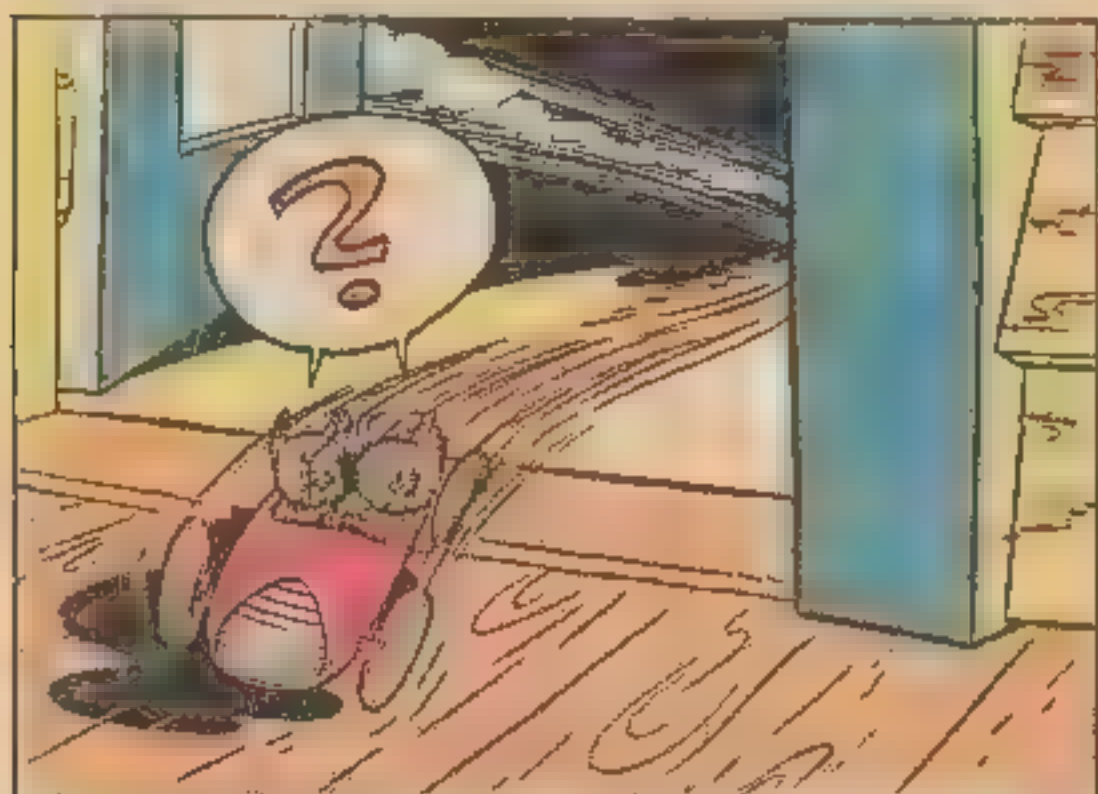
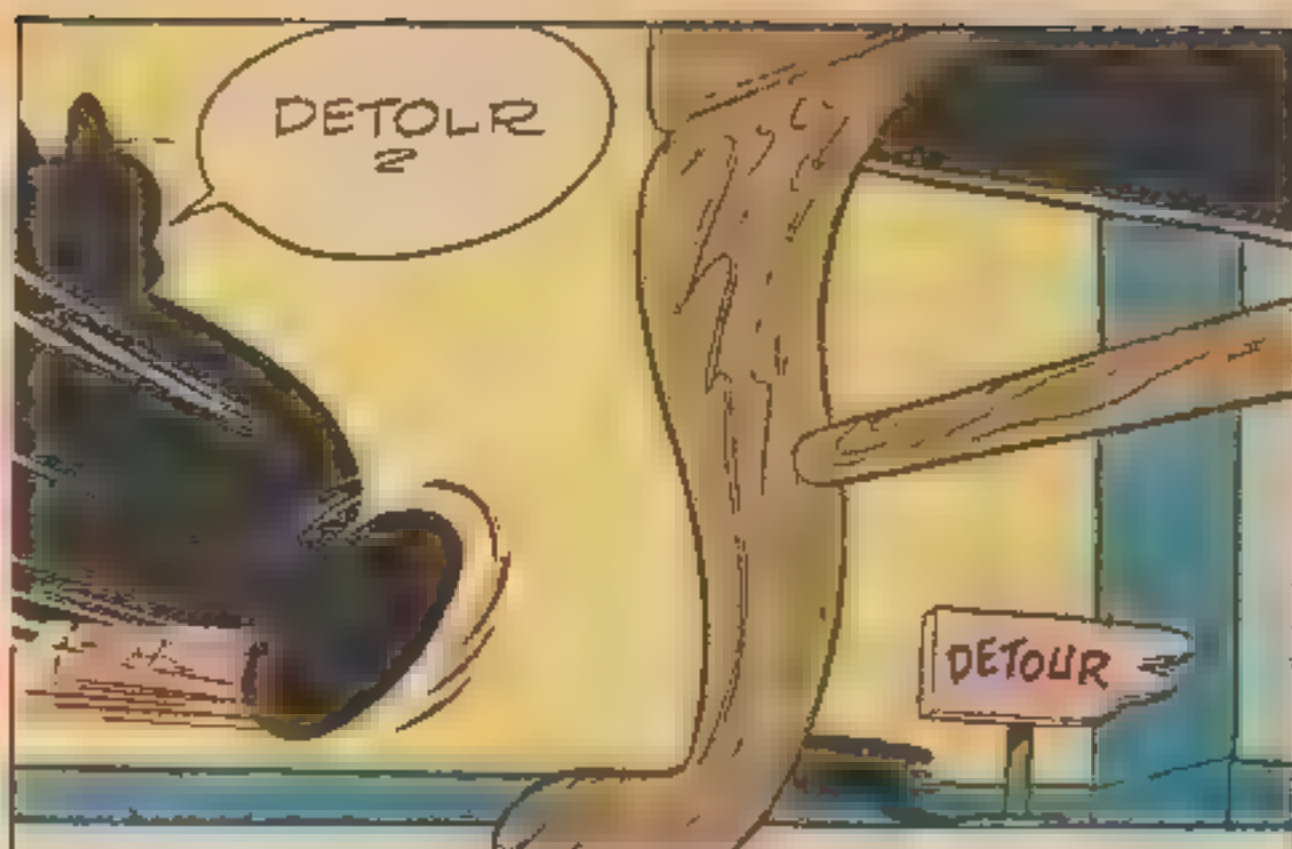
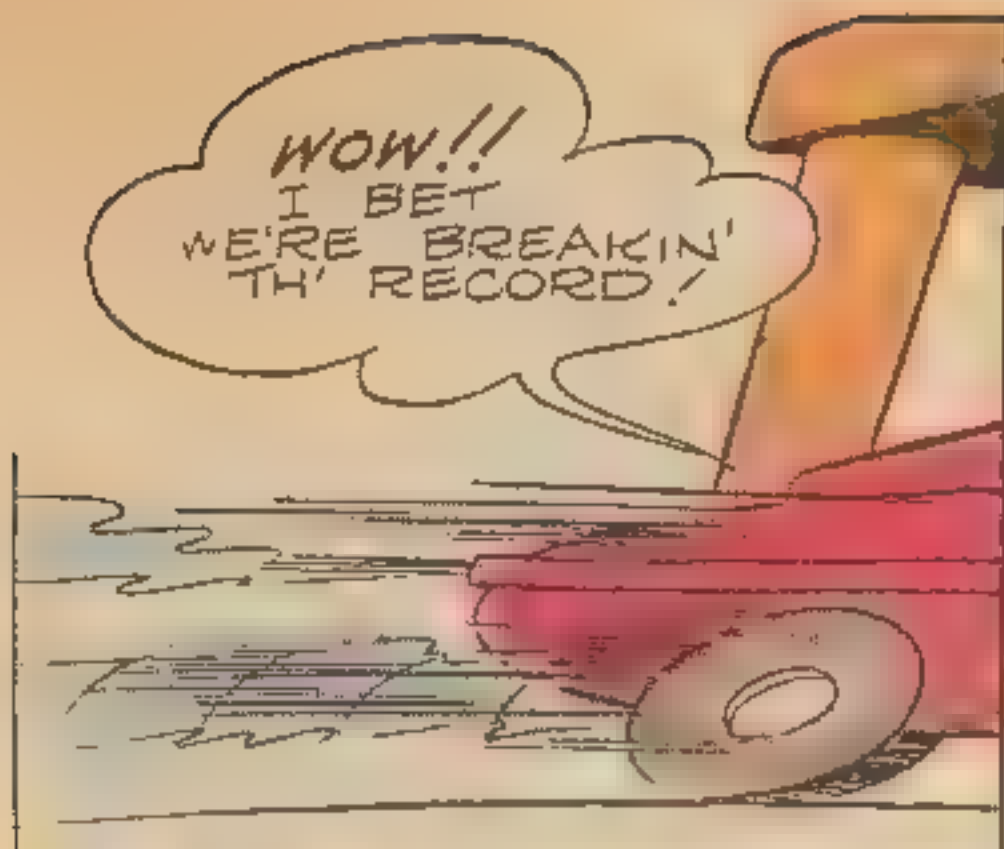




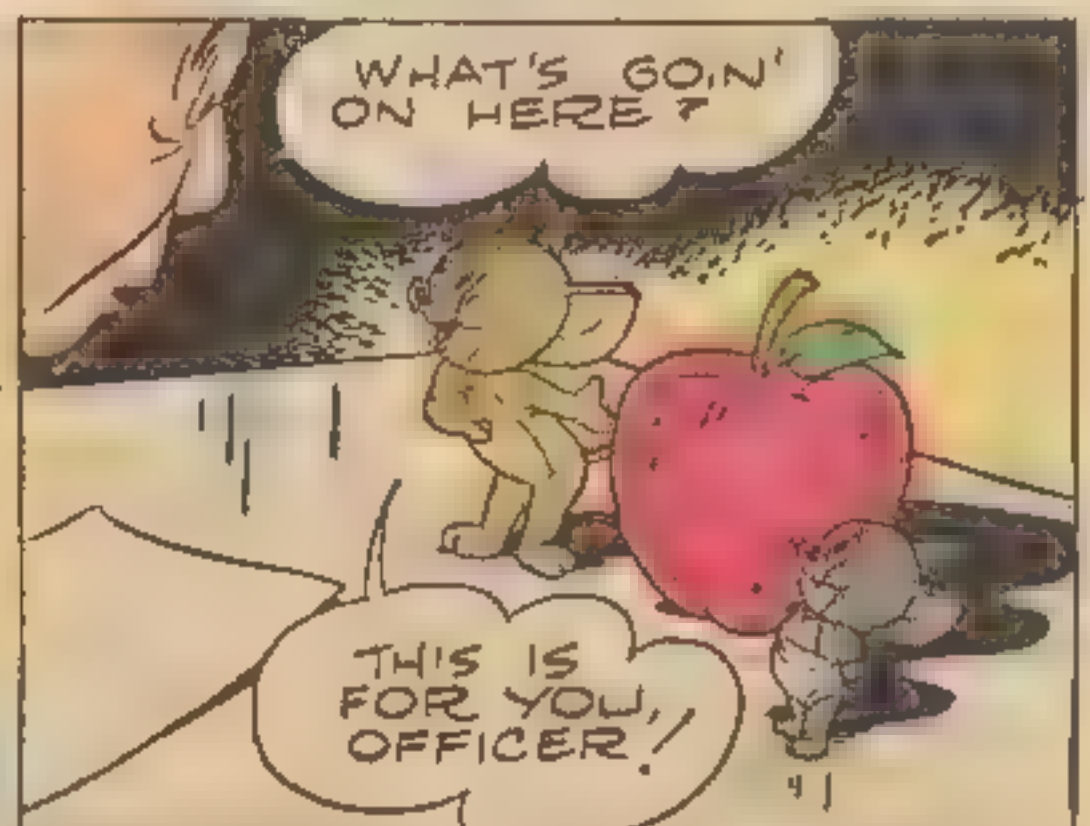
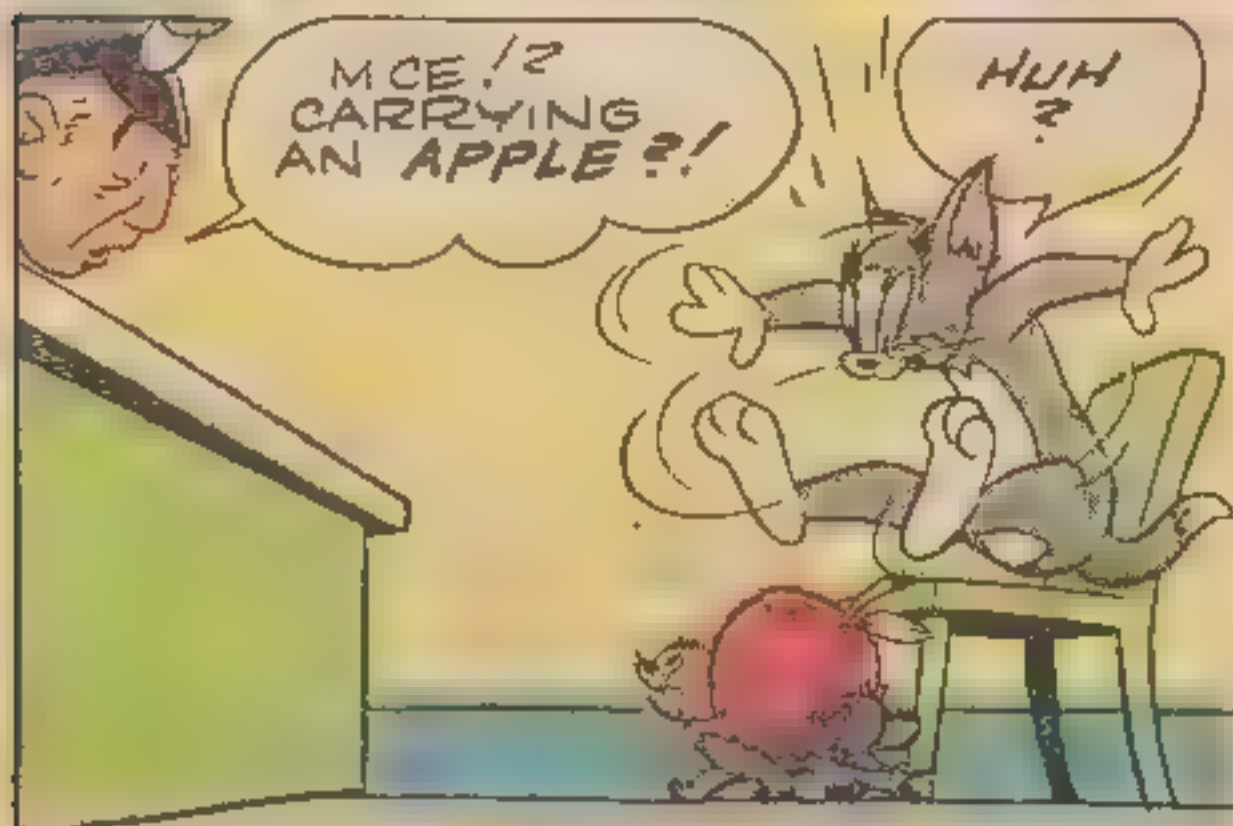
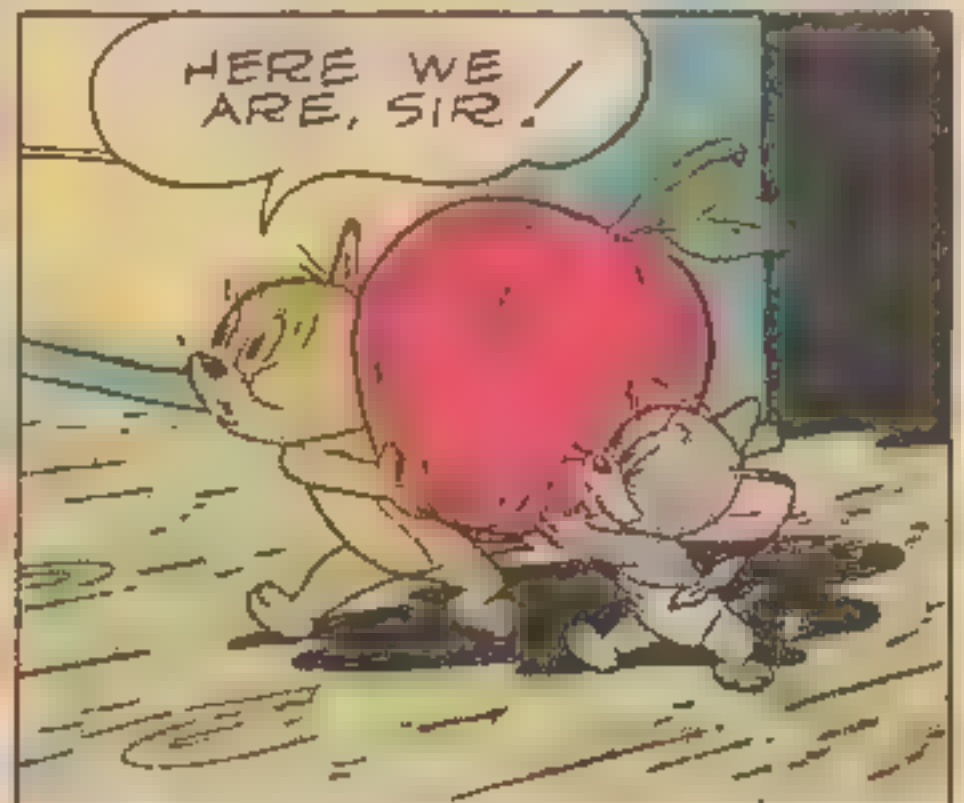
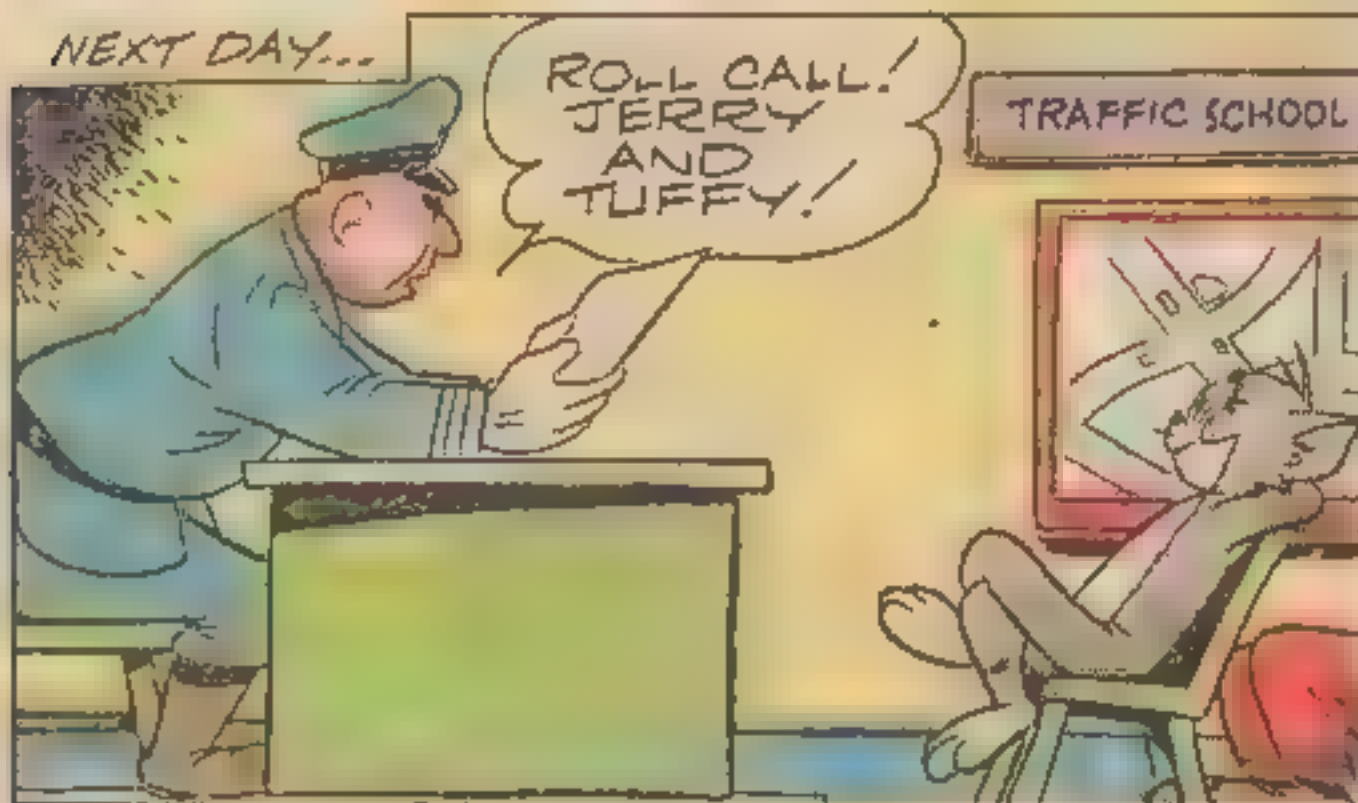
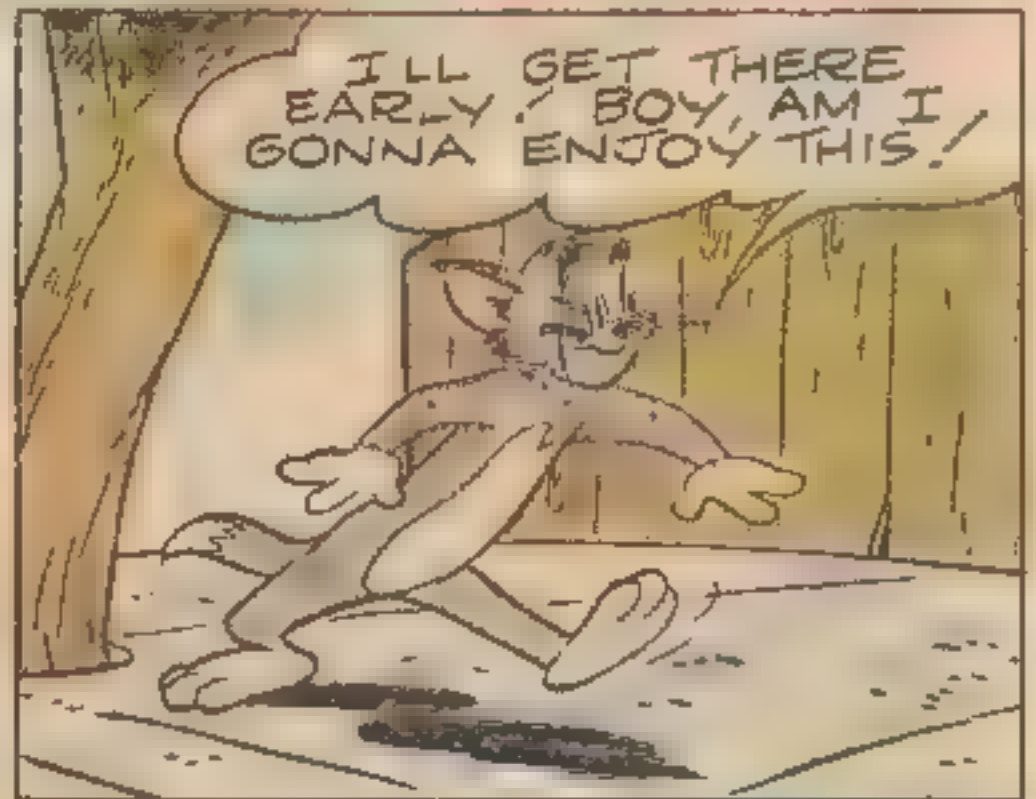
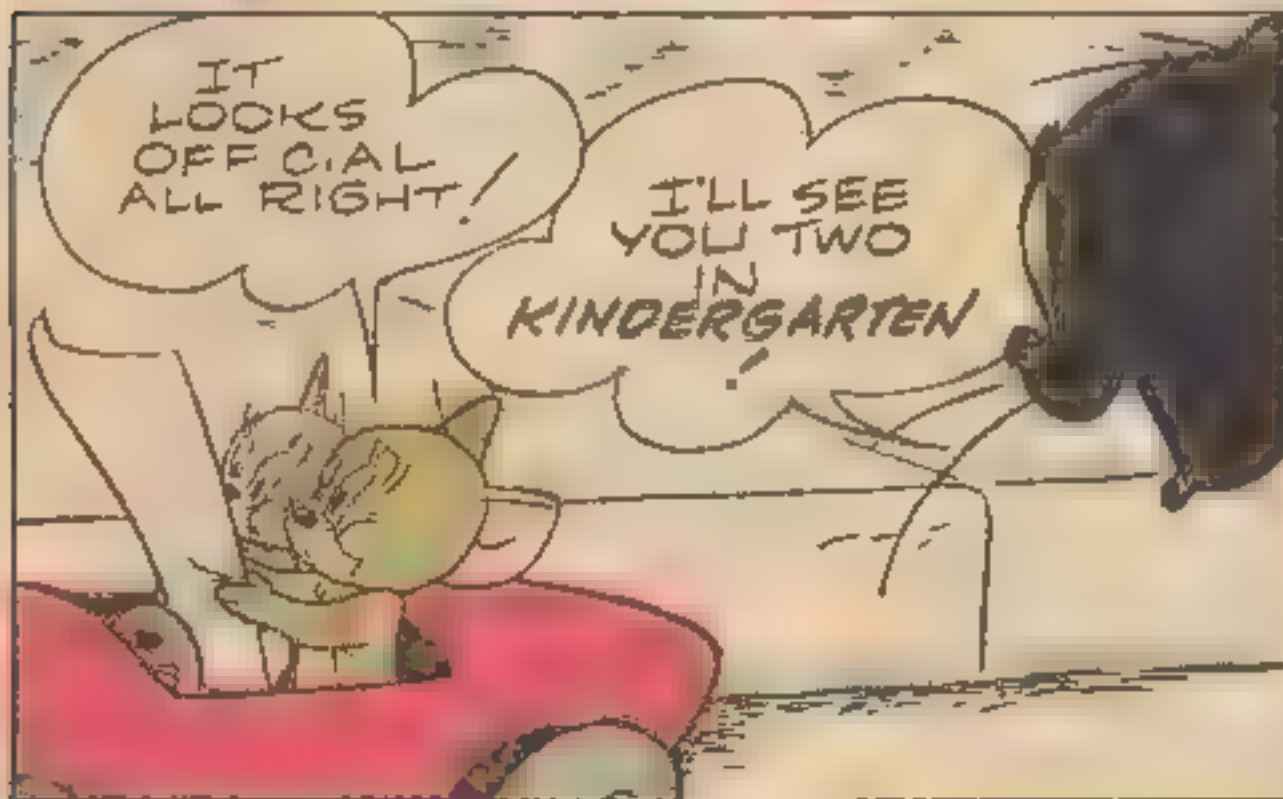
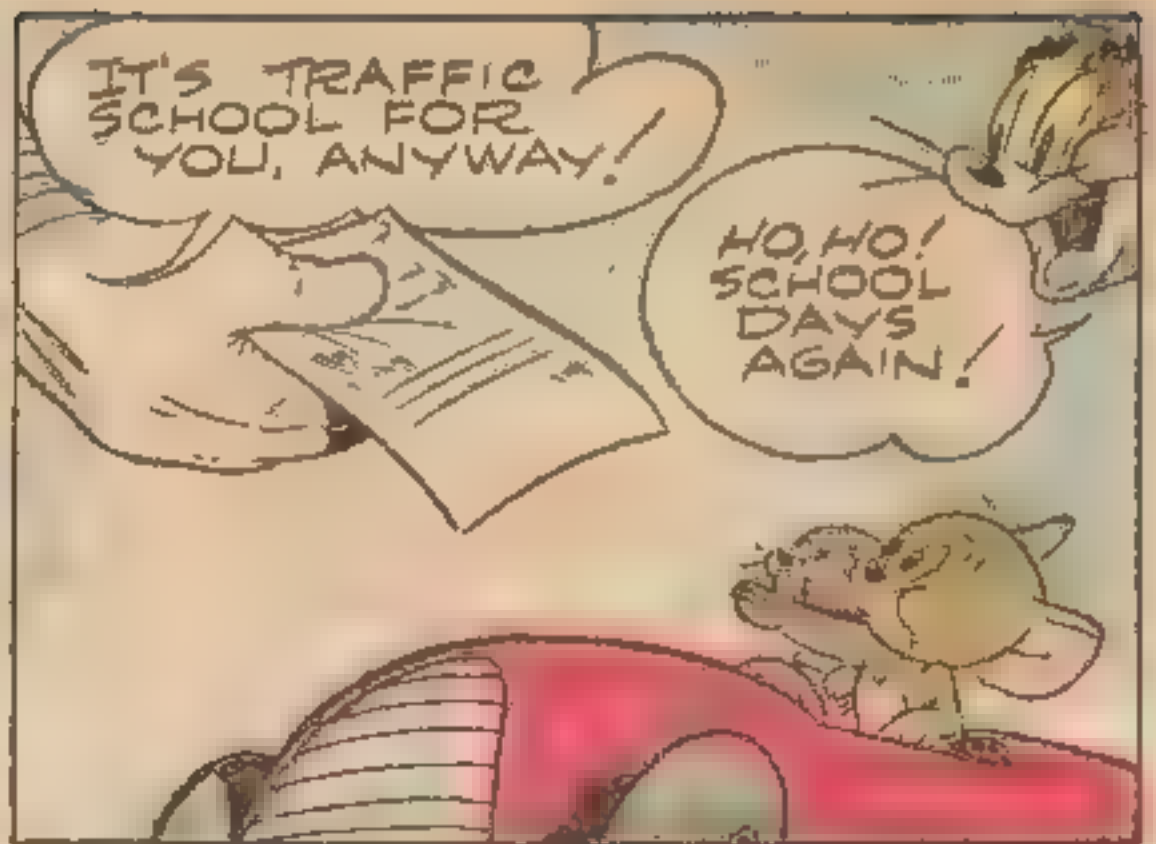
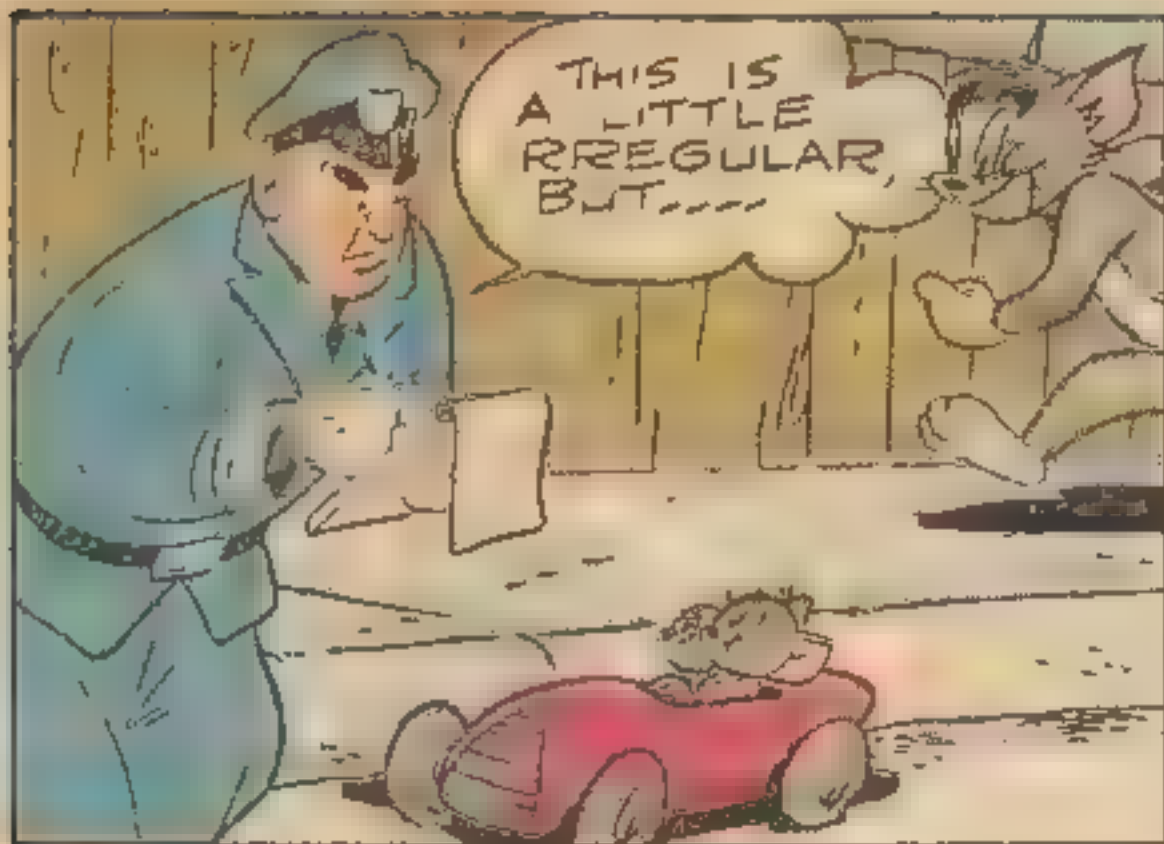




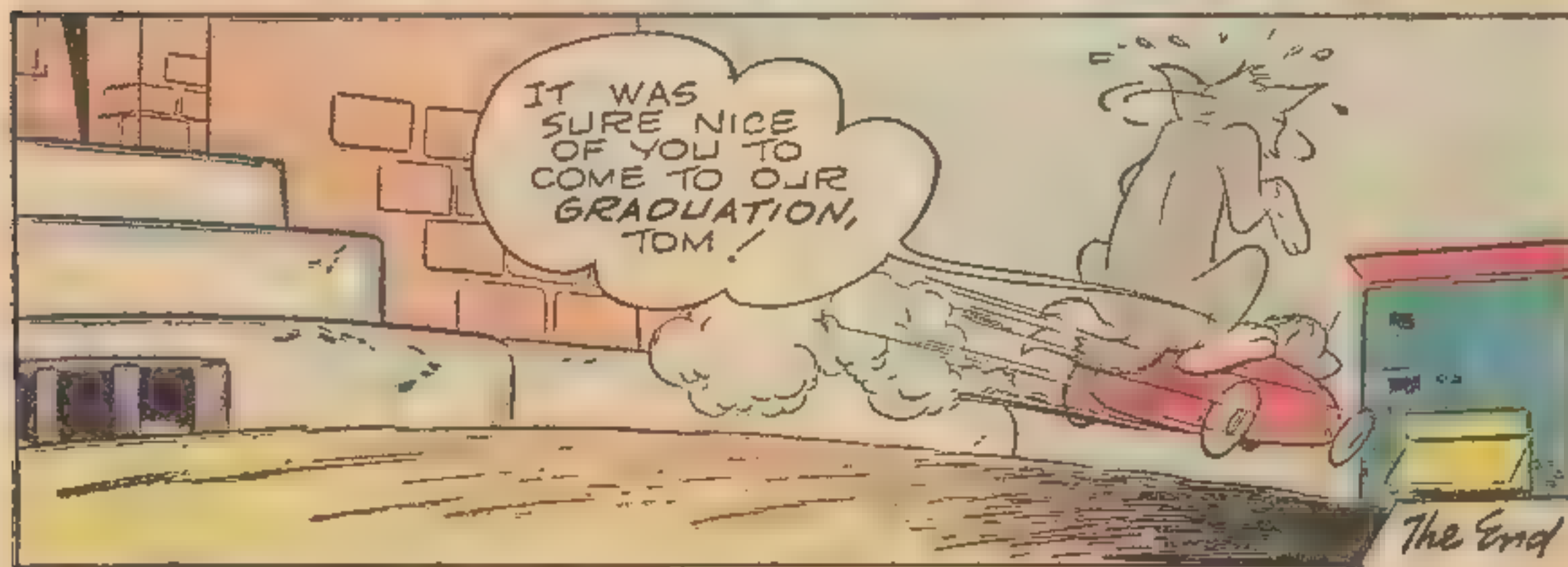
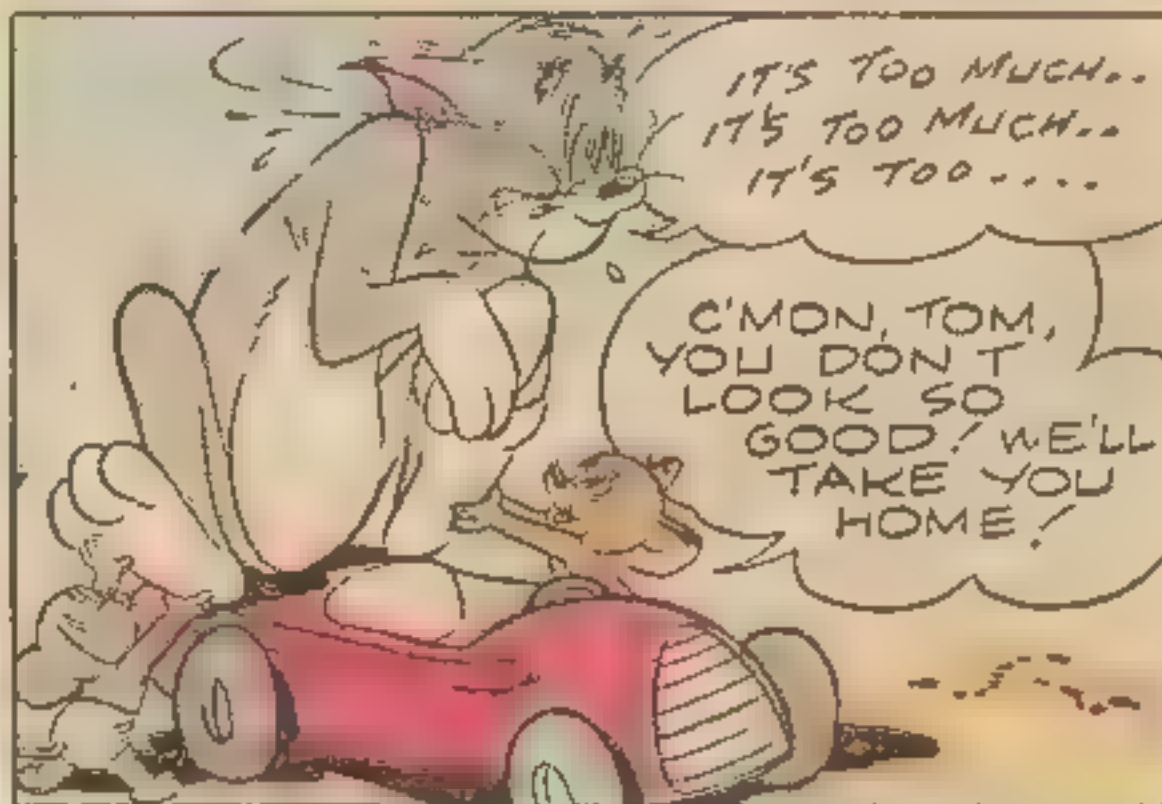
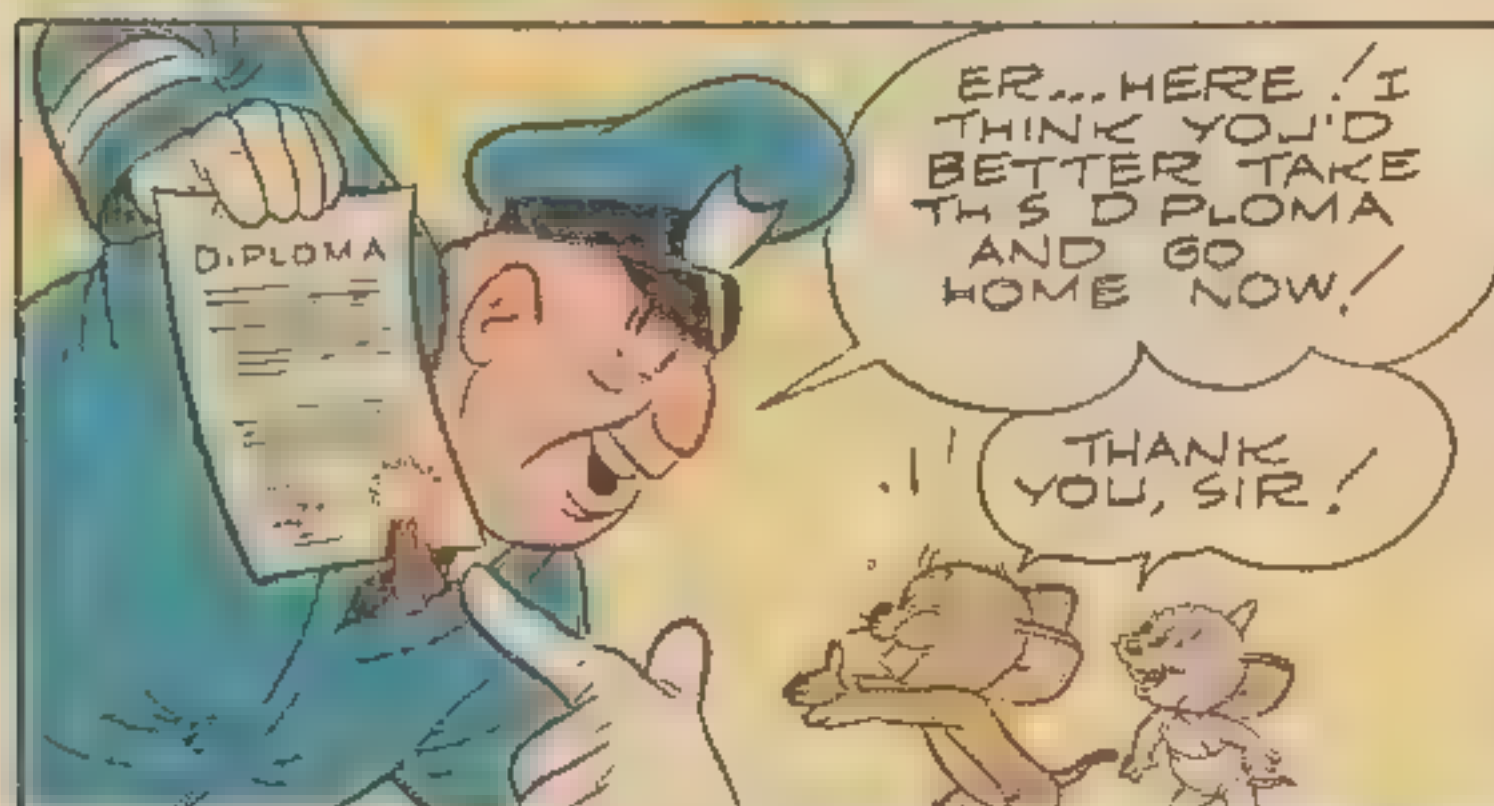
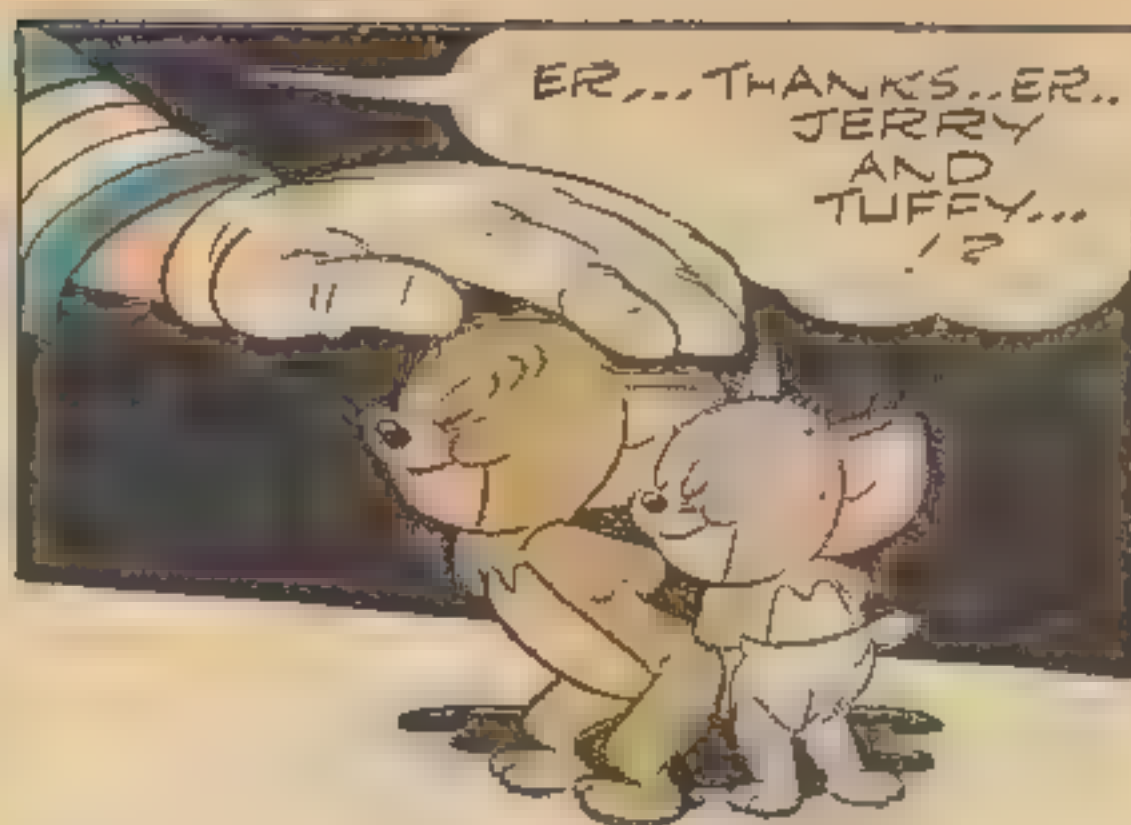
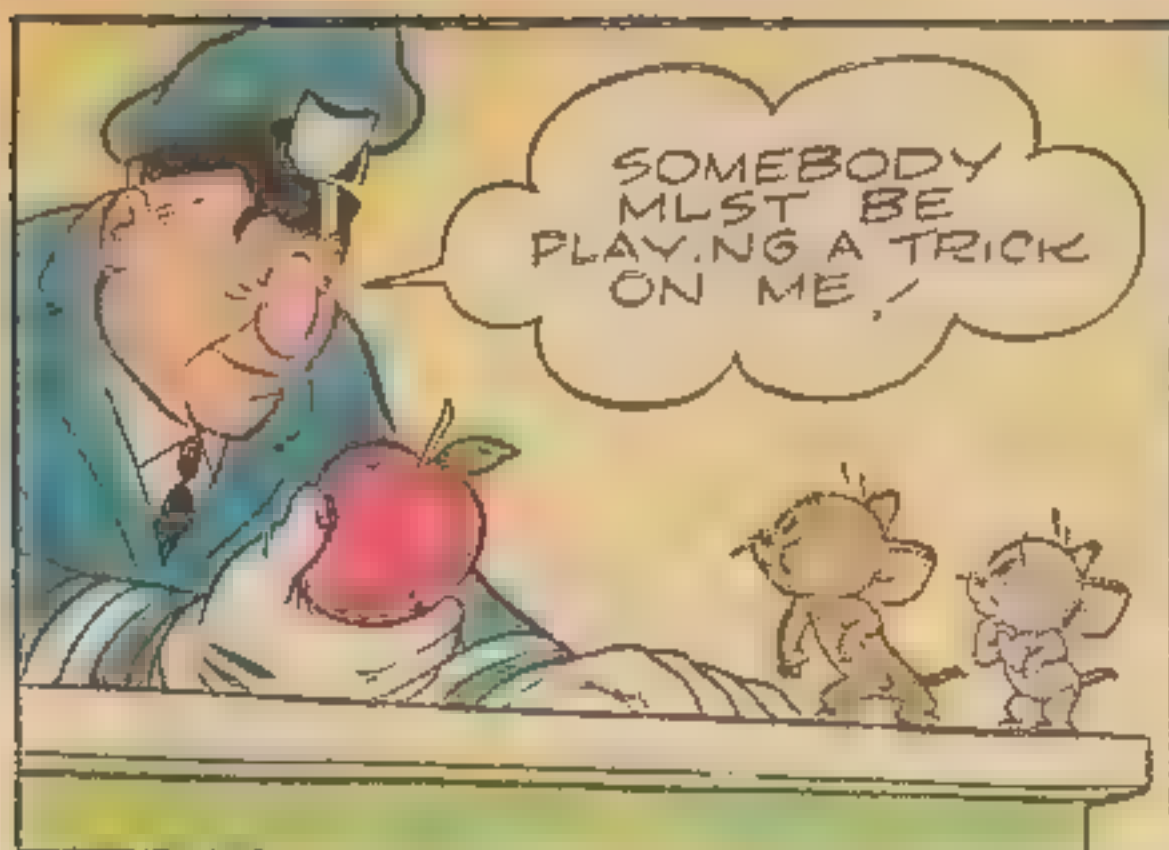




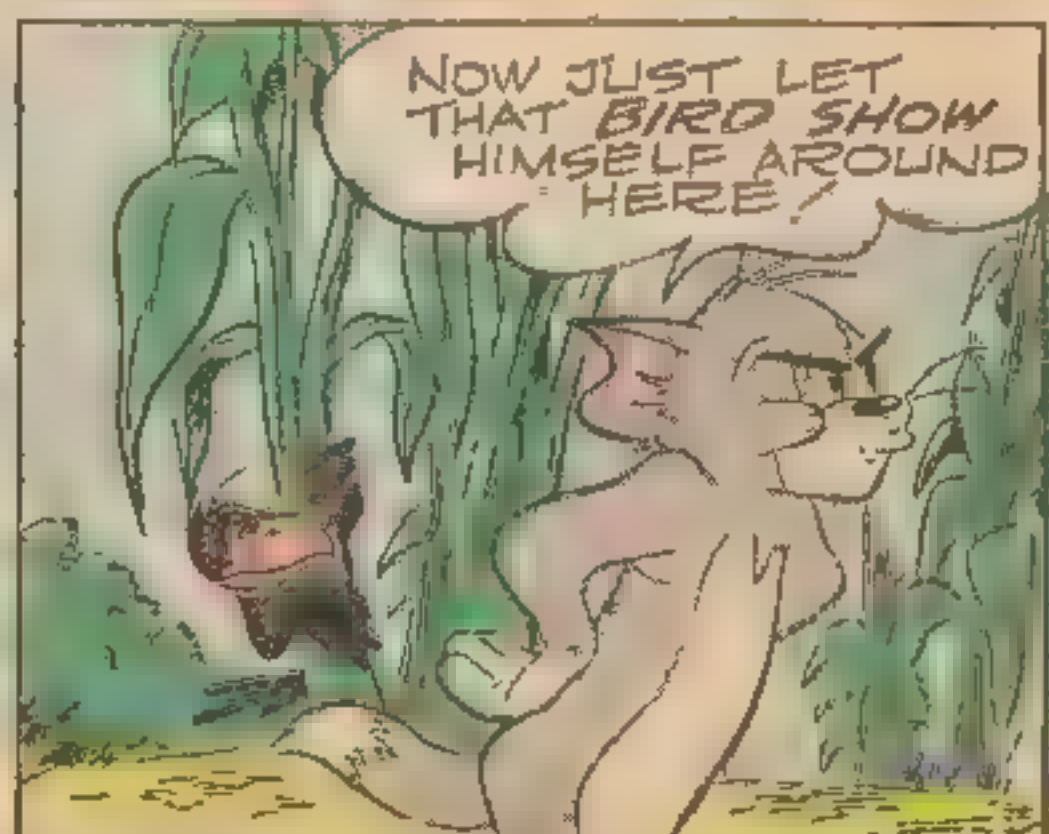
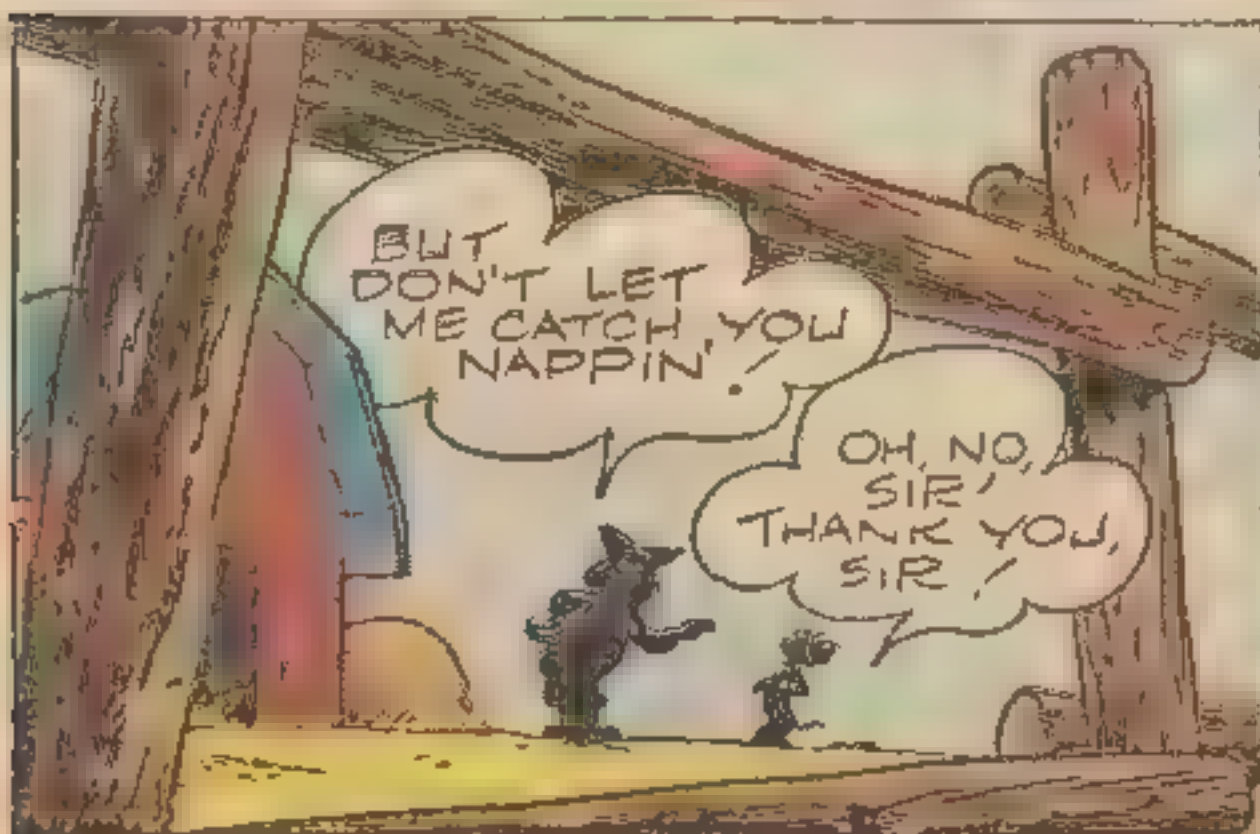
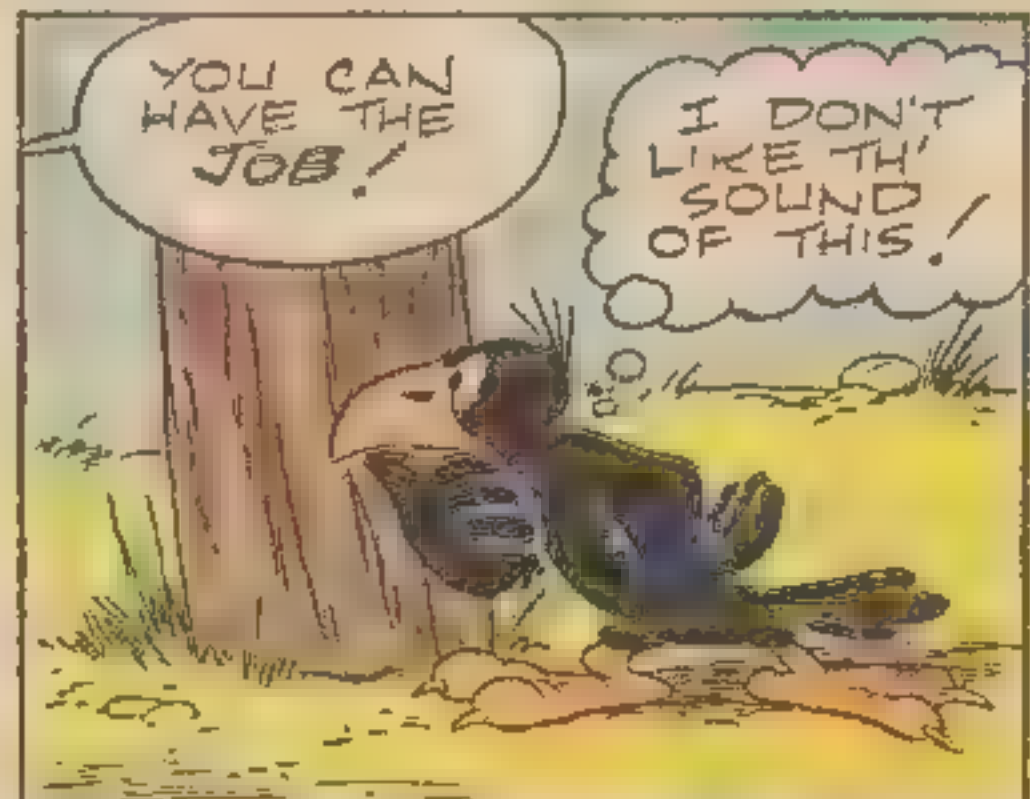
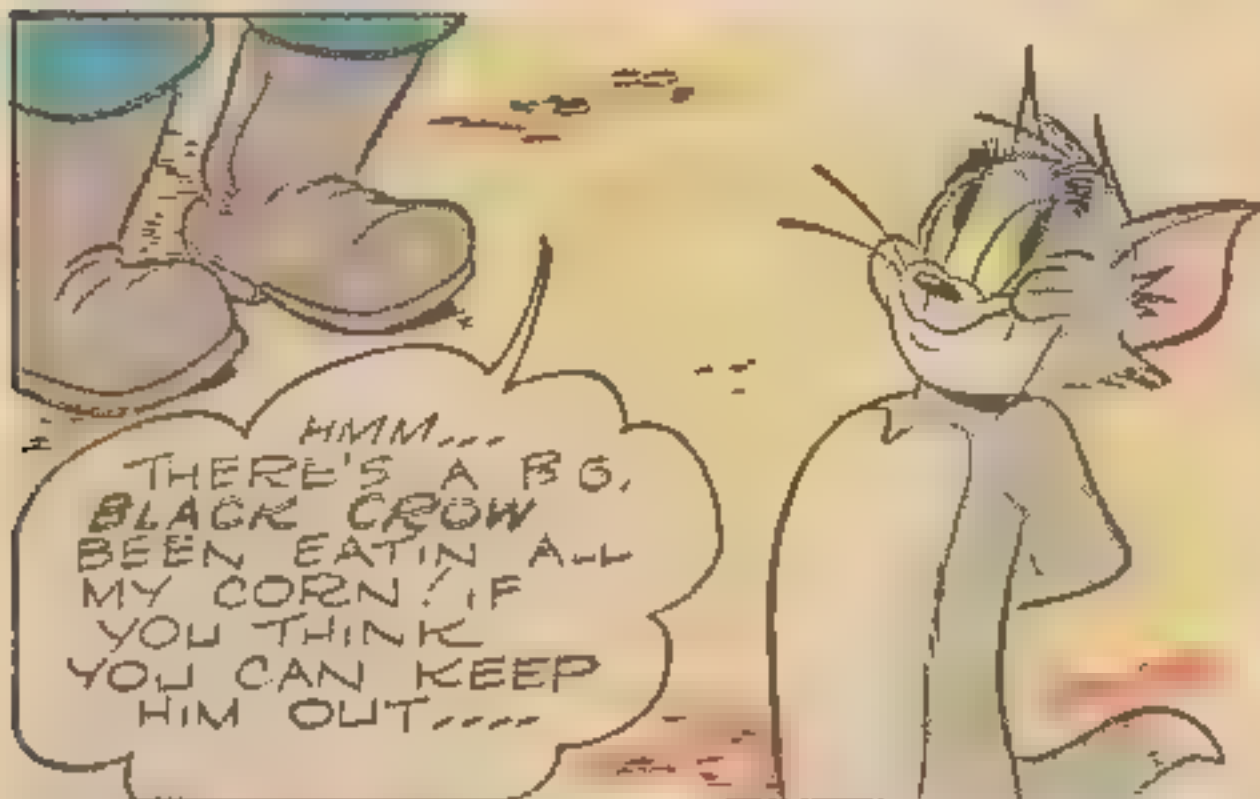
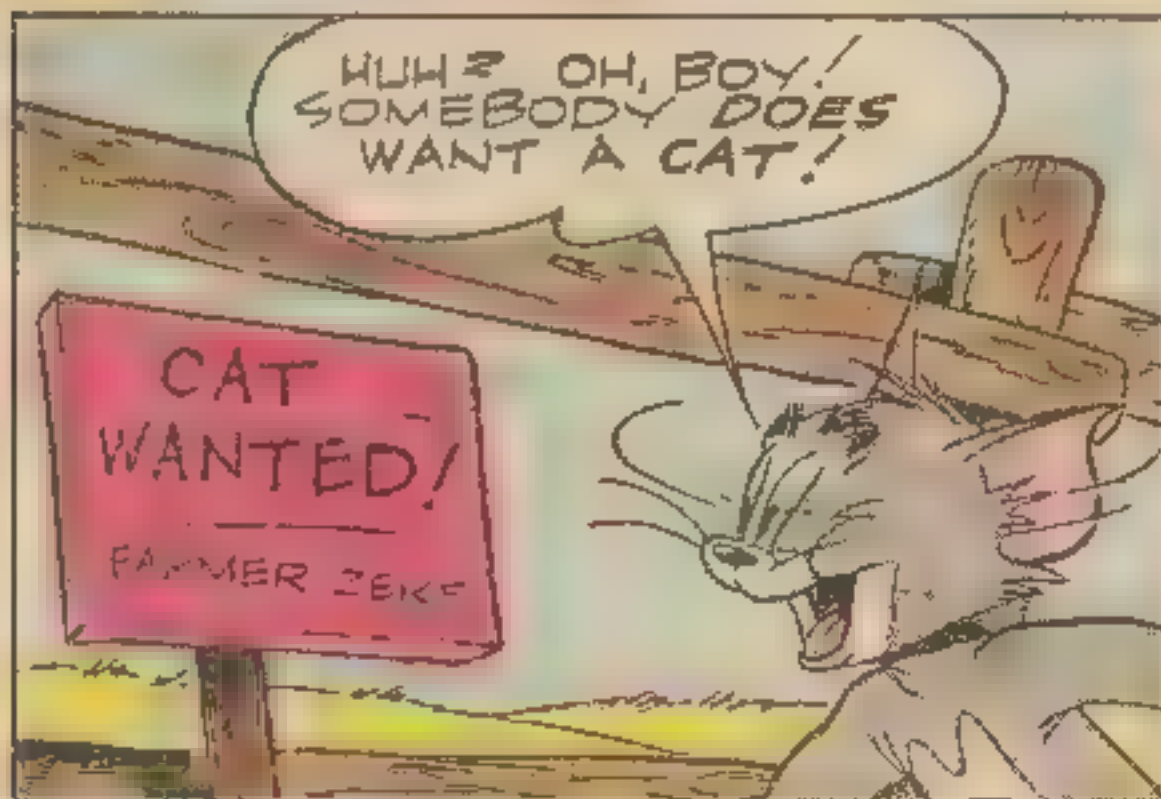
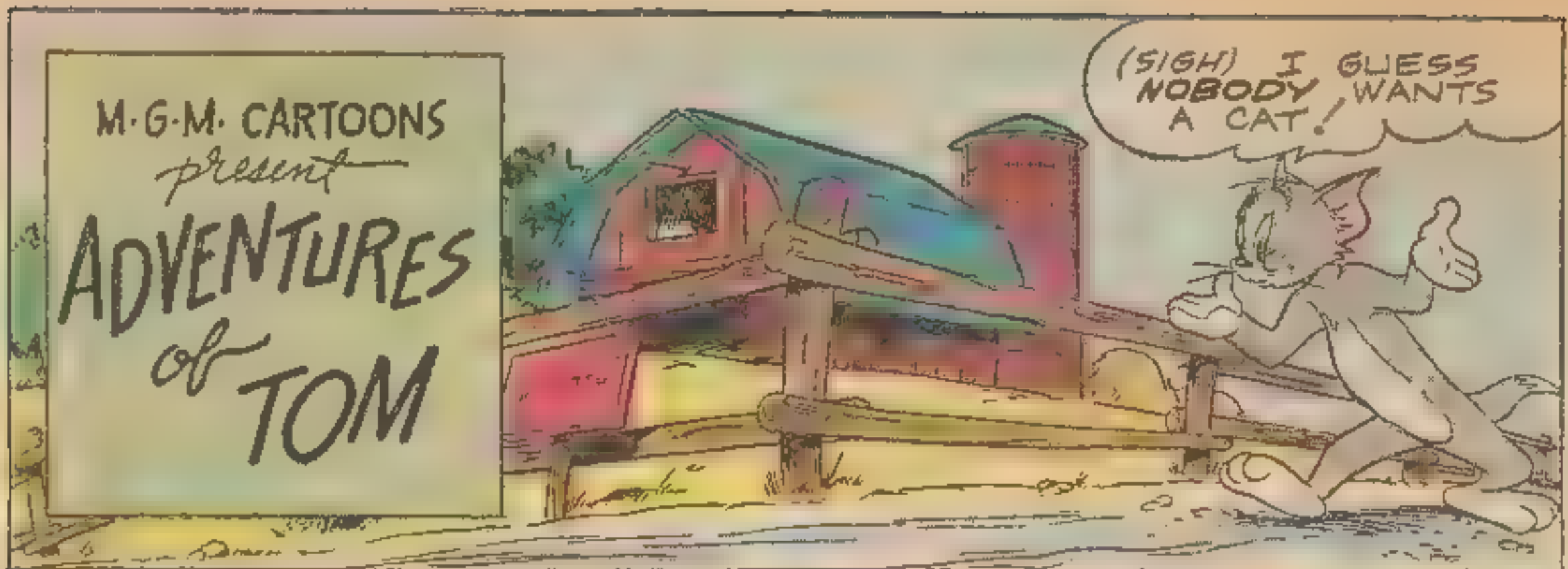




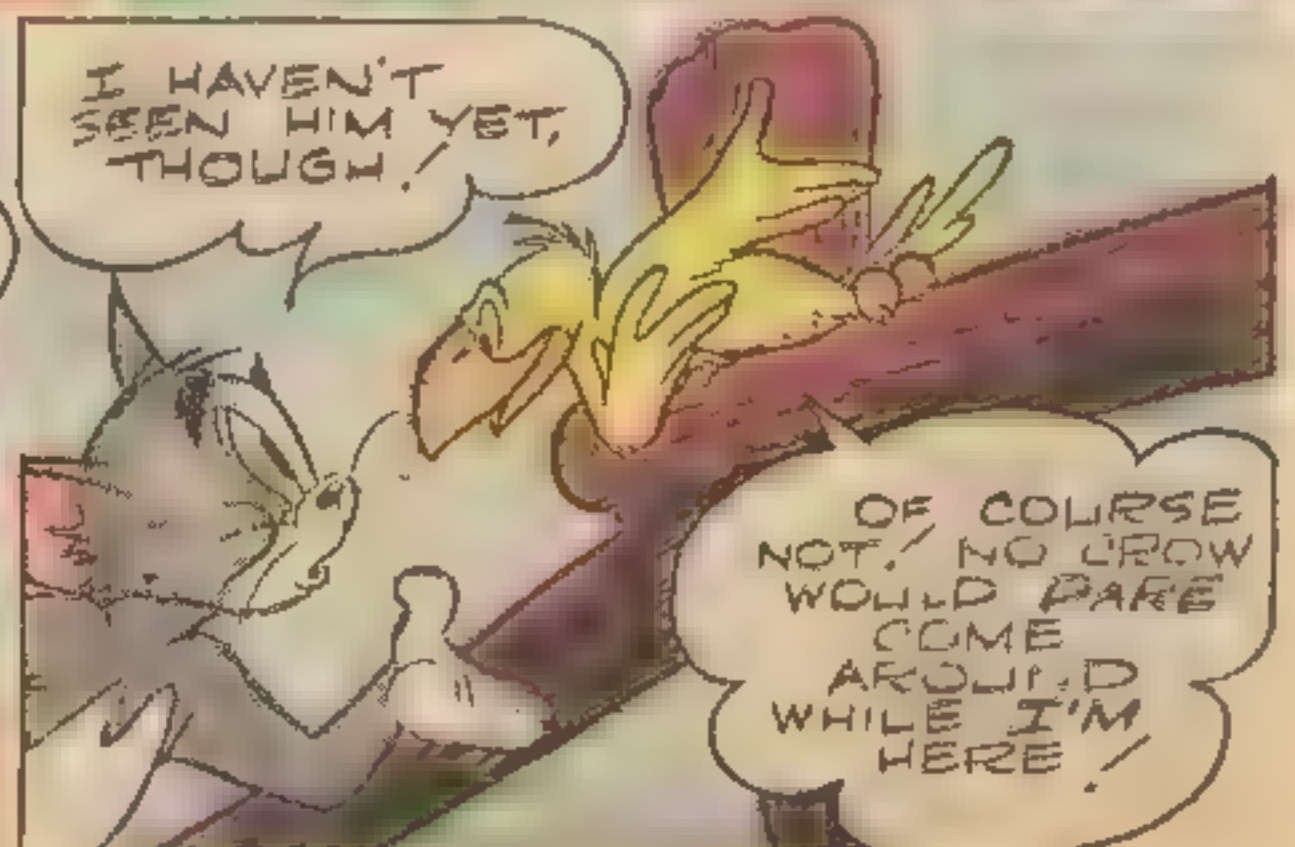
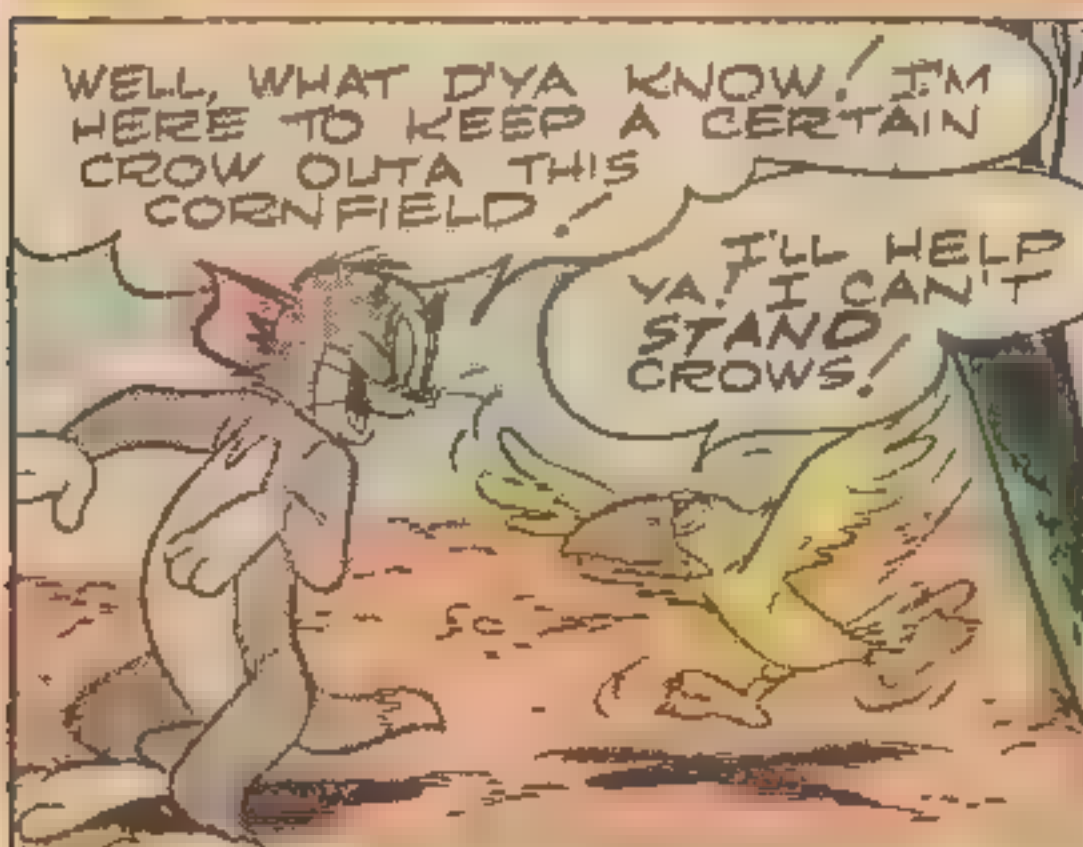
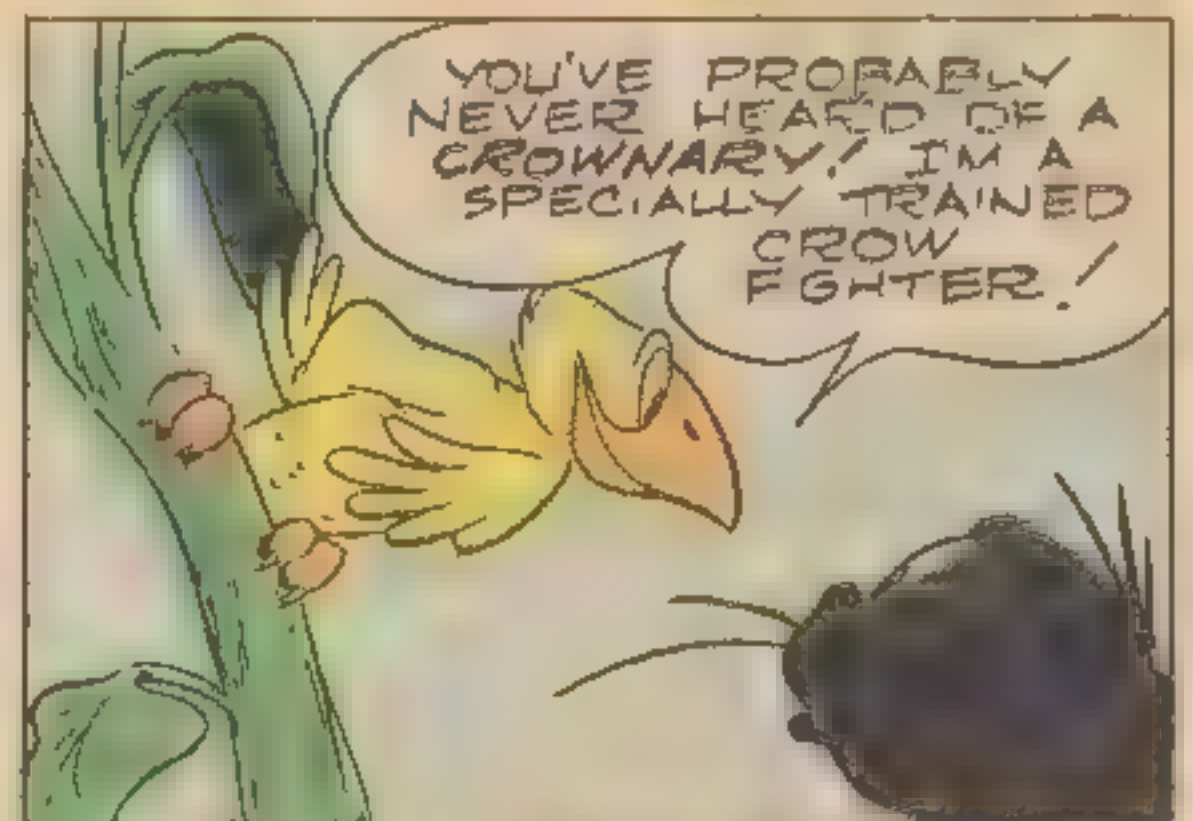
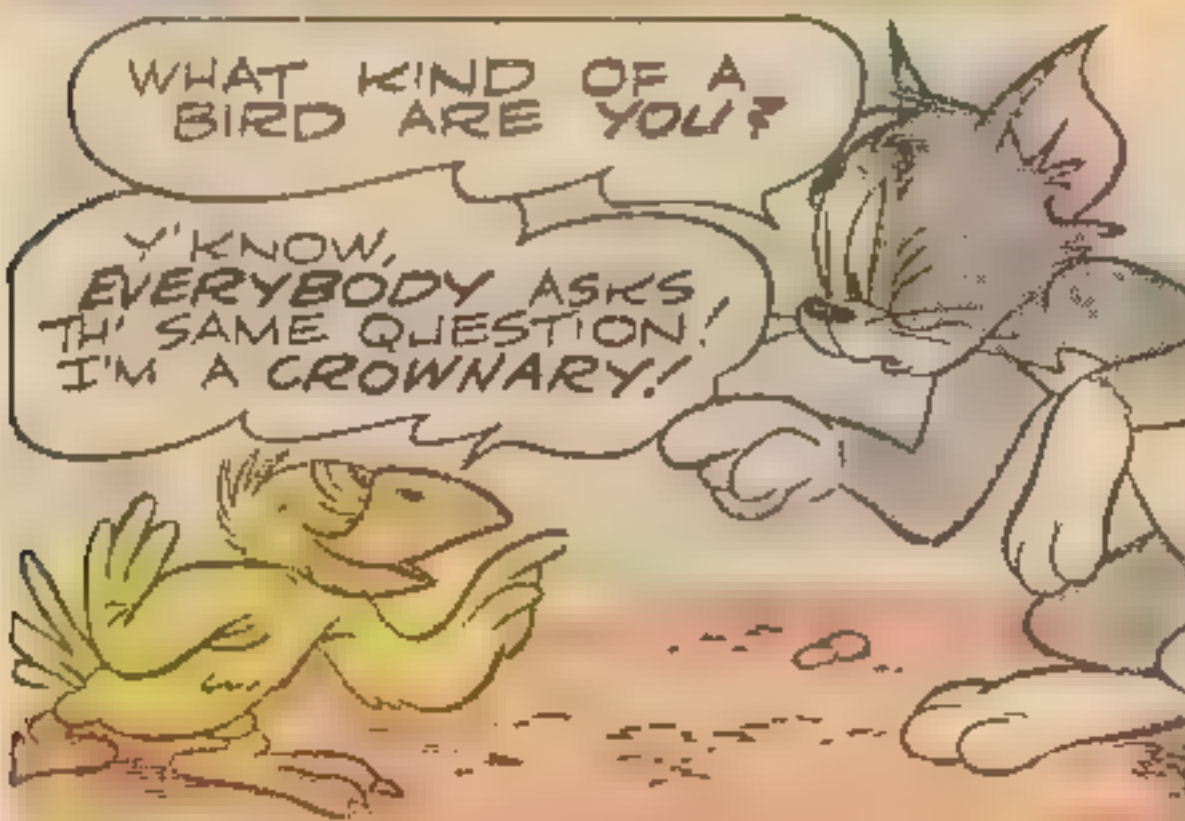
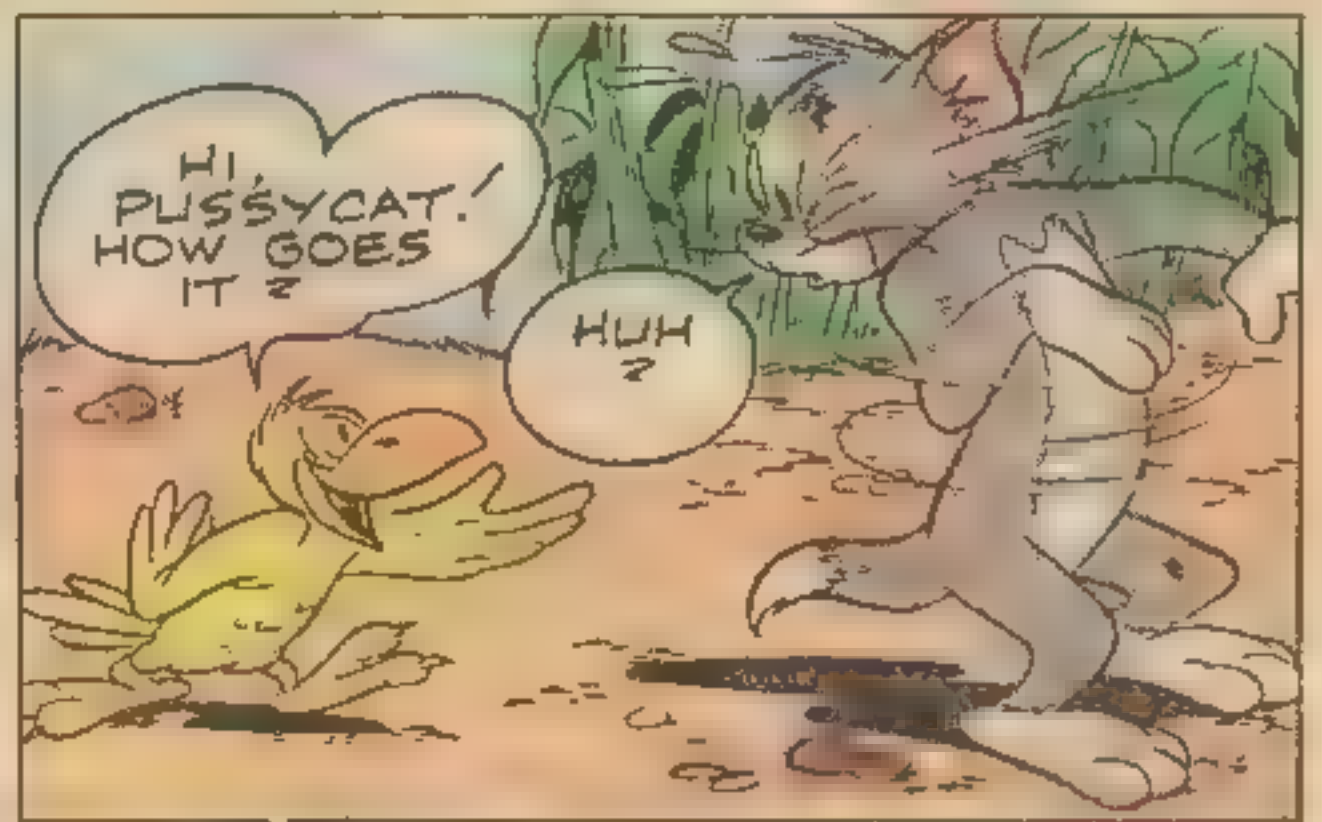
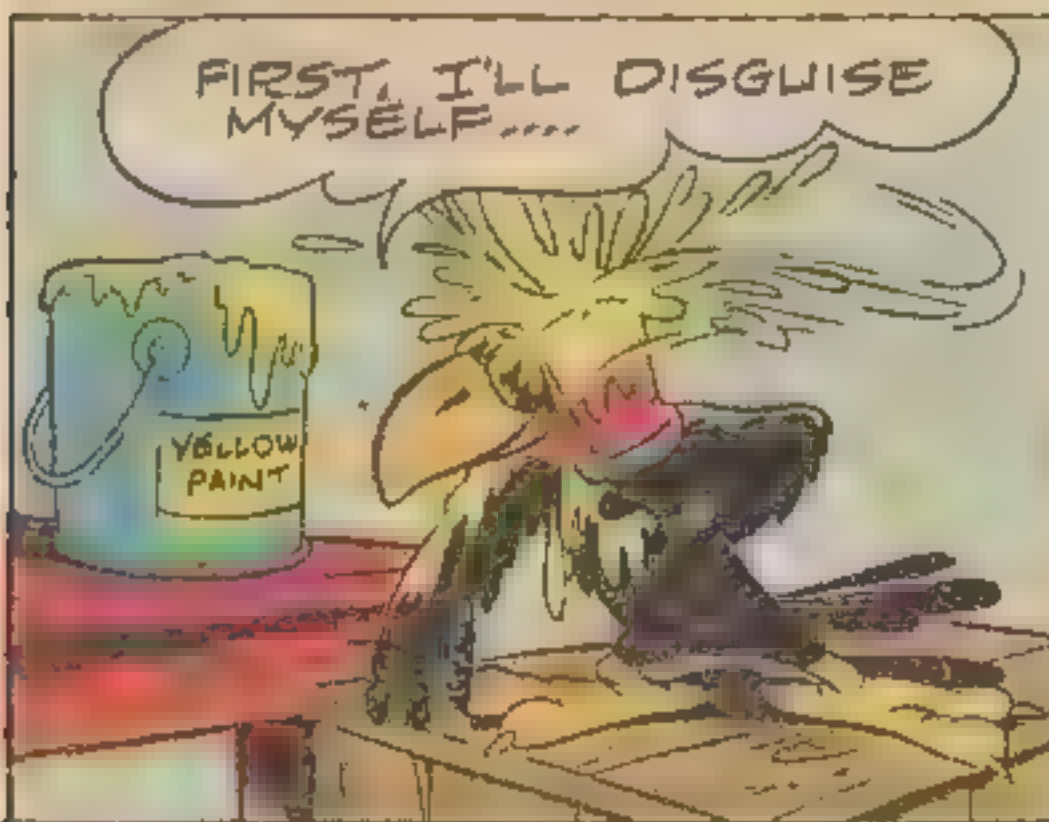
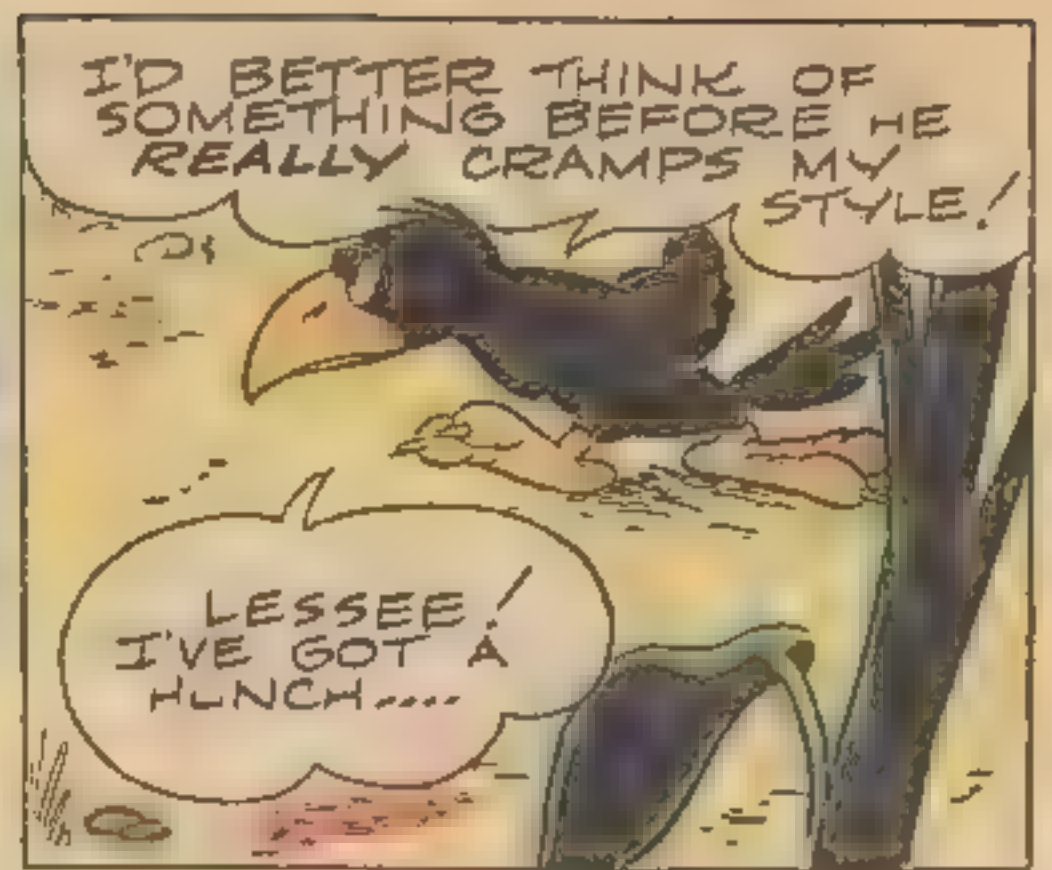
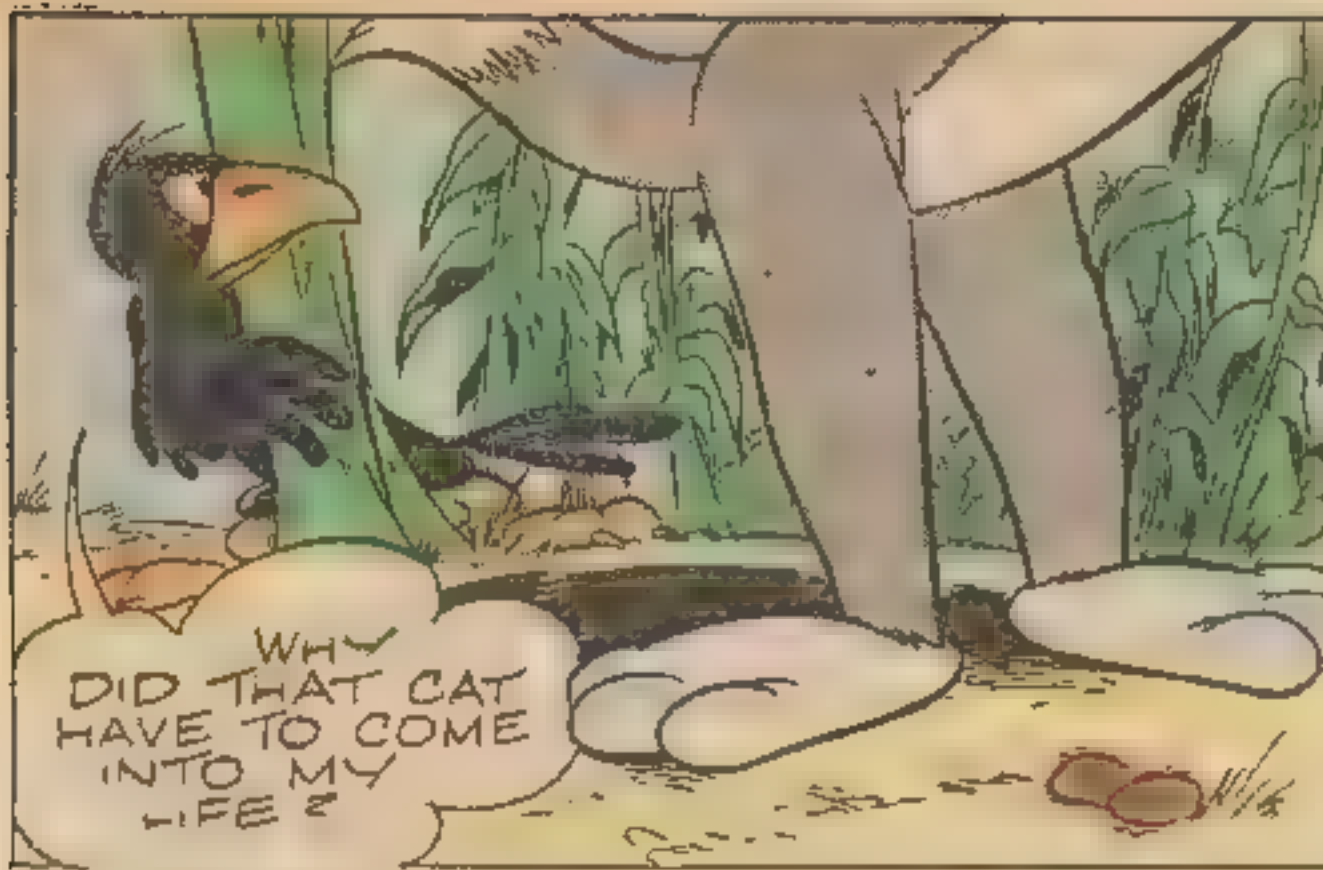




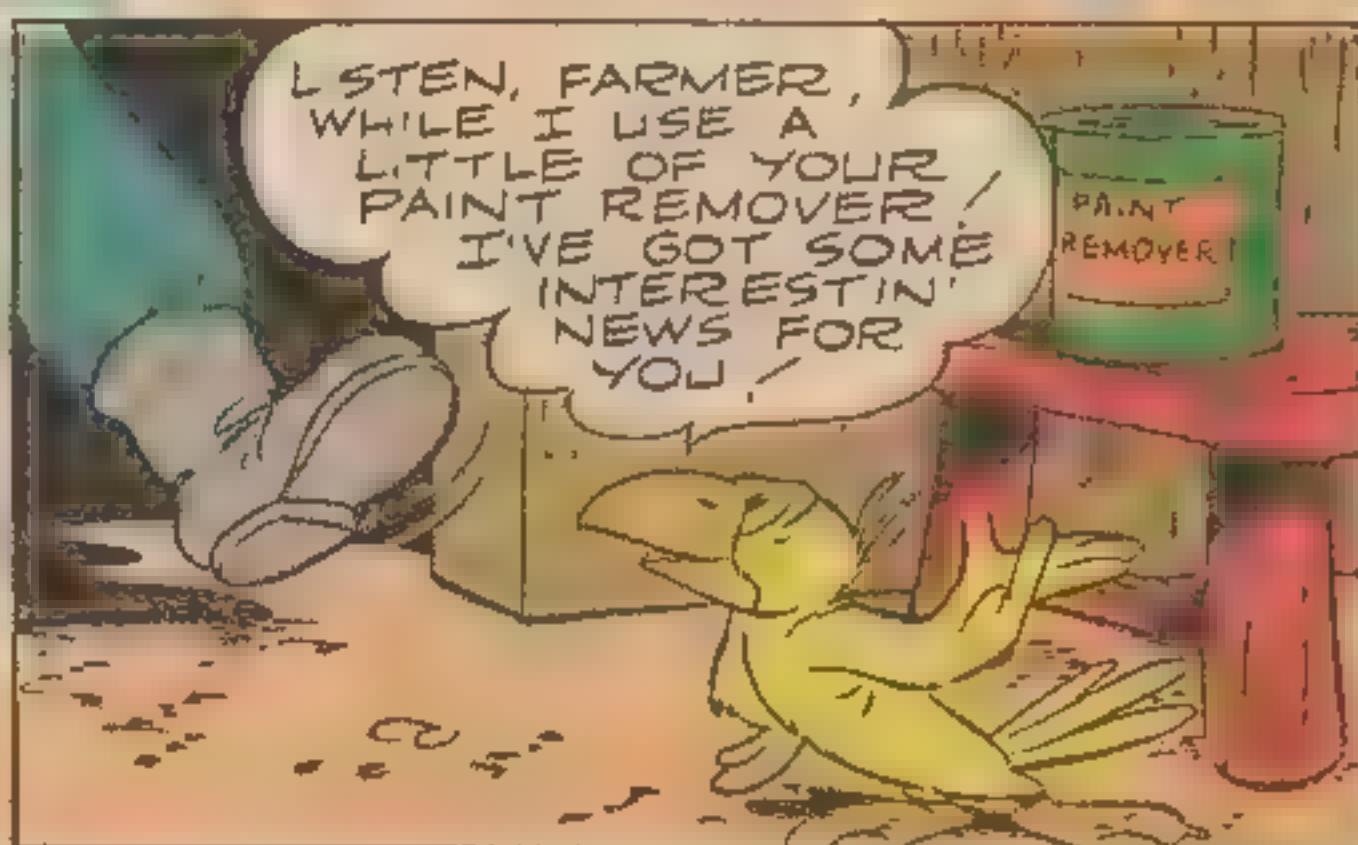
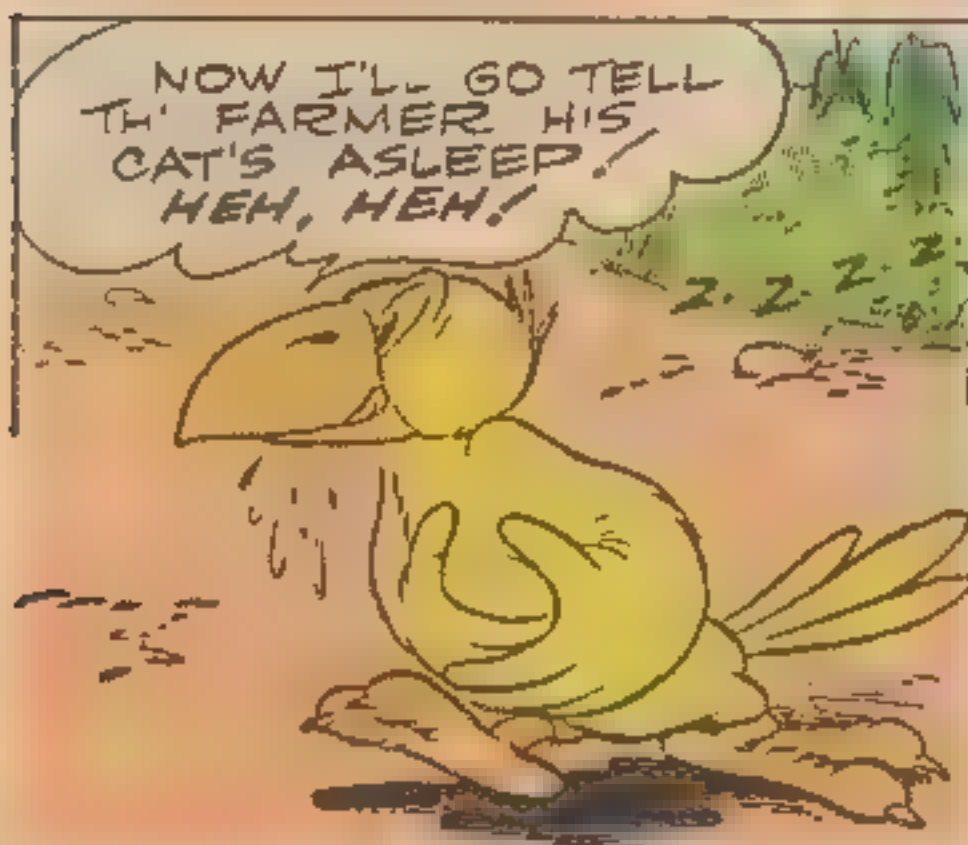
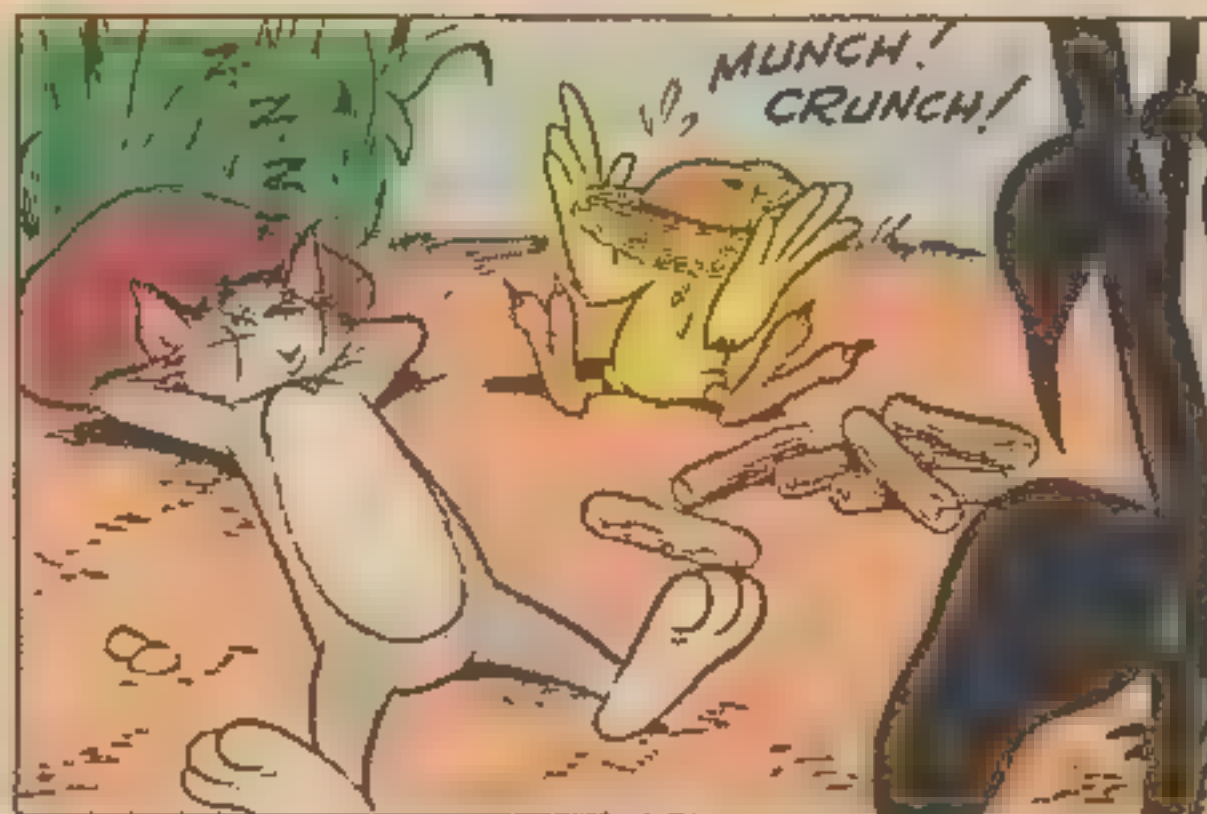
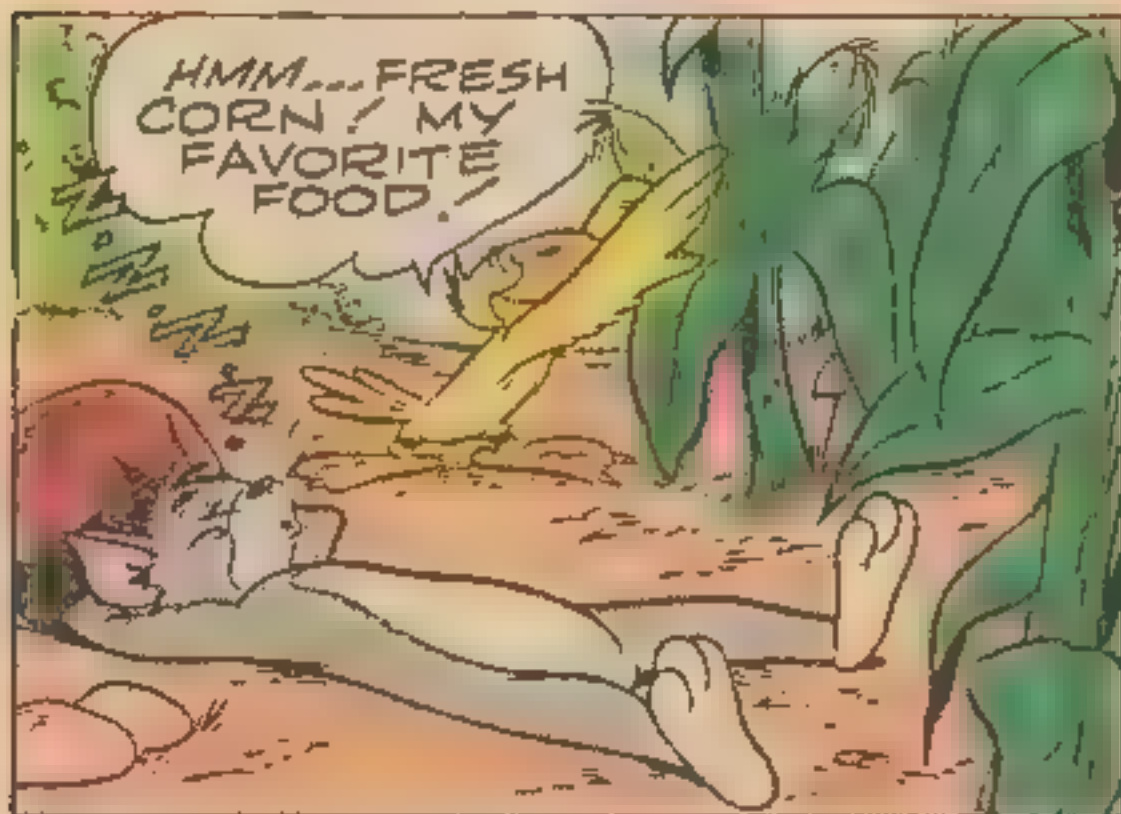
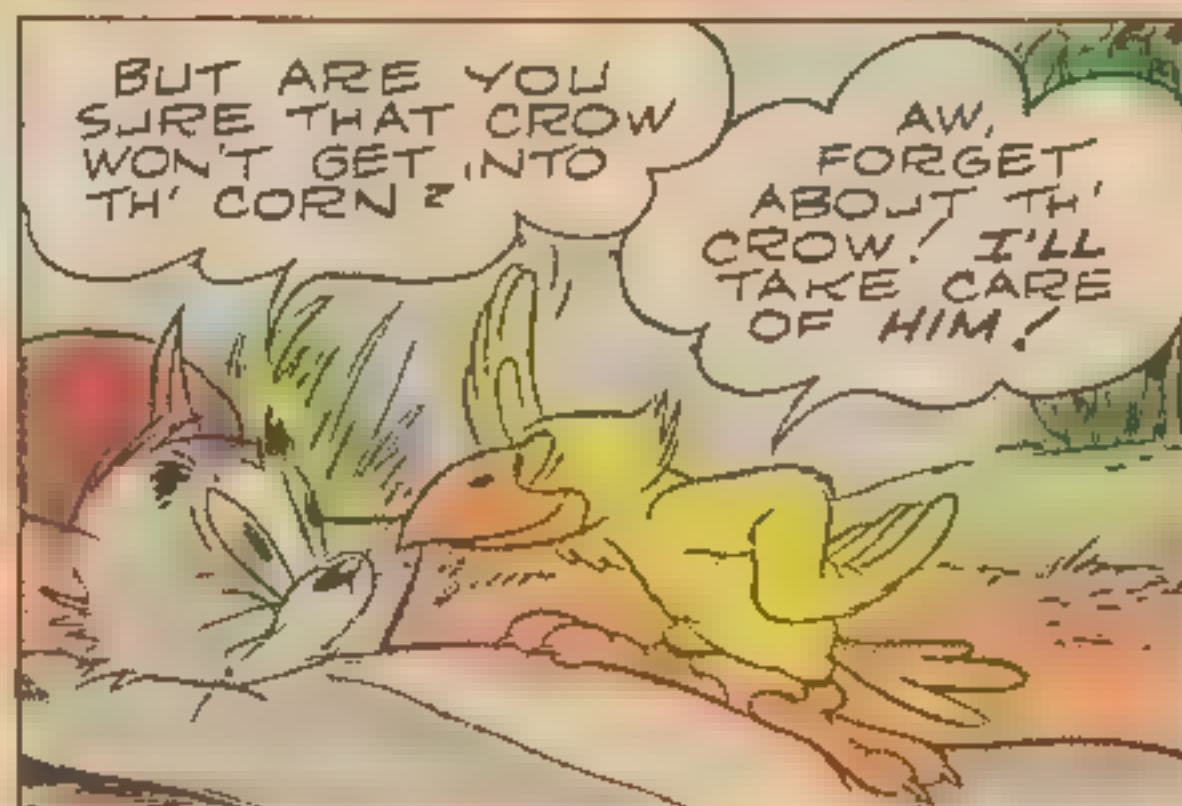
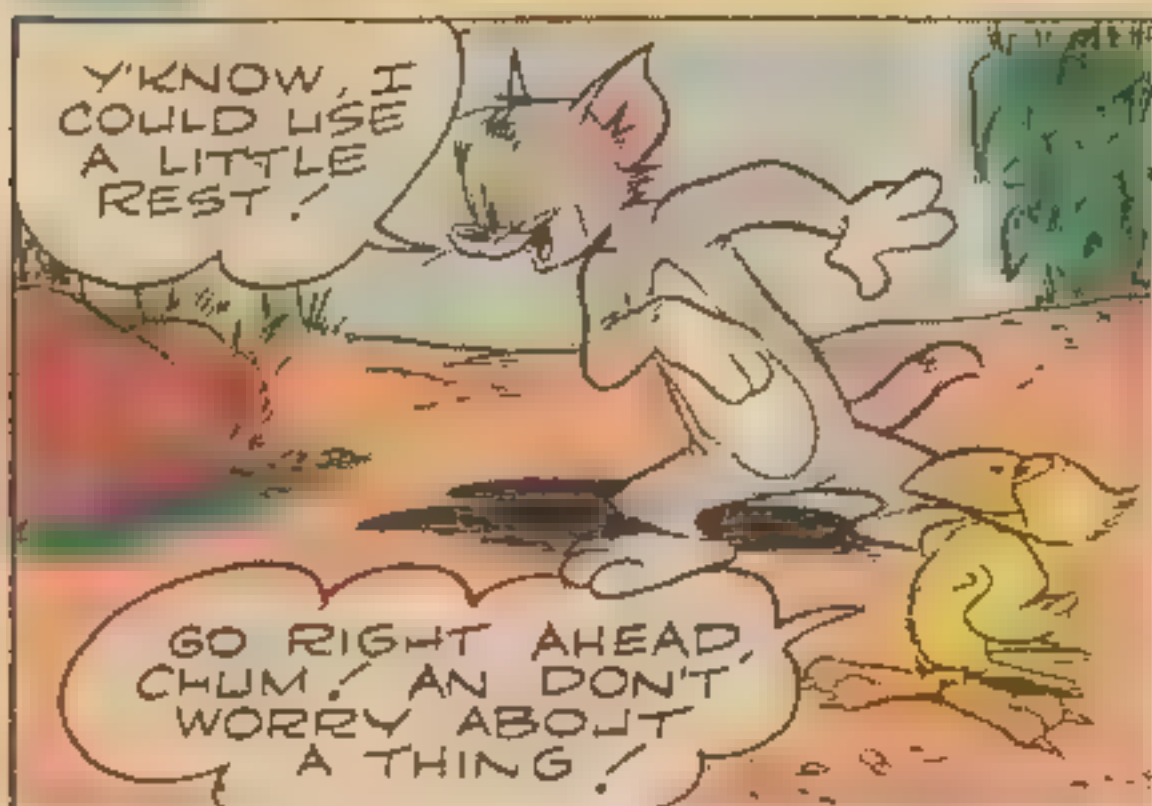
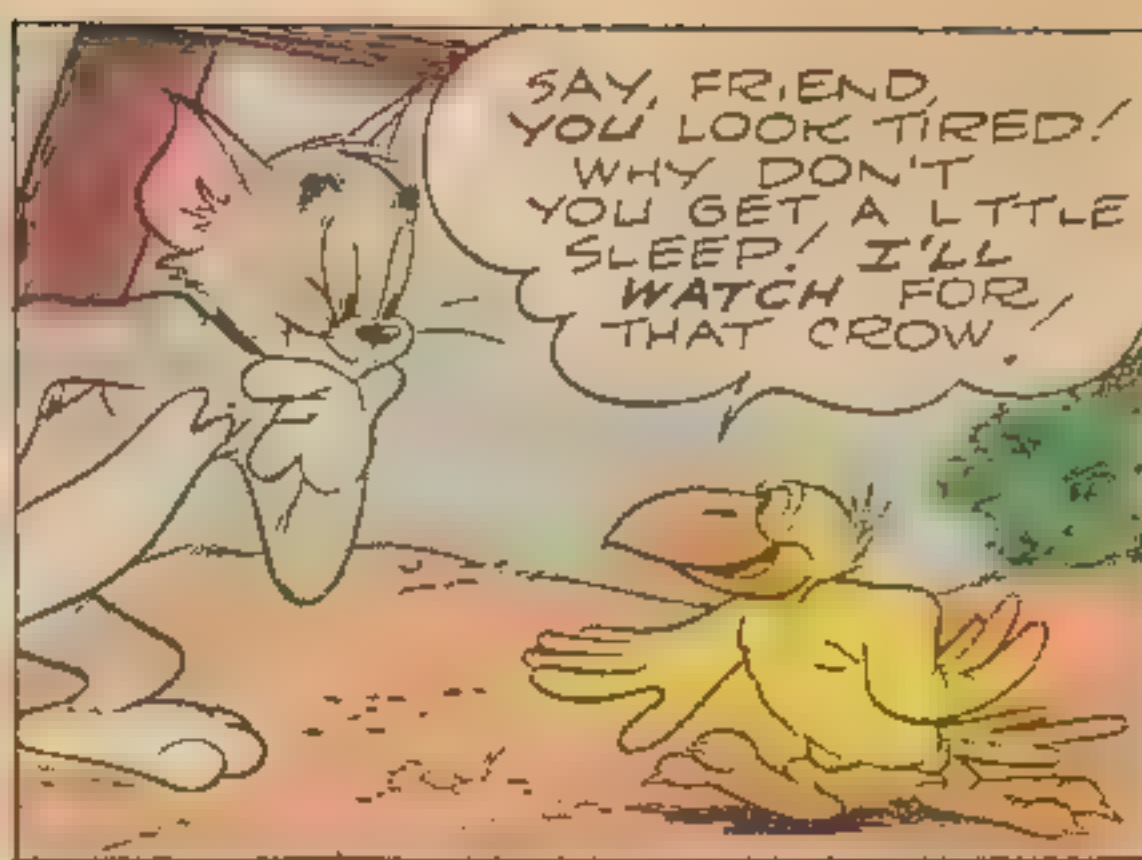
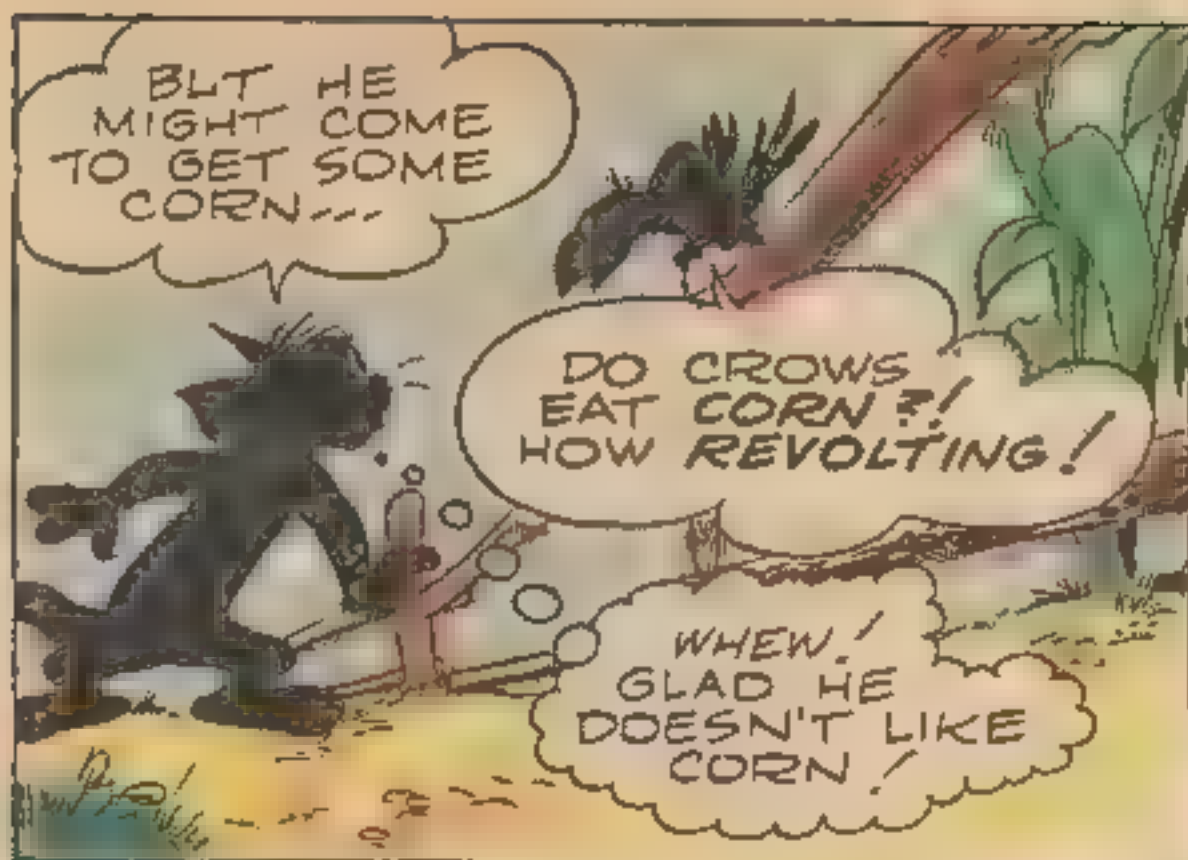




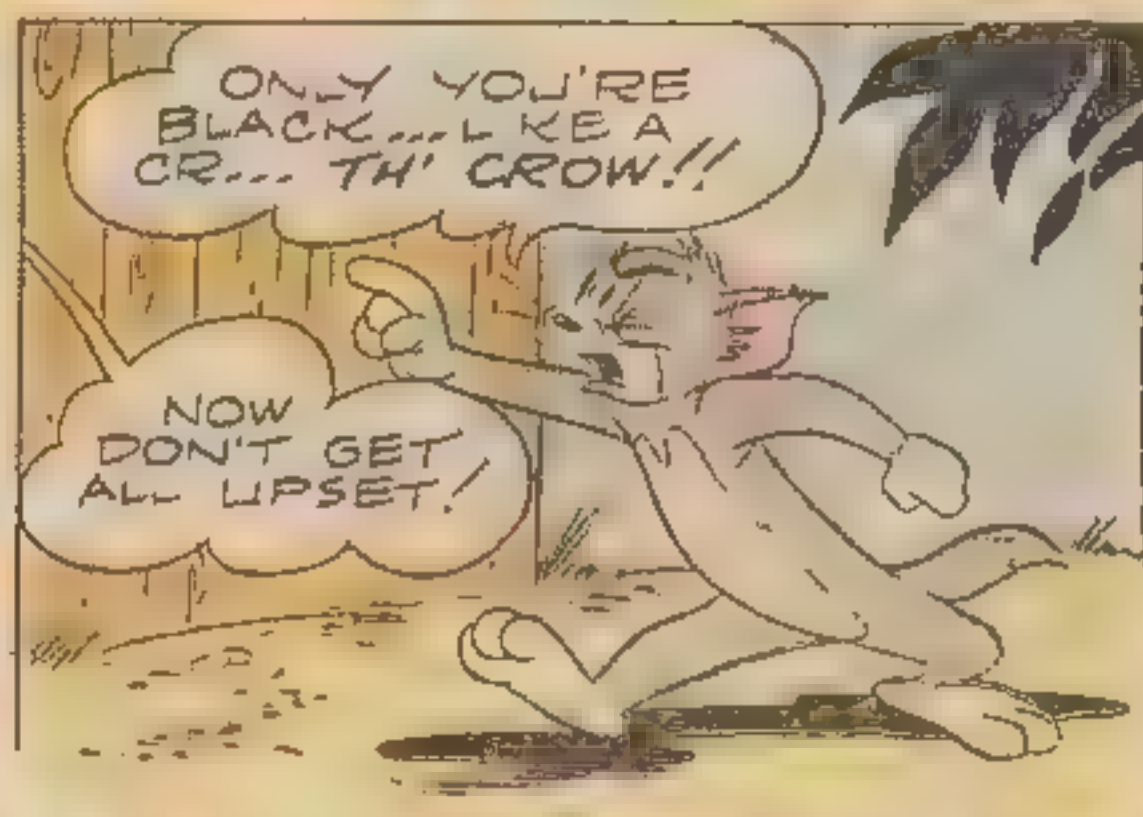
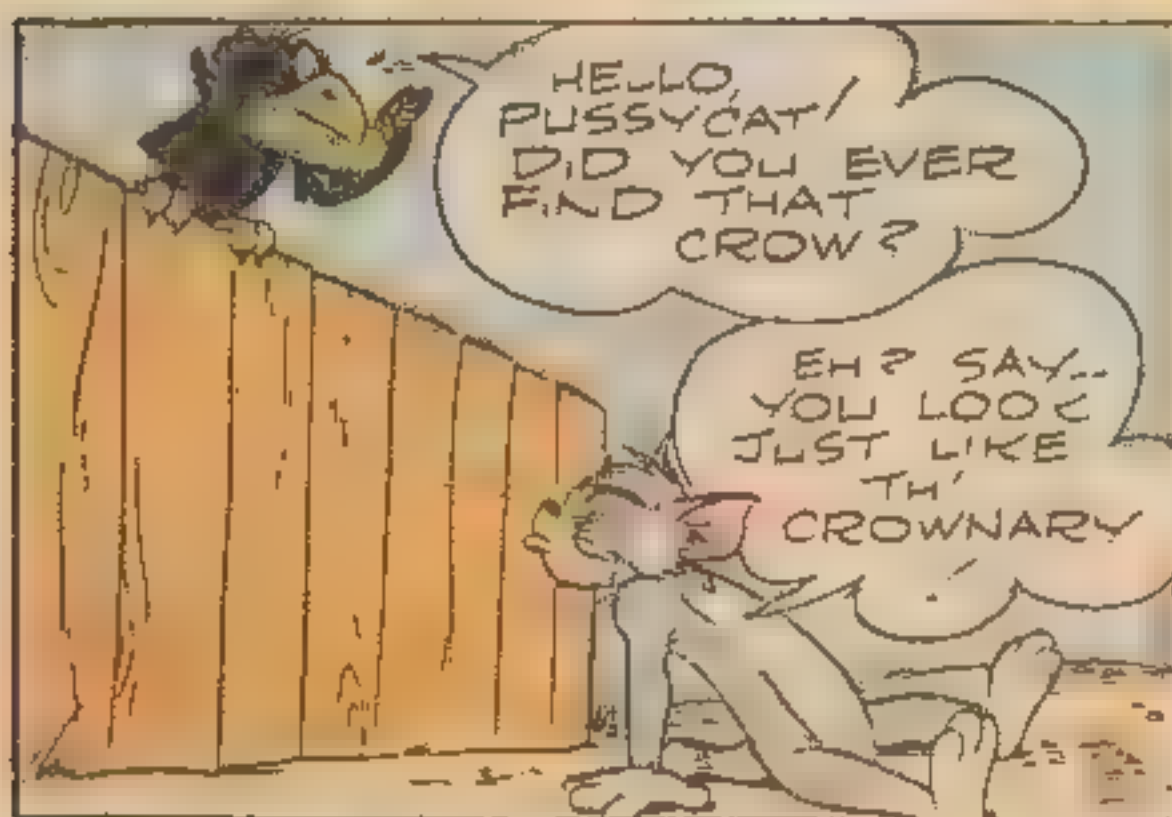
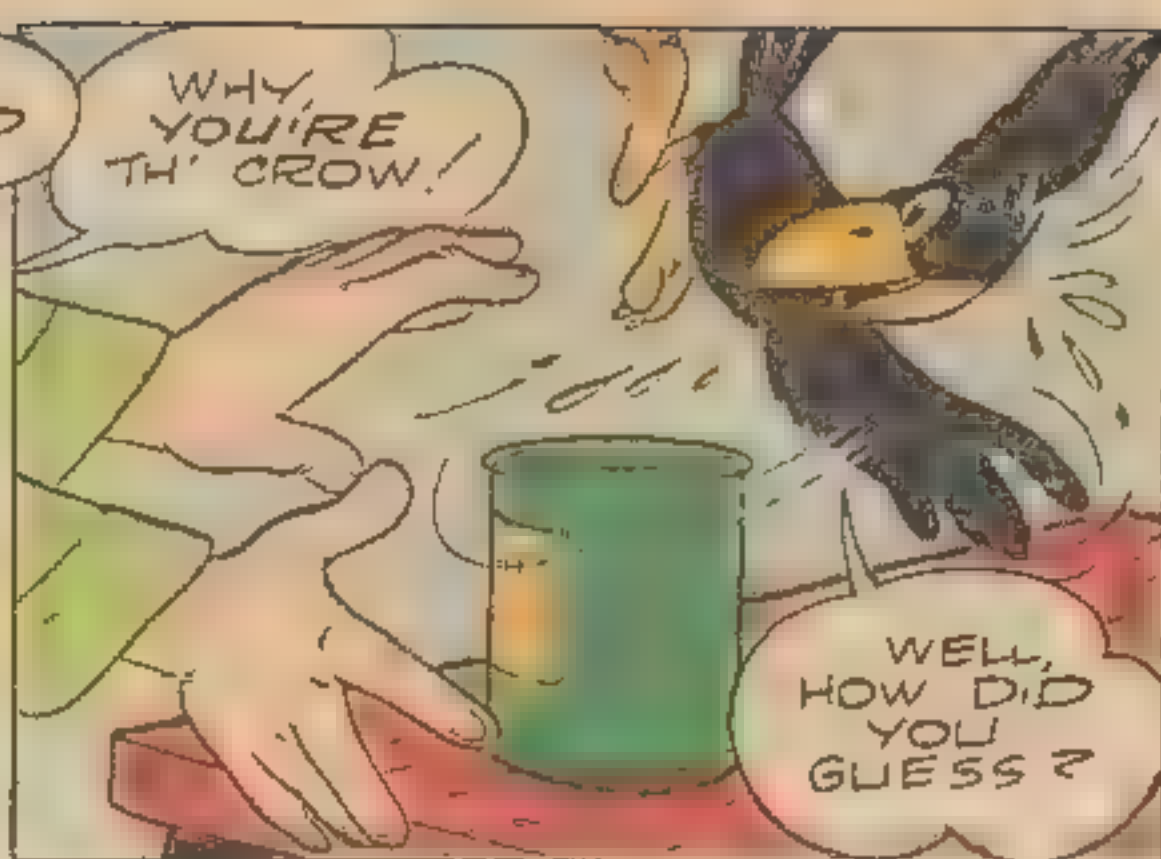




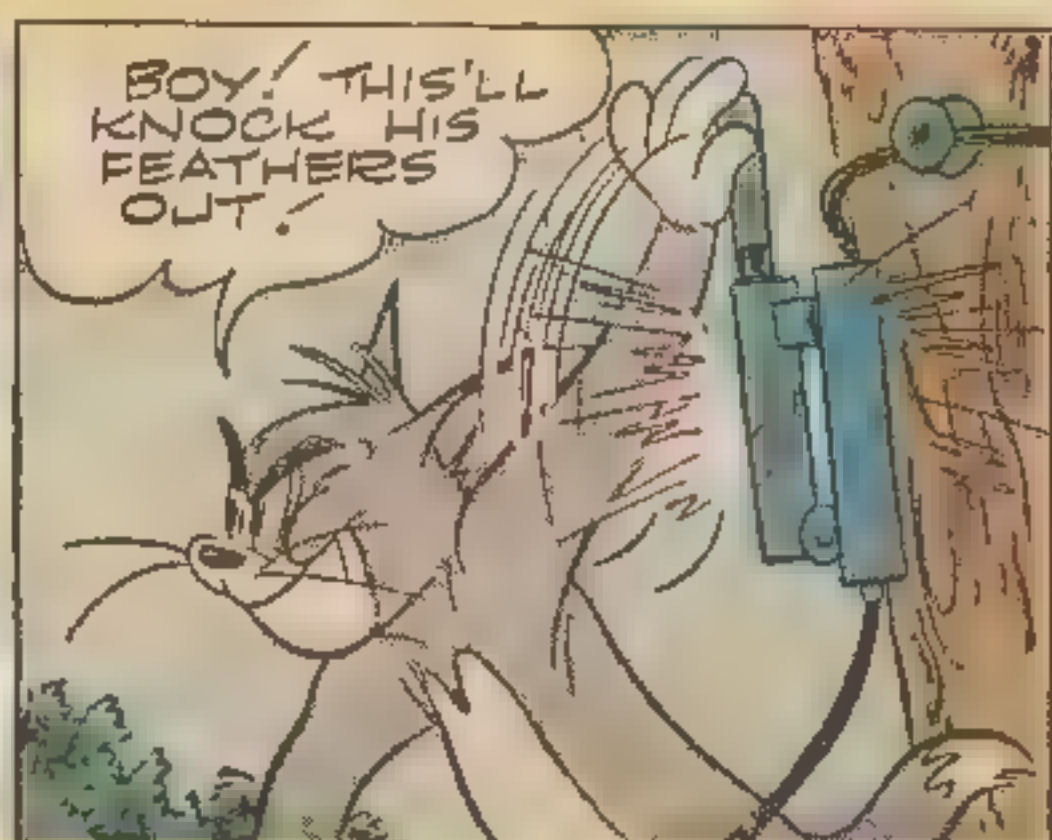
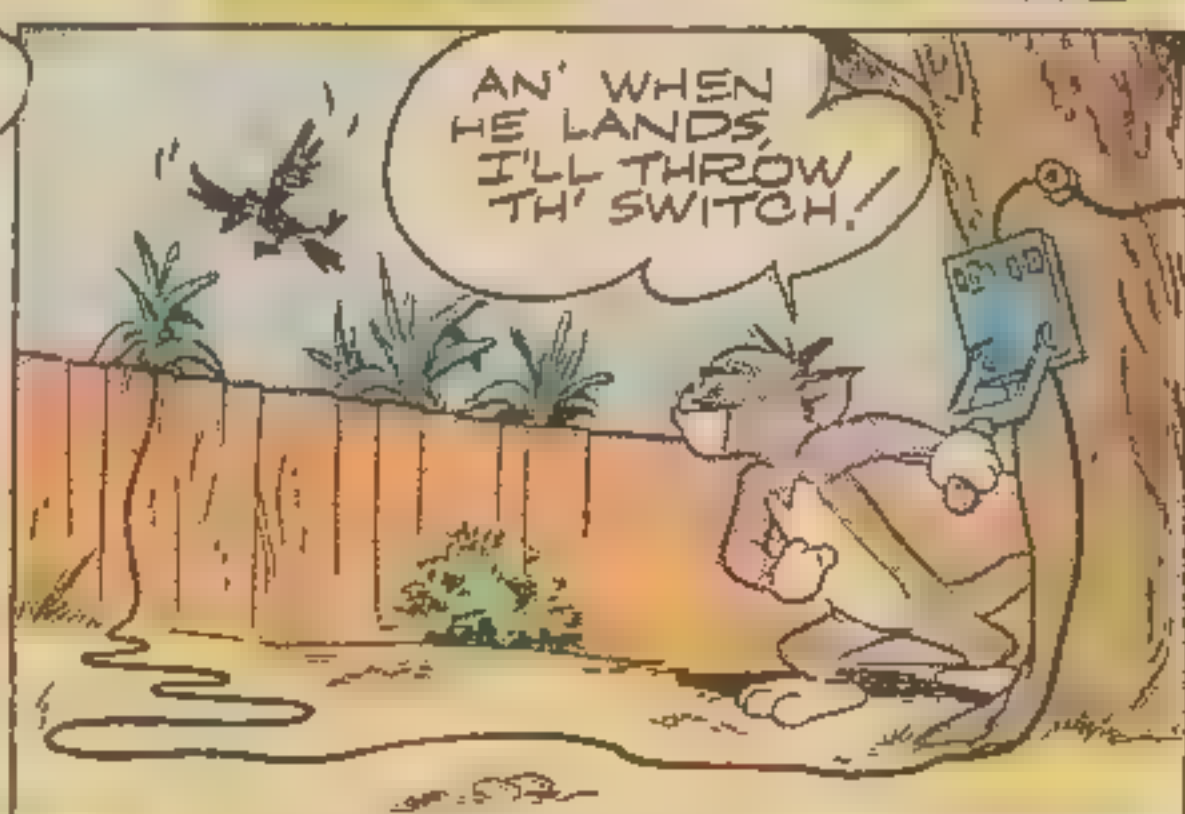
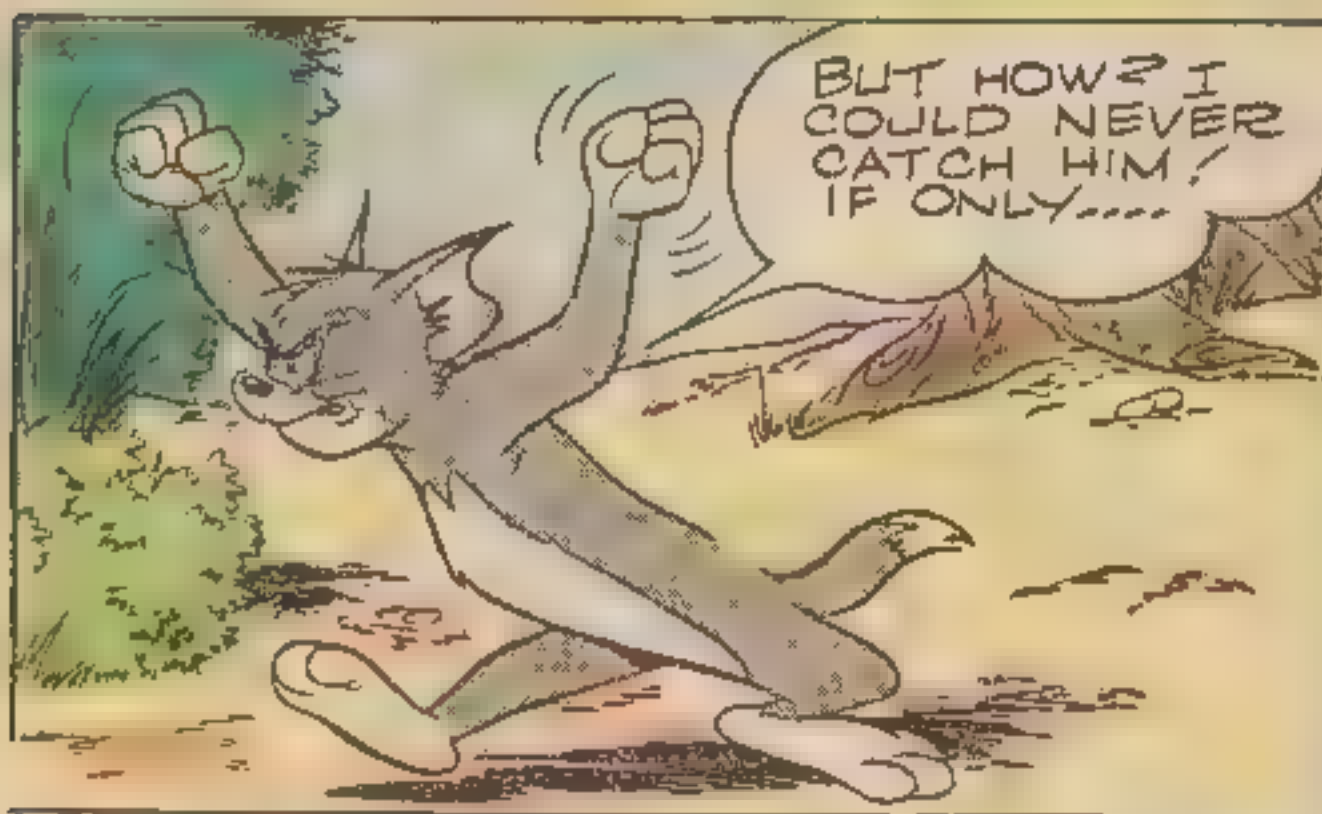
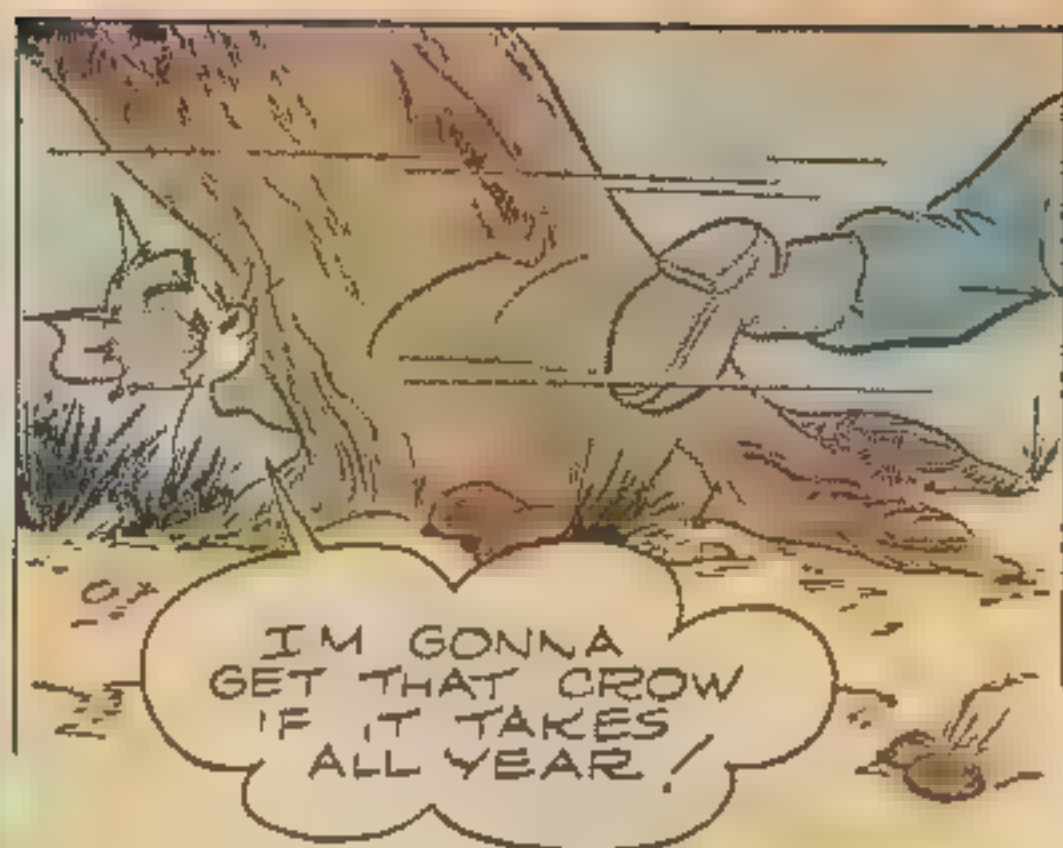
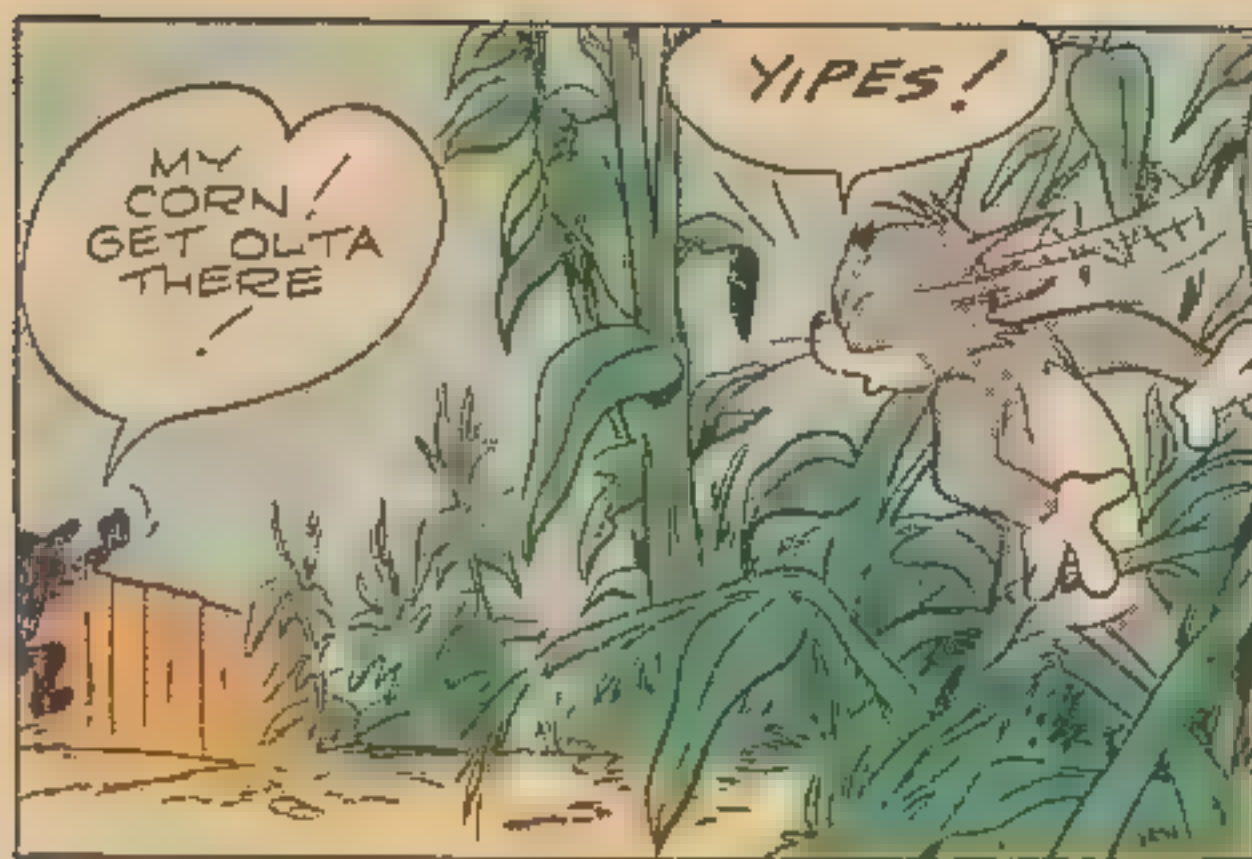




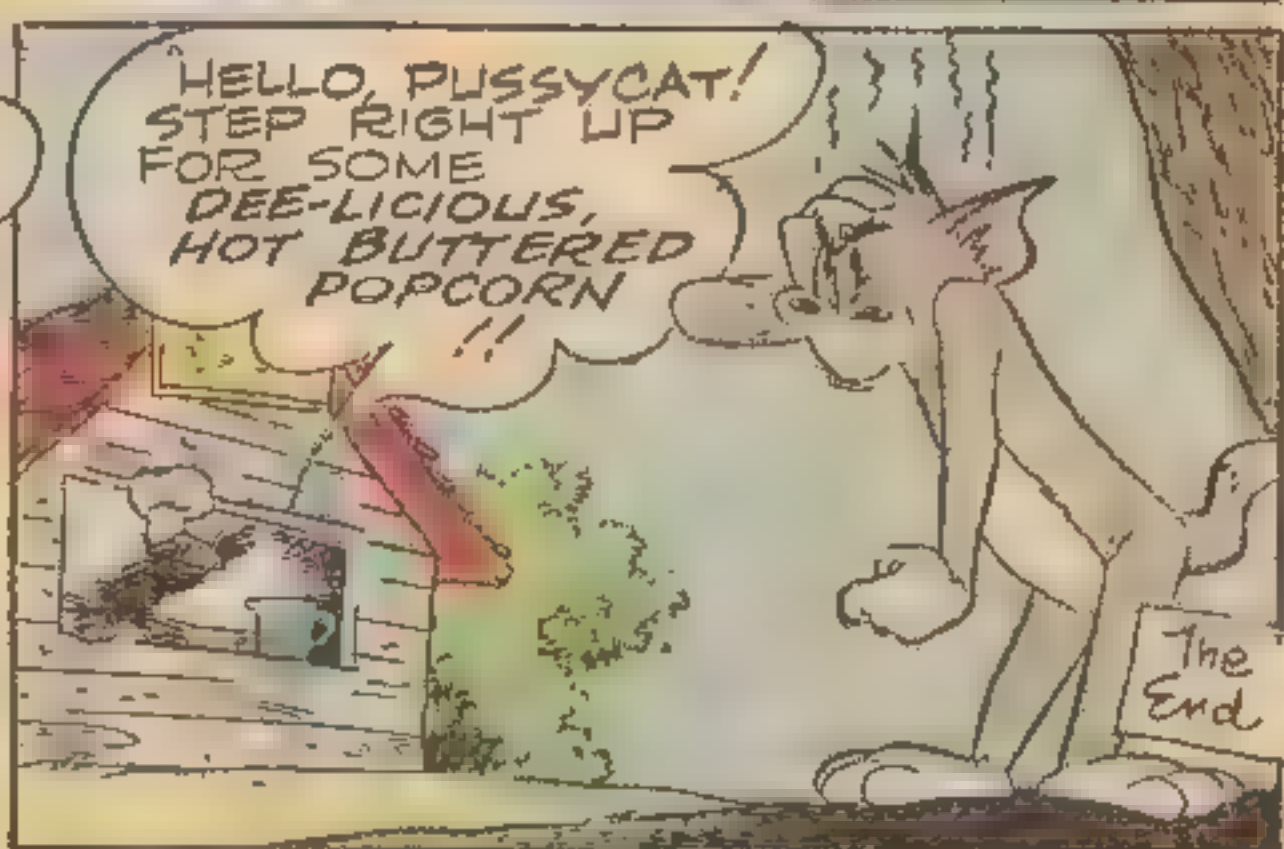
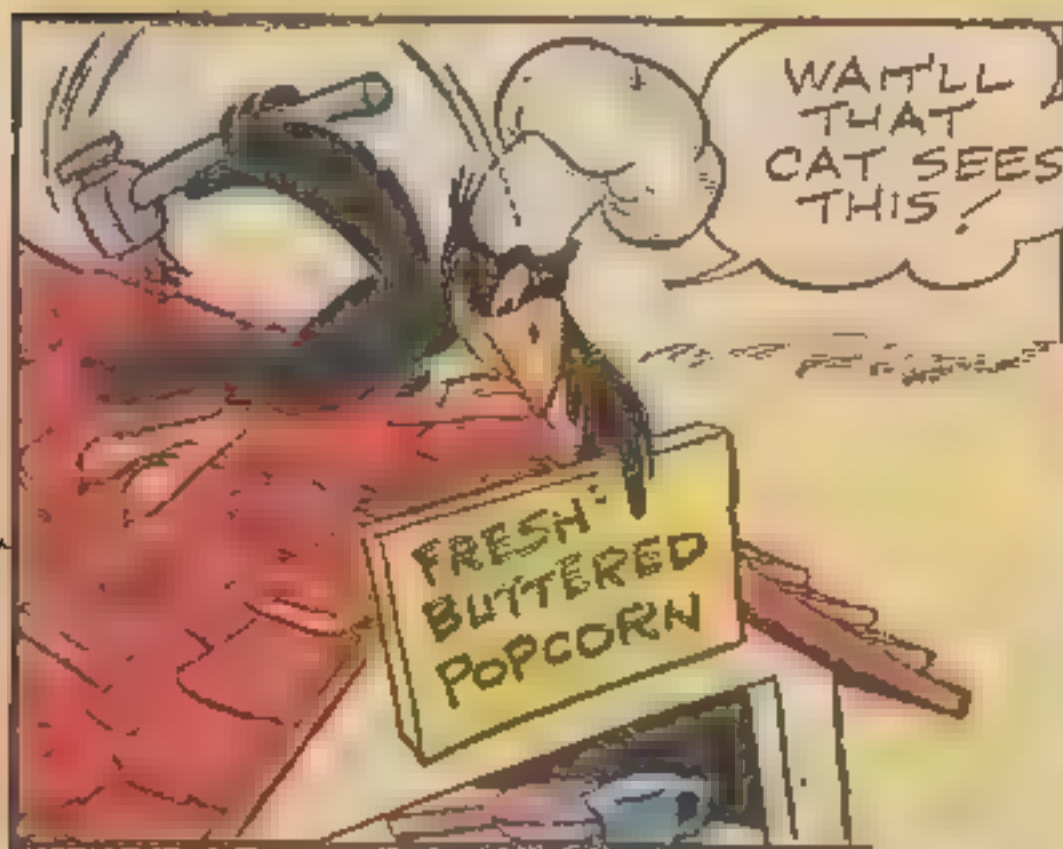
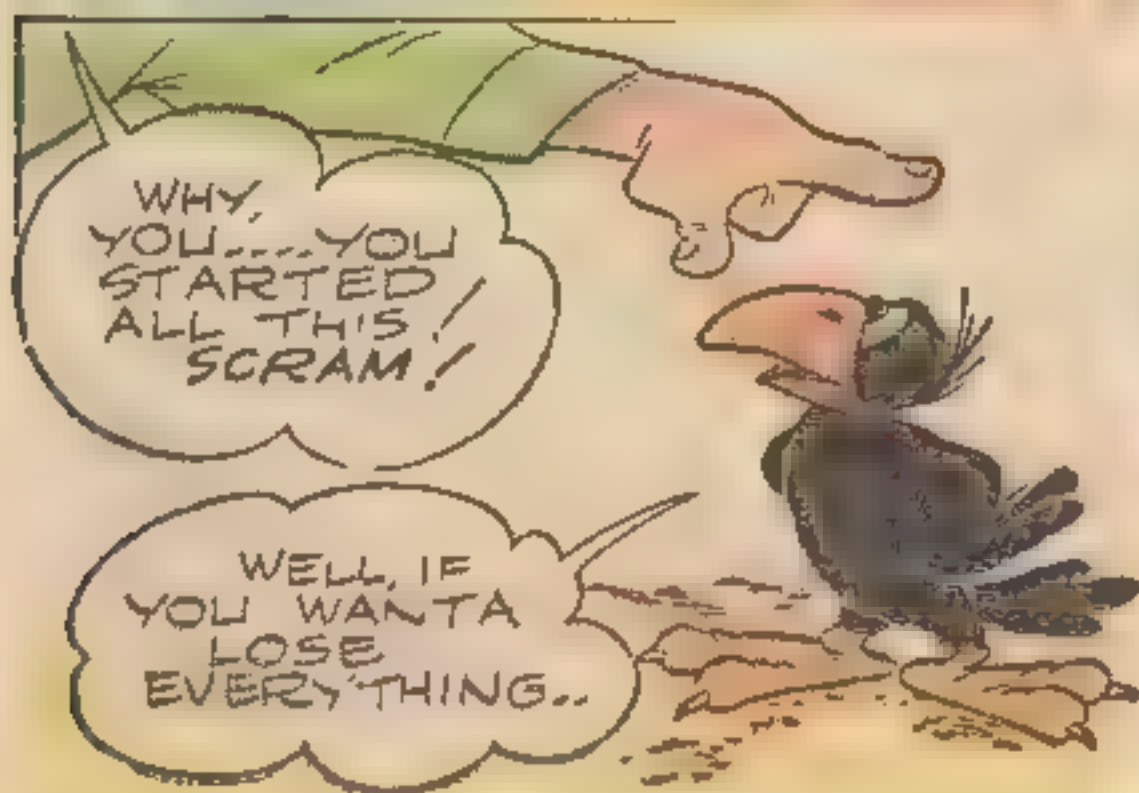
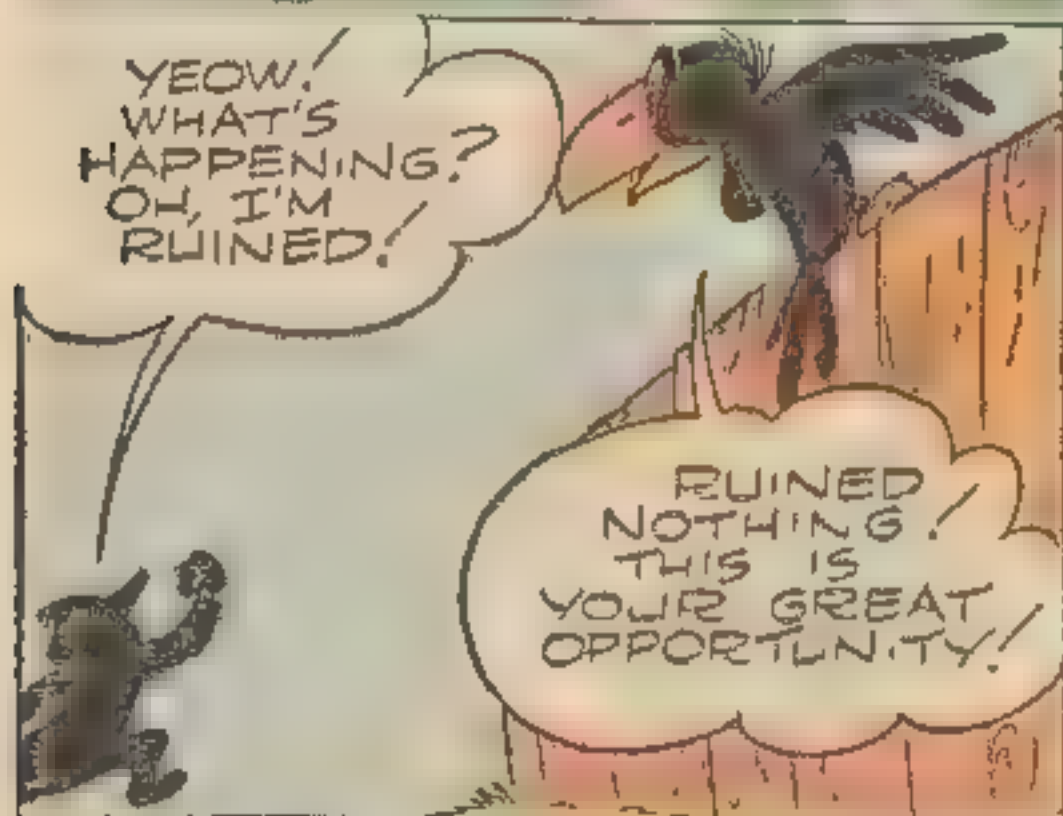
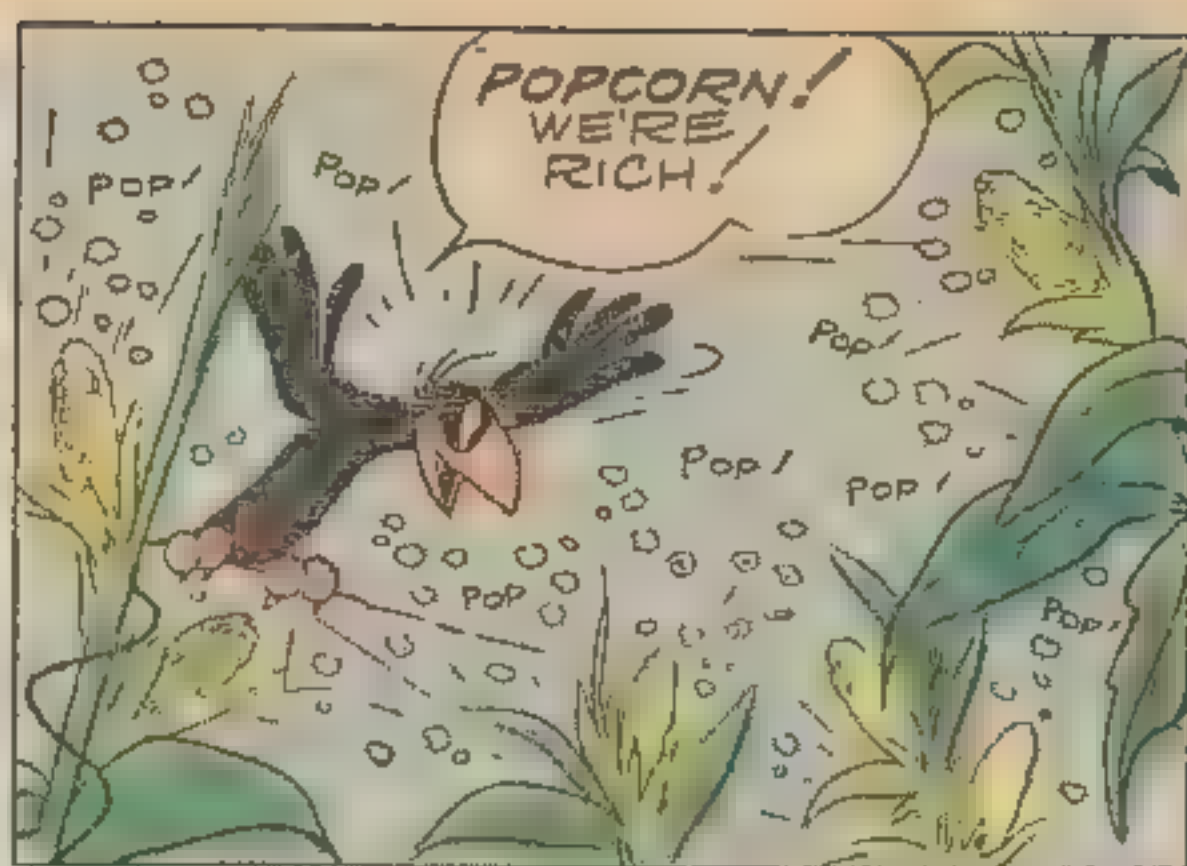
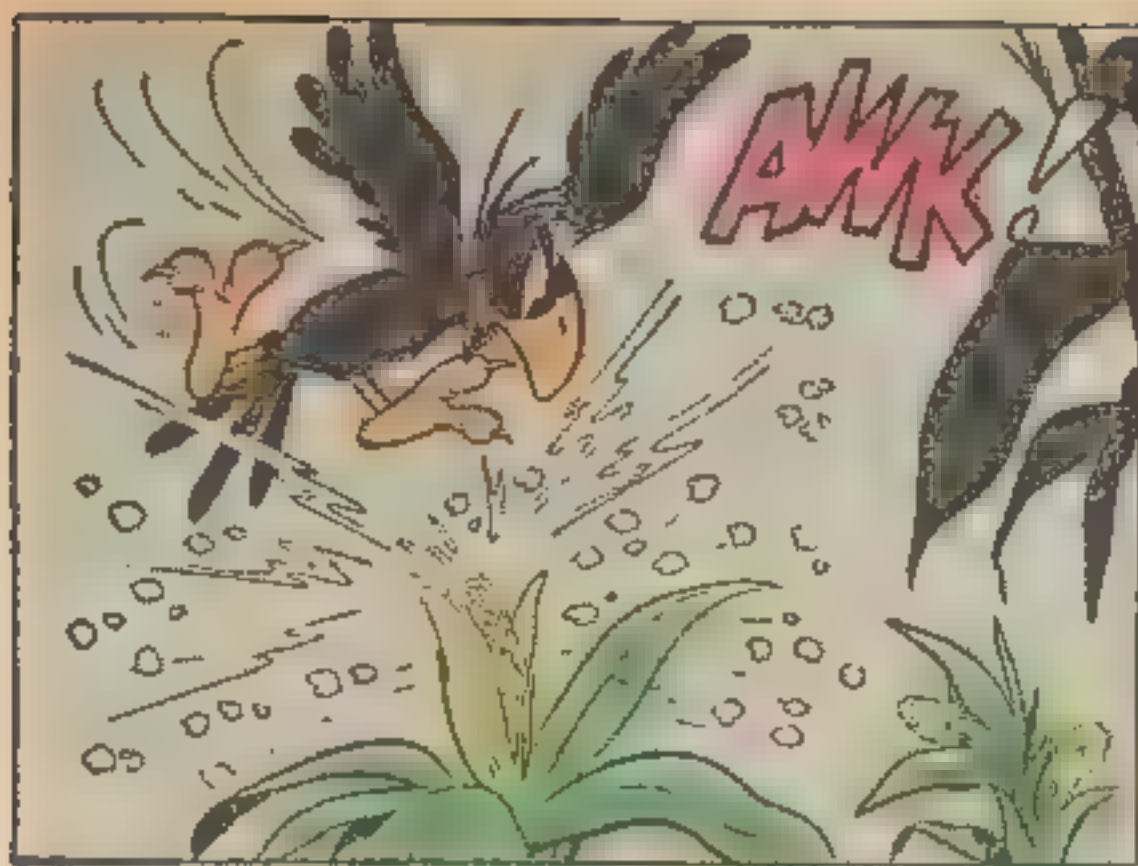








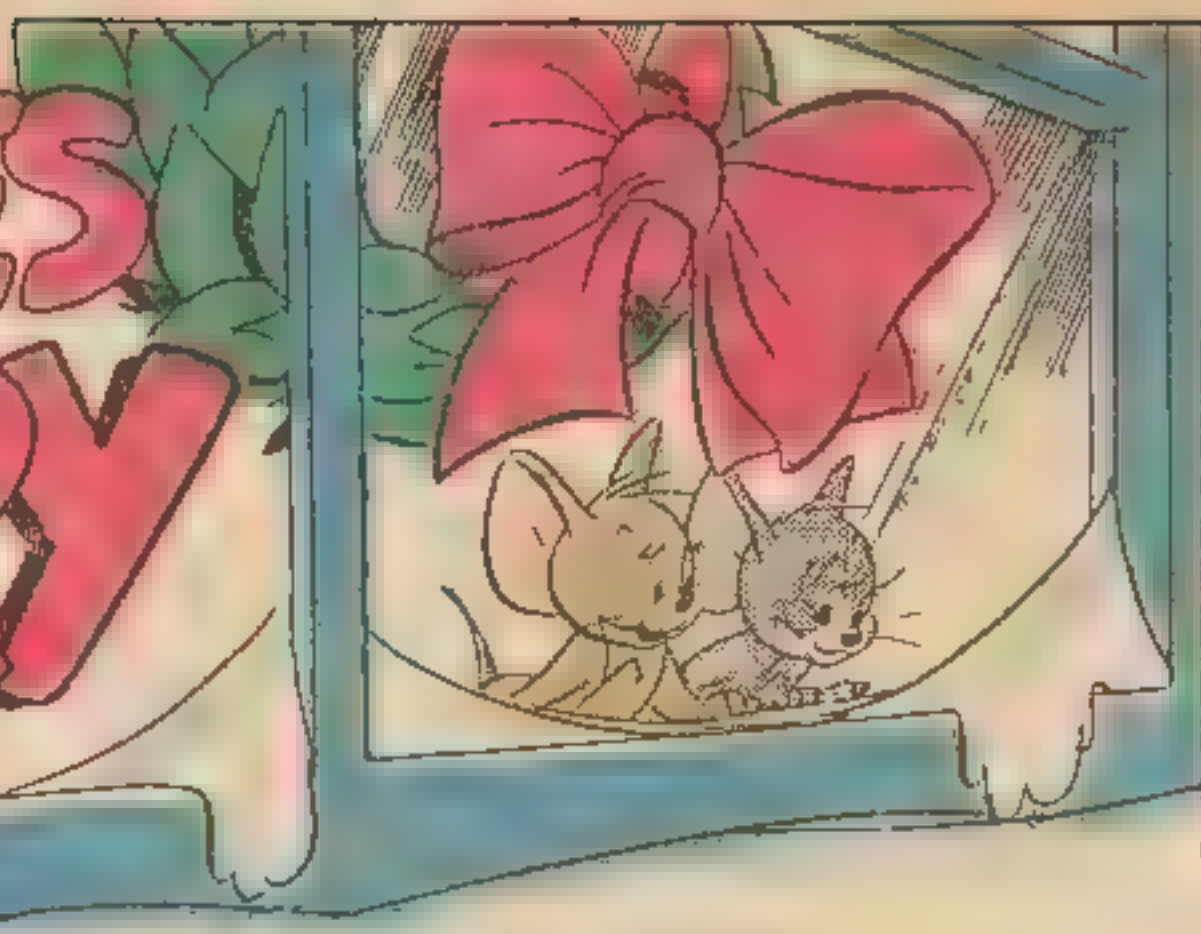




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M.G.M. presents  
*the*  
**ADVENTURES**  
*of*  
**JERRY**



Jerry and Tuffy, the two little mice, sat up on the window sill in the pantry and looked out at the snow-covered ground. "You know, Tuffy," mused Jerry, "there is only one more shopping day till Christmas!"

"We've nothing to worry about!" Tuffy replied. "We've already done all our shopping . . . in the kitchen."

"I know," agreed Jerry, "but what about Tom? We didn't get him anything and he might feel neglected."

Tuffy looked at Jerry as if he thought his pal was daffy. "Why . . . that dumb feline hasn't any feelings! But, Jerry, if you really want to give him something . . . what about a lovely white jacket . . . a STRAIT jacket!"

"Aw, Tuff, you're hopeless!" moaned Jerry. "Maybe if we were nicer to Tom, he would soften up a little."

Tuffy shook his head vigorously. "No, Jerry! The only 'softening up' Tom might do is in his HEAD, not his heart! Get him a present if you want, but include me OUT!"

"All right, Tuff, if that's the way you feel, I'll go downtown alone."

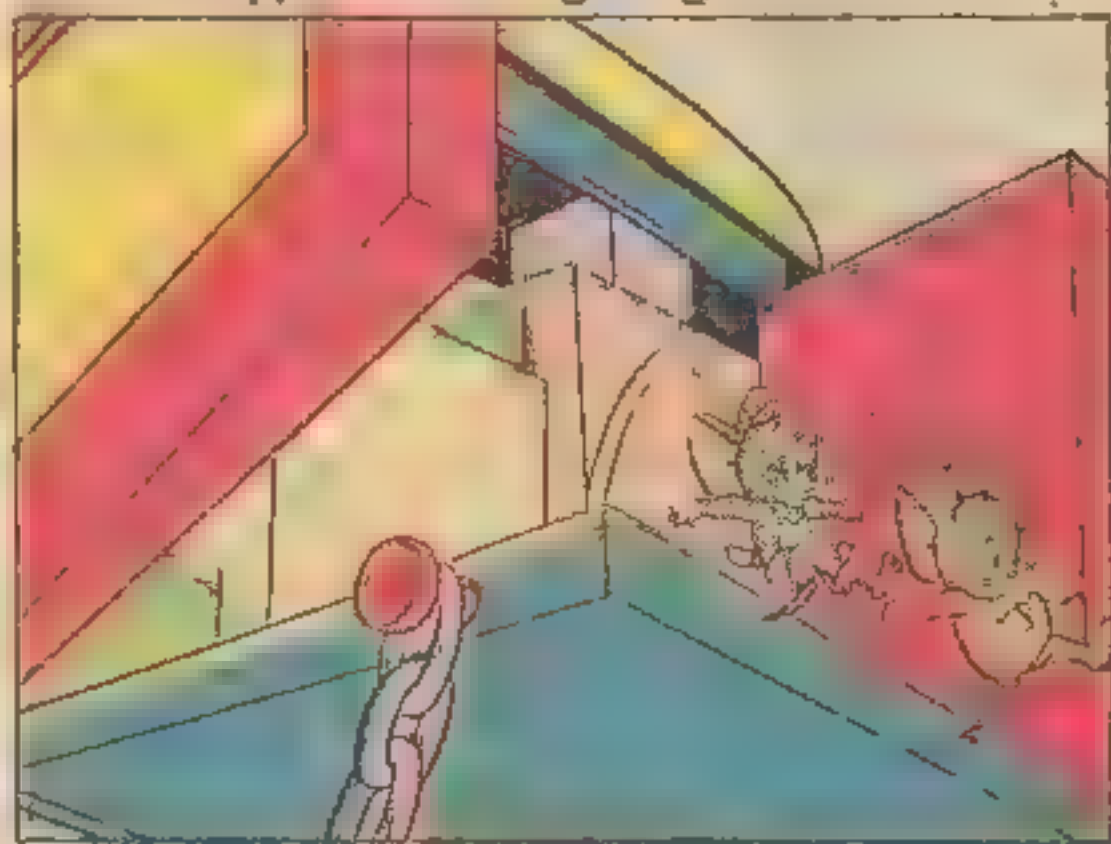
"Downtown!" exclaimed Tuffy. "... But, Jerry, you don't know your way around! You might get lost! Let's forget this wild scheme and go back to our room and THINK about the things we MIGHT have found for Tom. After all, Jerry, it's the THOUGHT that counts! . . . Although lucky for me, Tom's no mind reader!"

Jerry was not to be discouraged. He rubbed his whiskers reflectively, then ambled towards the hall closet. Tuffy followed. "Look, Tuffy!" Jerry called. "Here are some packages going back to the store to be exchanged. Why don't we just hitch a ride on the truck?"

When the packages were called for, Jerry and Tuffy ran out the door, down the front walk and quickly climbed into the back of the department store delivery truck. In a very short time, they heard the taxi horns, policemen's whistles and the rumbling of buses that told them they were in the city.

The truck pulled to a stop, and the moment the back was opened, Jerry and Tuffy leaped to the sidewalk. They found themselves in the midst of the winter-clad feet of thousands of last-minute shoppers. After slipping and sliding through the ice and slush, they found themselves at the entrance of a large department store . . .

"Jerry, I'm not going to be able to





keep this up much longer!" gasped Tuffy, as they swung around in a dizzy circle for the twenty-first time. The small shoppers had gotten caught in the revolving door. They were both tired and breathless, but couldn't seem to select the right moment to spring to safety.

Finally, Jerry squeaked in desperation, "I'm going to hop on someone's shoe!"

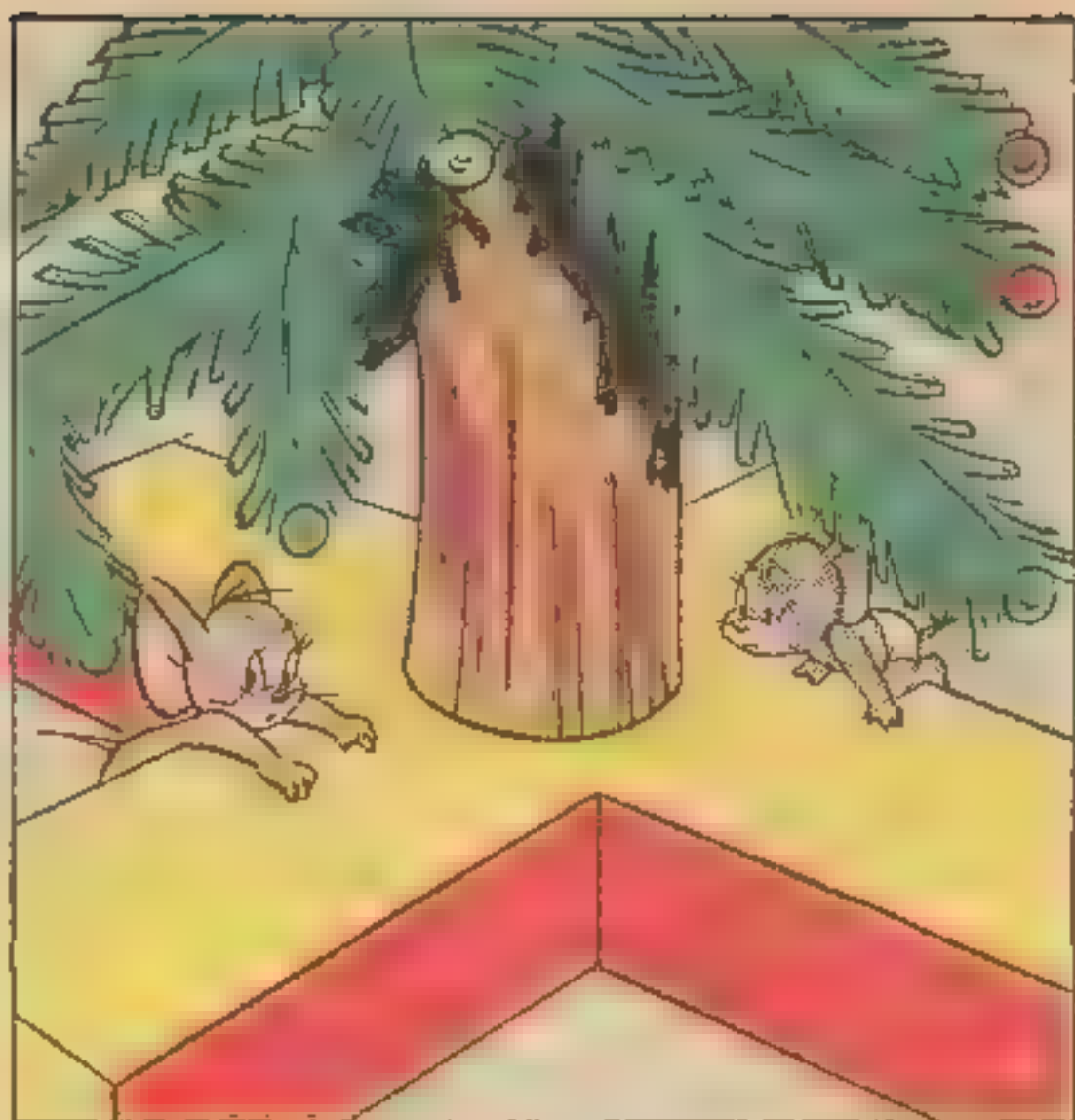
"Good idea!" yelled Tuffy. "We're doing this Christmas shopping on a shoestring anyhow!"

Each little fellow made a grab for the nearest foot and in a jiffy, they were inside the gaily decorated store. Jerry looked about for the most practical place to find a gift for Tom. He noticed a sign that read "TOY DEPT. 7th FLOOR."

"Oh no!" squeaked Tuffy. "Not me! I'm not walking up seven flights of stairs . . . especially not for Tom!"

Jerry laughed, "Don't be silly, Tuff! We don't have to walk up. Come, I'll show you." Jerry led Tuffy over to the elevator section. Each time an elevator would stop at the floor, the grated door would slide back and everyone inside would pour out just in time to let another rushing crowd jam in.

Tuffy took just one look, then dove under the protective branches of a



huge white Christmas tree. "Whew!" he gasped, when Jerry joined him. "I'd rather be a mouse than a man, any day in the week! At least OUR traps have cheese in them!"

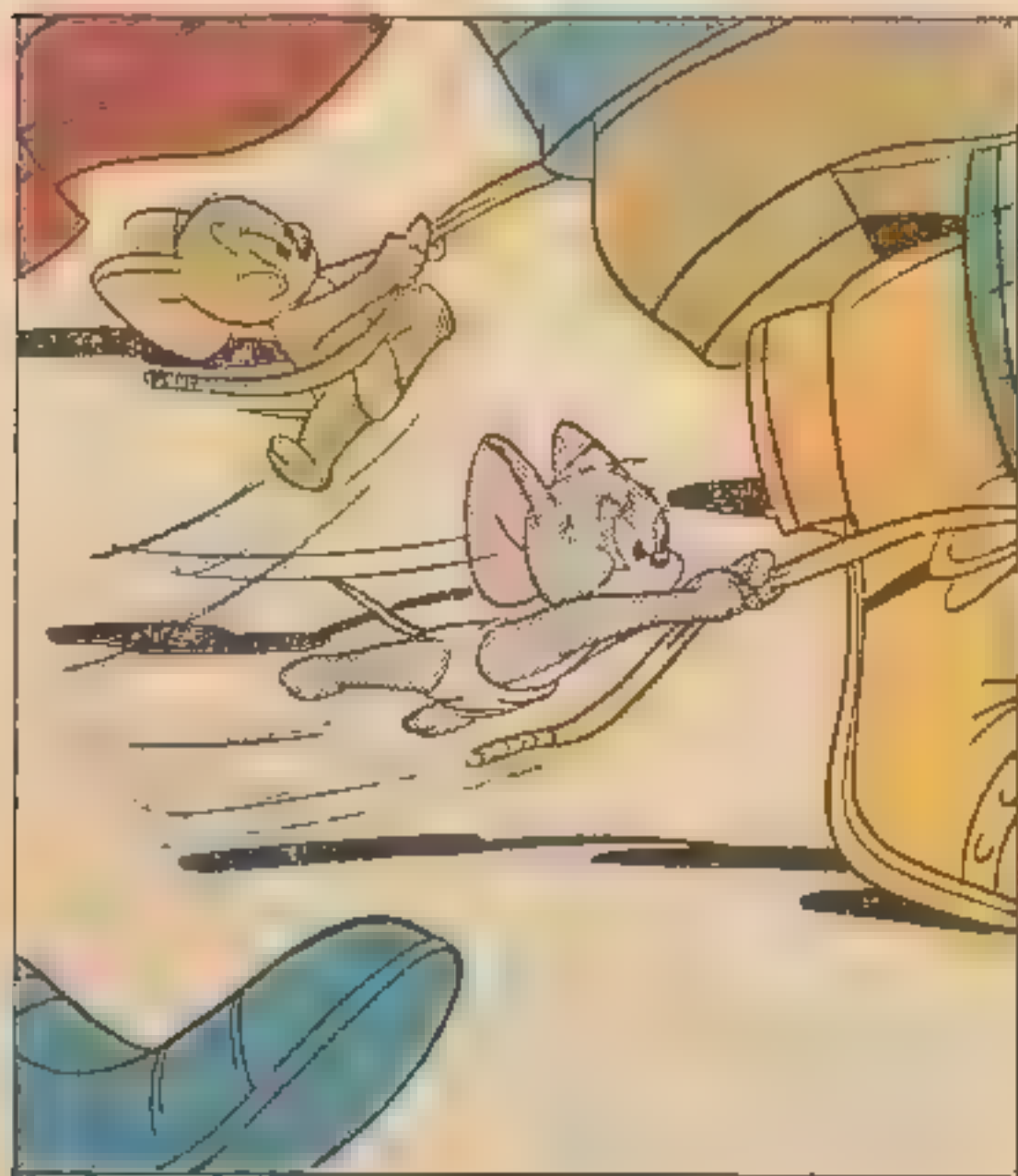
As the mice sat under the glittering store tree and watched the gay crowd milling about them, they heard a voice say, "What are you two doing under that tree? You're not the least bit ornamental!"

There, standing and surveying them, was a beautifully attired mouse. He was perfectly groomed, even to waxed whiskers and an enormous boutonniere. "Who are you?" chorused Jerry and Tuffy.

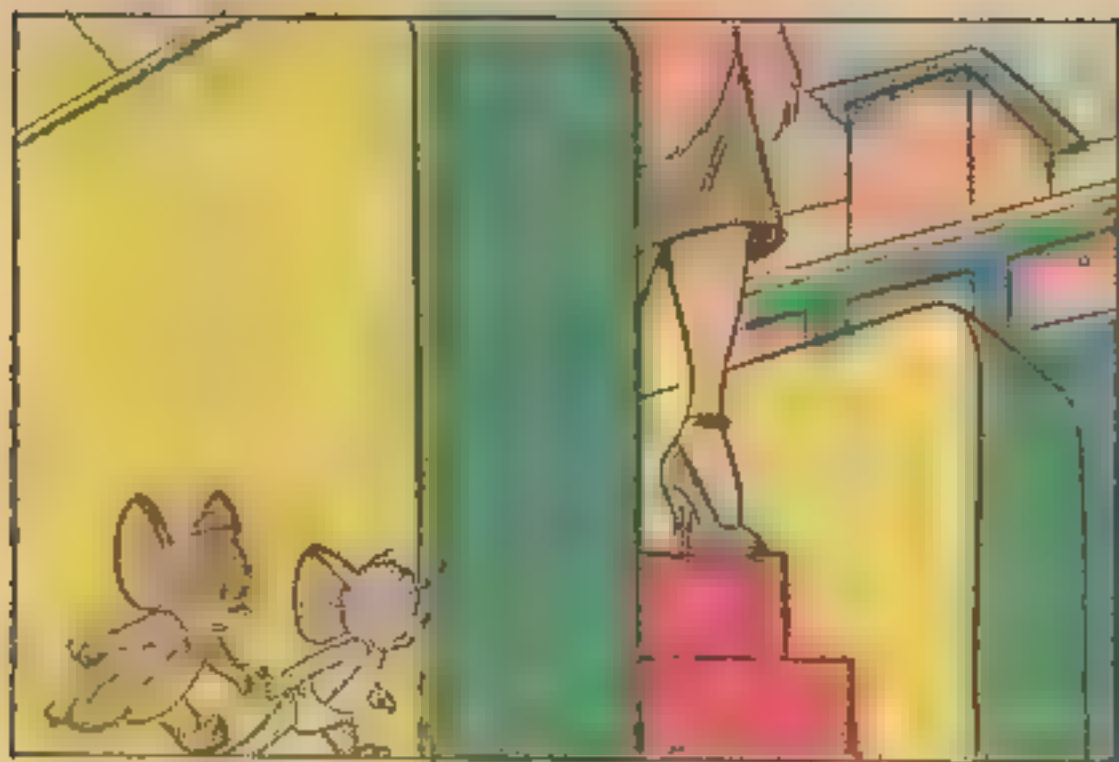
"Humph!" sniffed the mouse. "It's perfectly obvious! I'm the floor-creeper. If you'll tell me what you're looking for under that tree, perhaps I may be of assistance to you."

"Oh, we're just hiding," admitted Jerry. "All the people frightened us! We really want to get to the seventh floor . . . Do you think they might have something kittenish up there? We're looking for a gift for a cat."

"Cat!!" The floorcreeper jumped three inches. As he hurried away, Jerry and Tuffy heard him murmur, "My indigestion! Oh, every time I hear of one of those creatures! . . . Suppose it should want an exchange! That could be CATastrophic. Oh, my indigestion! Which pocket did I put my pill box in?"







"What a character!" giggled Tuffy.

Just then, the two little fellows noticed a flight of stairs. "Gosh!" exclaimed Jerry. "Those people are coming down those stairs without moving their feet!"

"Th-Th-The STAIRS are moving!" stuttered Tuffy. "Good-bye, Jerry! I'm getting out of here before the whole building takes off!!"

And Tuffy turned tail and disappeared among the crowds of shoppers.

Jerry hesitated a moment, then noticed another moving stairway. This one was going up. "I bet this must be one of those escalator things for people who don't like elevators!" thought Jerry.

Sure enough, Jerry hopped on the first step and was carried up to the second floor. He jumped off, and then took another escalator to the next floor. Everything went along smoothly until the ride between the sixth and seventh floors. Poor Jerry was so tired out from the excitement and motion of a huge store in the last few hours before the Christmas holiday, that he curled up on a moving step and fell asleep.

ZZZZzzzzzz BANG!!!

The step that Jerry was on slid into the seventh floor, and the startled mouse sailed through the toy department like a puck off a hockey stick! He came to a stop in the lap of a huge toy teddy bear, with bright green eyes which flashed on and off. With a frightened squeak, Jerry turned and ran. He was three counters away before he regained his composure and realized that he had been frightened by a stuffed bear!

Suddenly, Jerry discovered that he was standing next to a counter laden with rubber toys. "Why, just the thing for Tom!" Jerry jubilantly exclaimed. "There's even a rubber mouse!"

In order to reach the counter, he hopped up on a bright red box standing next to it. Jerry's inquisitive nature couldn't pass by a small button in the corner of the box. He gave it an experimental push. POWWW!!!!

The lid flew open and the springy head of a jack-in-the-box sent Jerry sailing through the air . . . .

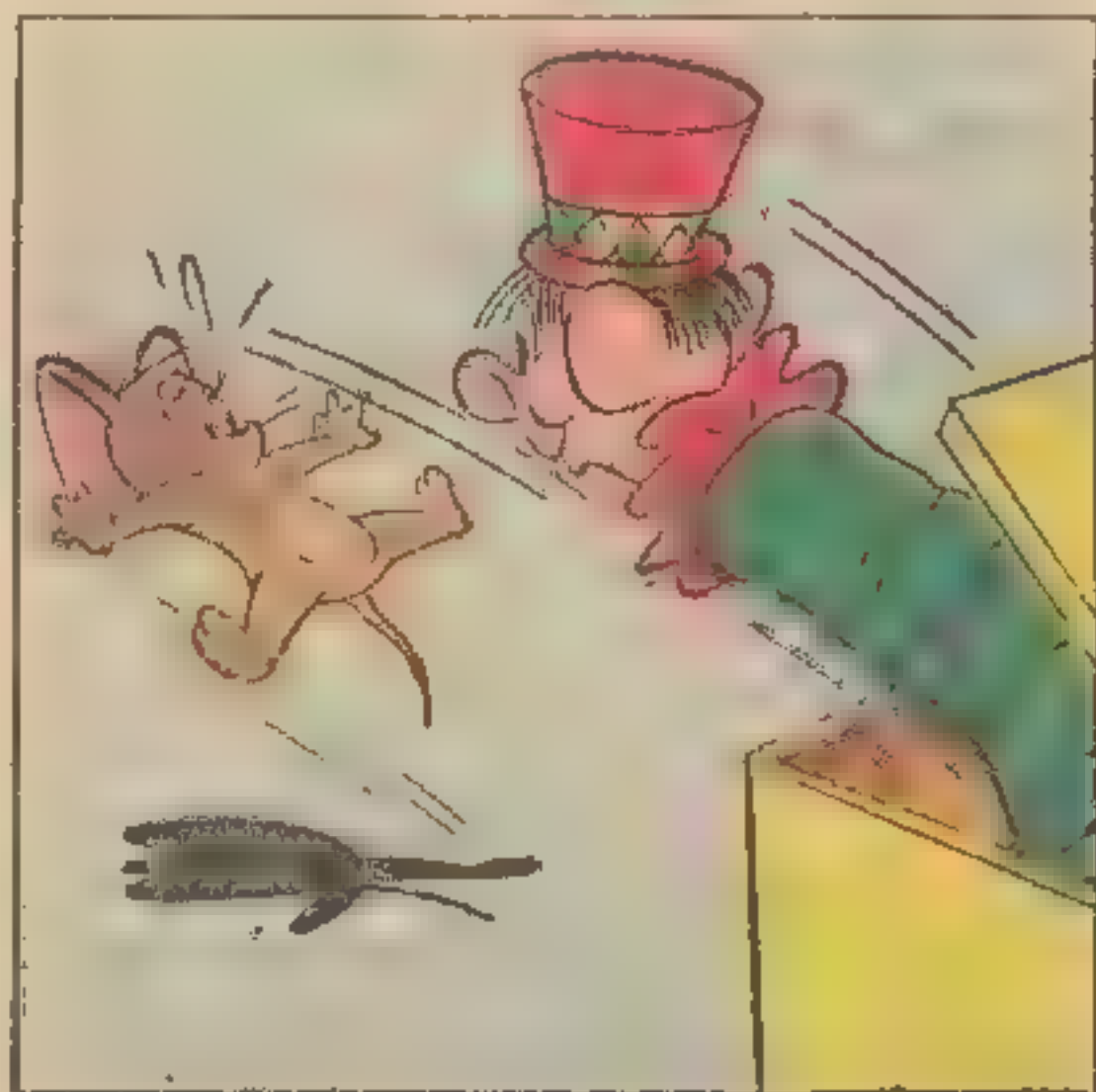
PLUNK . . . . He fell into a dark enclosure!

There seemed to be resplendently wrapped packages all around him. Poor Jerry was so hidden under all the tissue and ribbons that he couldn't see a thing. "I wonder where I've landed?" he thought.

Then he felt a motion and he knew that whatever he was in was being lifted and carried!

A quick gust of cold air told him he was now outside. A few minutes later, there was a startling jolt and a fragment of light worked its way down to where Jerry was stranded. The little mouse hurriedly climbed towards the light and found himself at the top of a well-filled shopping bag which was set on the floor of a crowded bus.

He scrambled down the side of the bag and made his way towards the rear door, "Jerry!" called a voice. "I've





been worried sick about you!"

It was Tuffy. He was perched close to a heat vent under one of the bus seats and under his arm he had a long, thin box, tied with a big red bow. "Sit down here!" Tuffy continued. "It's kind of a hot seat, but maybe we can store up enough warmth for the walk home from the bus stop!"

Jerry joined his pal. "Gosh! I was planning to jump off this thing at the first chance."

"That would be kind of silly," Tuffy told him. "This bus goes right by our block! . . . Isn't that why you took it?"

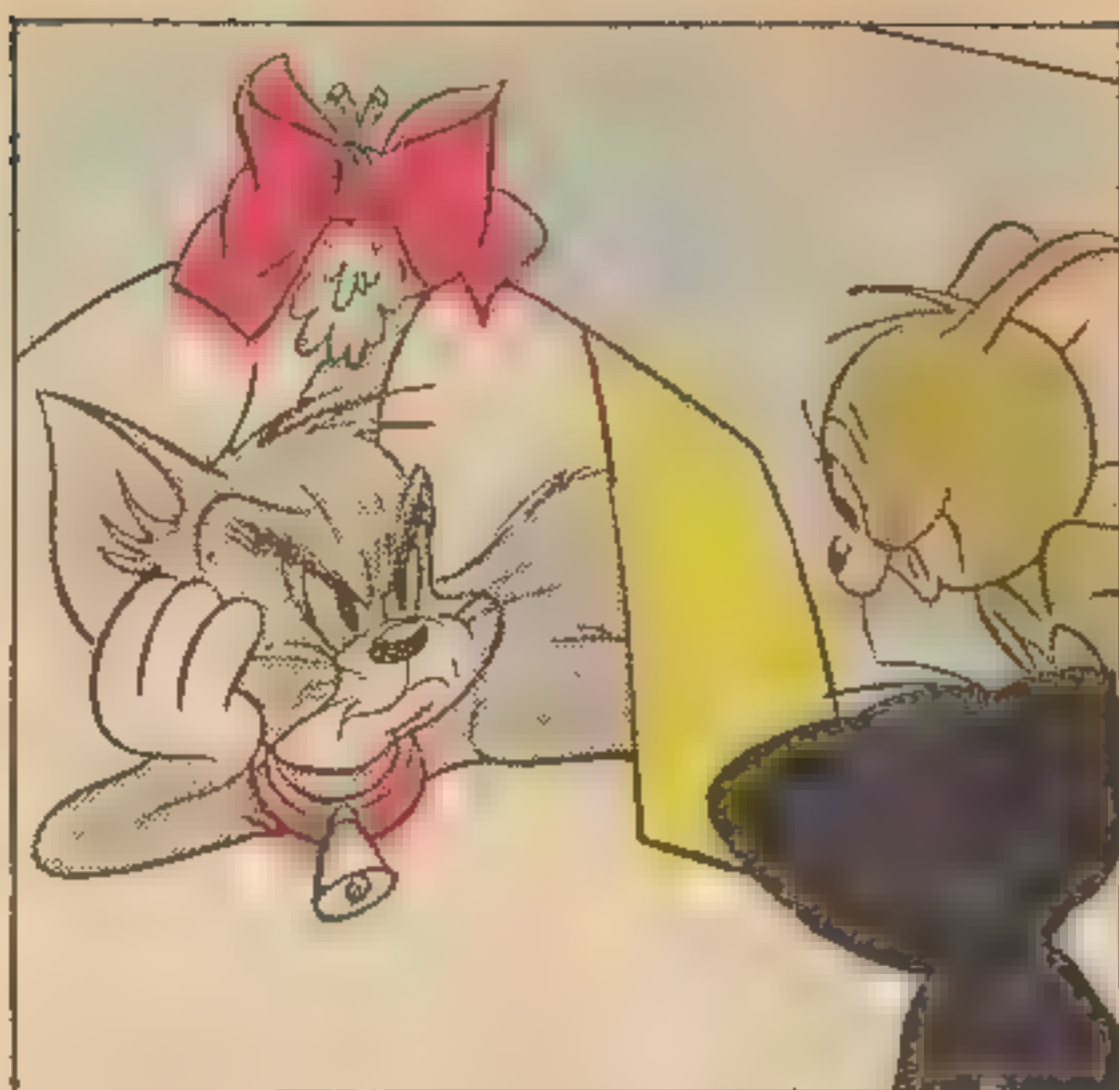
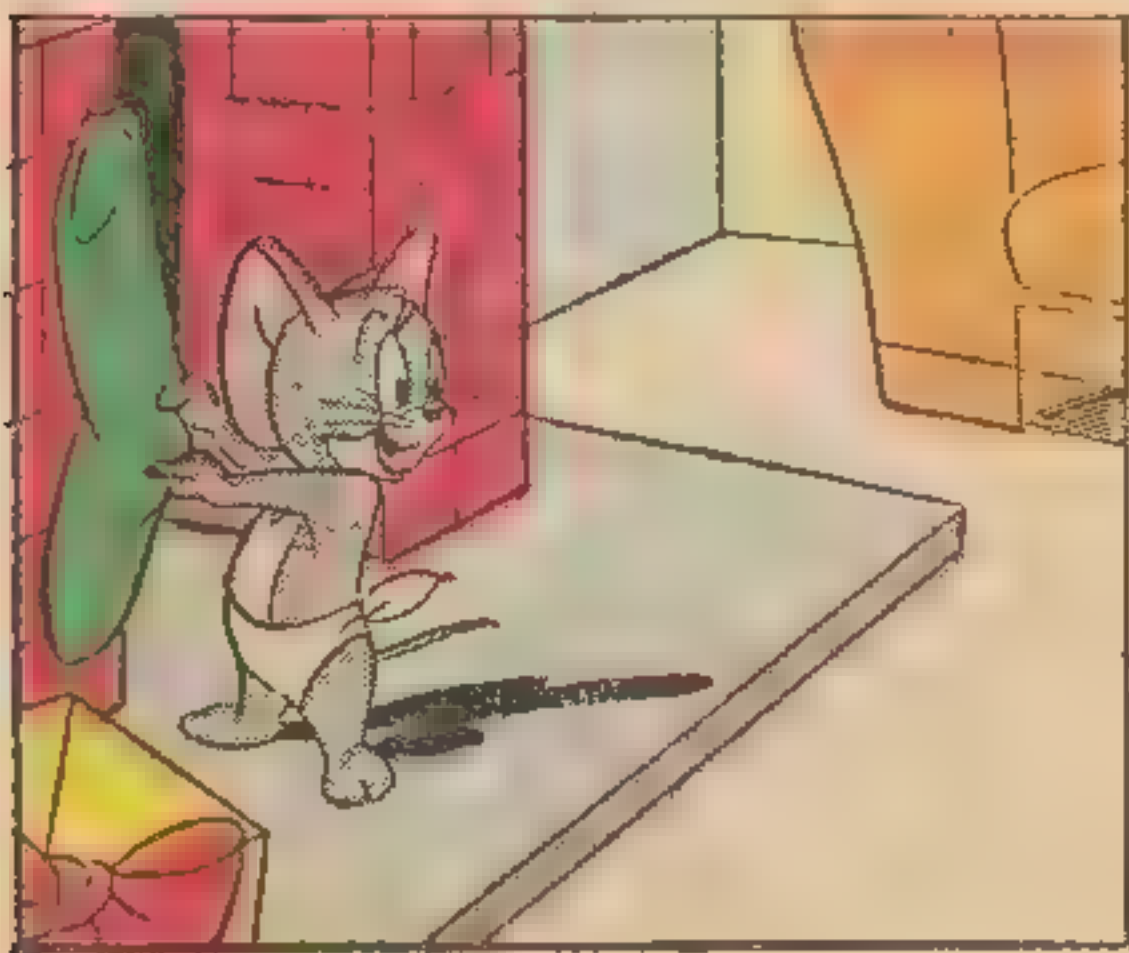
Jerry looked a little sheepish and explained to Tuffy how he had landed in a shopping bag.

"Ho! Ho!" laughed his pal. "You just got carried away by all the excitement! Well, don't worry, Jerry, I selected a lovely gift for Tom! He's sure to be delighted."

The bus rolled to a stop at their street corner and the two little mice jumped out. They slid across the icy walk and then ran to the cellar window. Luckily, someone had left it open, just a crack, and Jerry and Tuffy were able to squeeze through.

"Quick!" urged Tuffy. "I think I saw Tom outside! Let's put his present under the tree!" They ran up the stairs, and then through the hallway to the living room. Tuffy placed his box near the stocking that was hung at the fireplace for Tom.

In only a few hours, the gifts piled high under the glittering tree would be opened. . . .



Back in their cozy little room, Jerry busily tied a few bits of popcorn on a tiny pine sprig. Then, he placed a good sized triangle of very ripe cheese under the branch. "Tell me, Tuffy," he questioned his roommate, "what made YOU decide to get Tom a present?"

Tuffy giggled. "Jerry, I've a confession to make! Part of that gift is for YOU!"

"For me?!?" squeaked Jerry.

"Yes," continued Tuffy, "in the true Christmas spirit, I found Tom a beautiful red collar . . . and to add even more to the festivity of the occasion, it has attached to it, a gay silver bell!"

"That's fine! But what has that to do with me?" queried Jerry, who was now perched outside the hole entrance to their room, tacking on a bit of mistletoe.

Suddenly, there was a loud jingle-jangle! Tuffy reached out and grabbed his pal, just as Tom landed in a frustrated heap outside their apartment!

"Saved by the bell!!" gasped Jerry.

"That bell is your part of the present!" laughed Tuffy. "If you scoot when you hear it, you'll always BE present!" Then, with a wink at his pal, he chuckled, "My, my! Tom's right under the mistletoe!"

"We'll BLOW him a kiss!" laughed Jerry. "There's a limit to even MY holiday spirit!"

And the two little fellows cheerfully began to unwrap the piece of cheese.



# FLIP 'N' DIP

GOLLY, LOOK AT THAT RAIN COME DOWN!

IT'S A REGULAR CLOUDBURST.

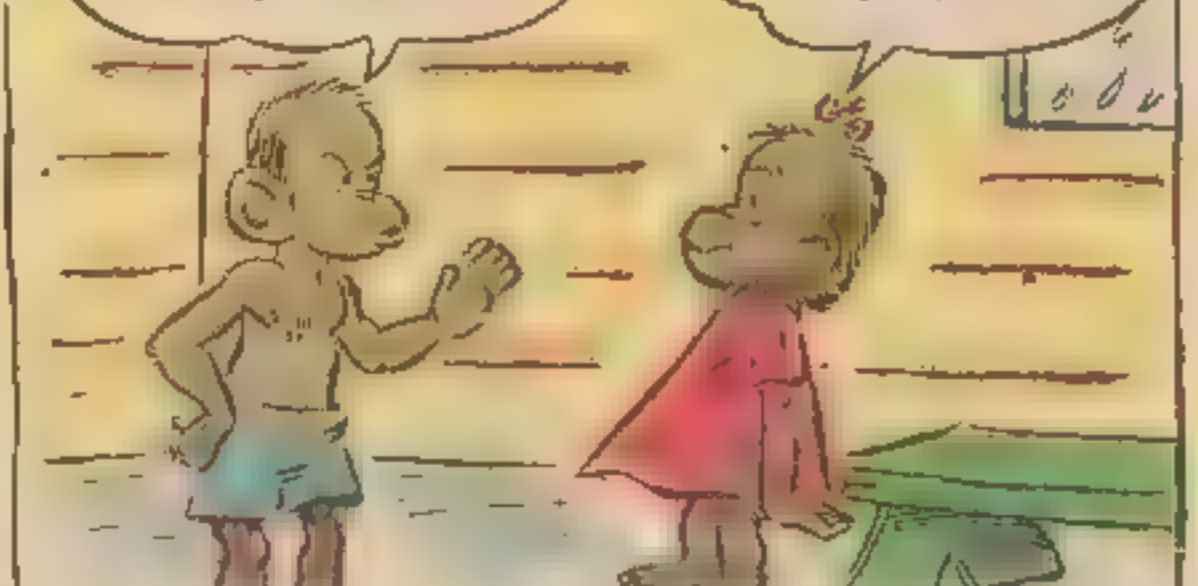


I SUPPOSE WE WILL BE STUCK IN-DOORS ALL DAY

WE COULD PLAY HOUSE WITH MY DOLLS AND THINGS.

AW, THAT'S NO FUN. BESIDES BOYS DON'T PLAY HOUSE.

I KNOW, LET'S ASK POP TO READ US A STORY.



WE CAN ASK HIM, BUT POP IS ALWAYS IN A BAD MOOD ON RAINY DAYS.

HE GETS MAD WHEN HE CAN'T GO OUTSIDE AND LAY IN HIS HAMMOCK.

WAKE HIM UP CAREFULLY

HEY, POP! WILL YOU READ US A STORY?

ZZZZ  
HUH!



STORY? WHAT STORY?

ANY KIND OF A STORY, POP.

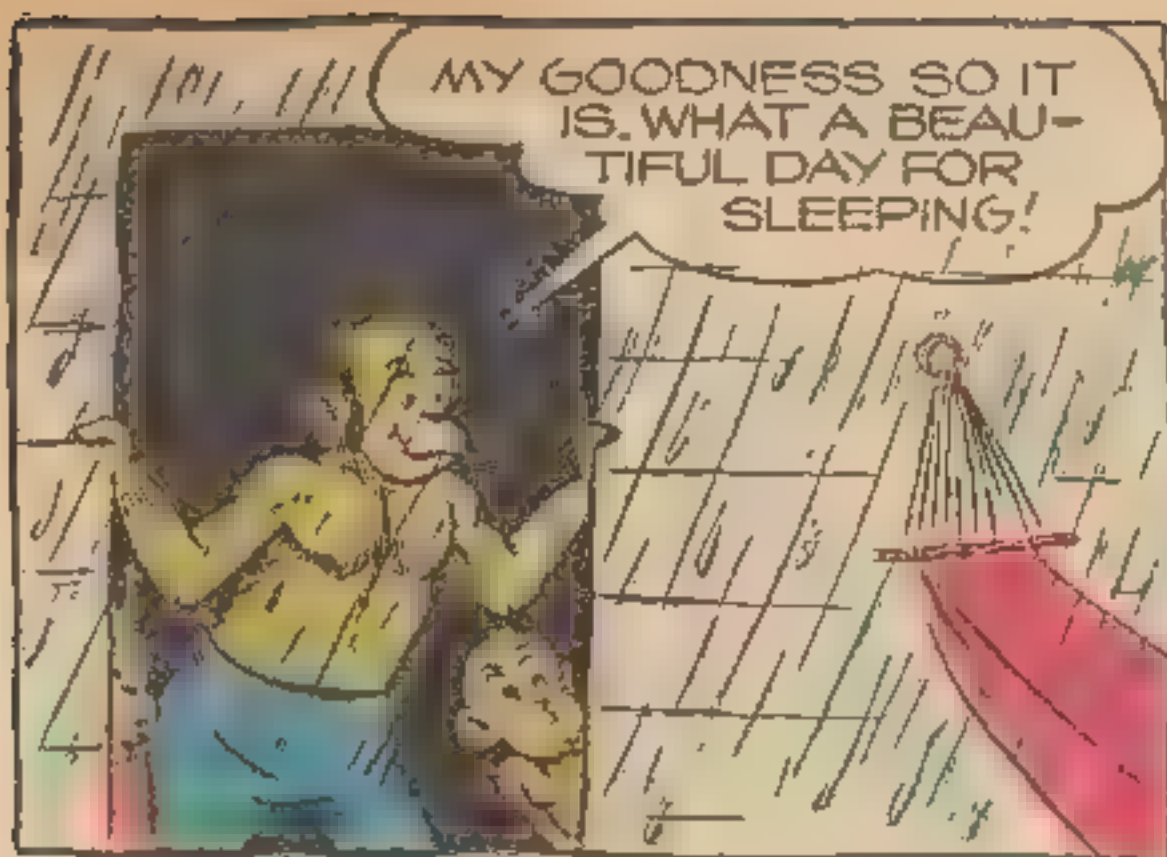
STUFF AND NONSENSE! WHY AREN'T YOU KIDS OUTDOORS PLAYING?

WE CAN'T, POP, IT'S RAINING.

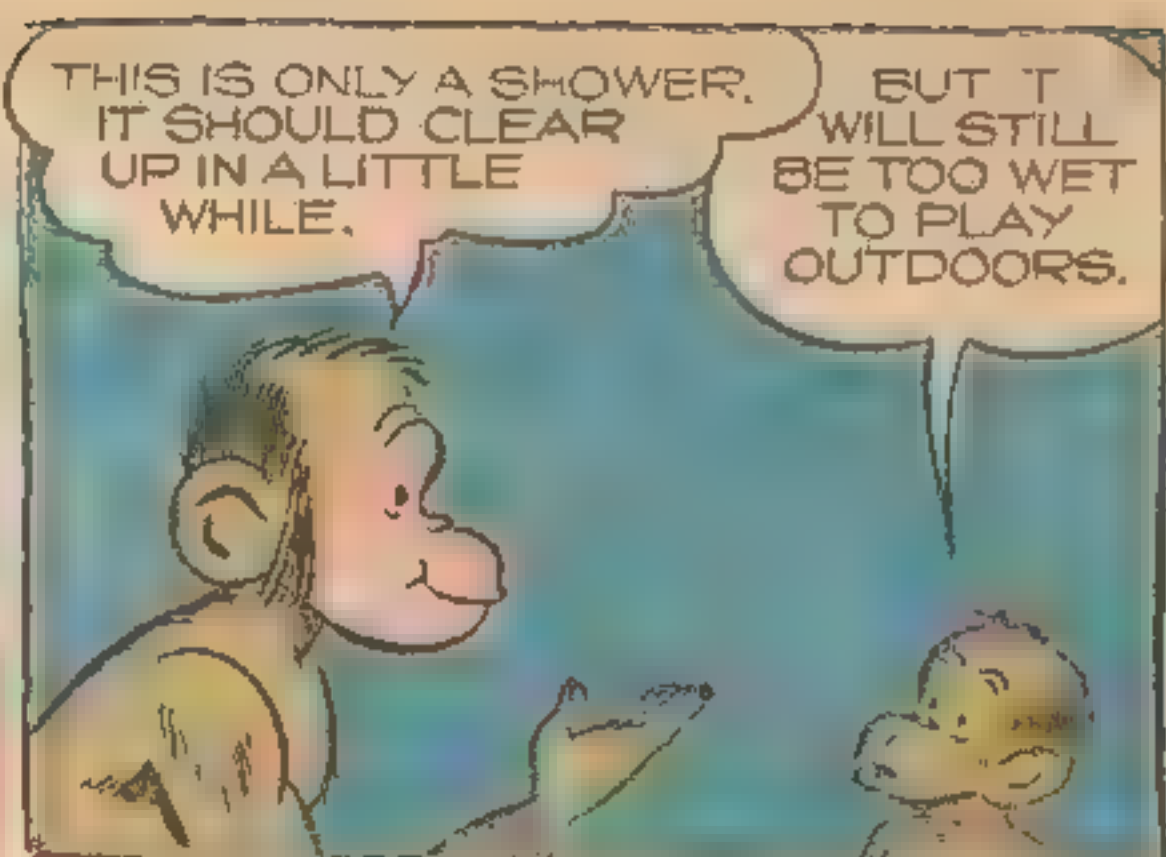
AWFUL HARD, TOO!





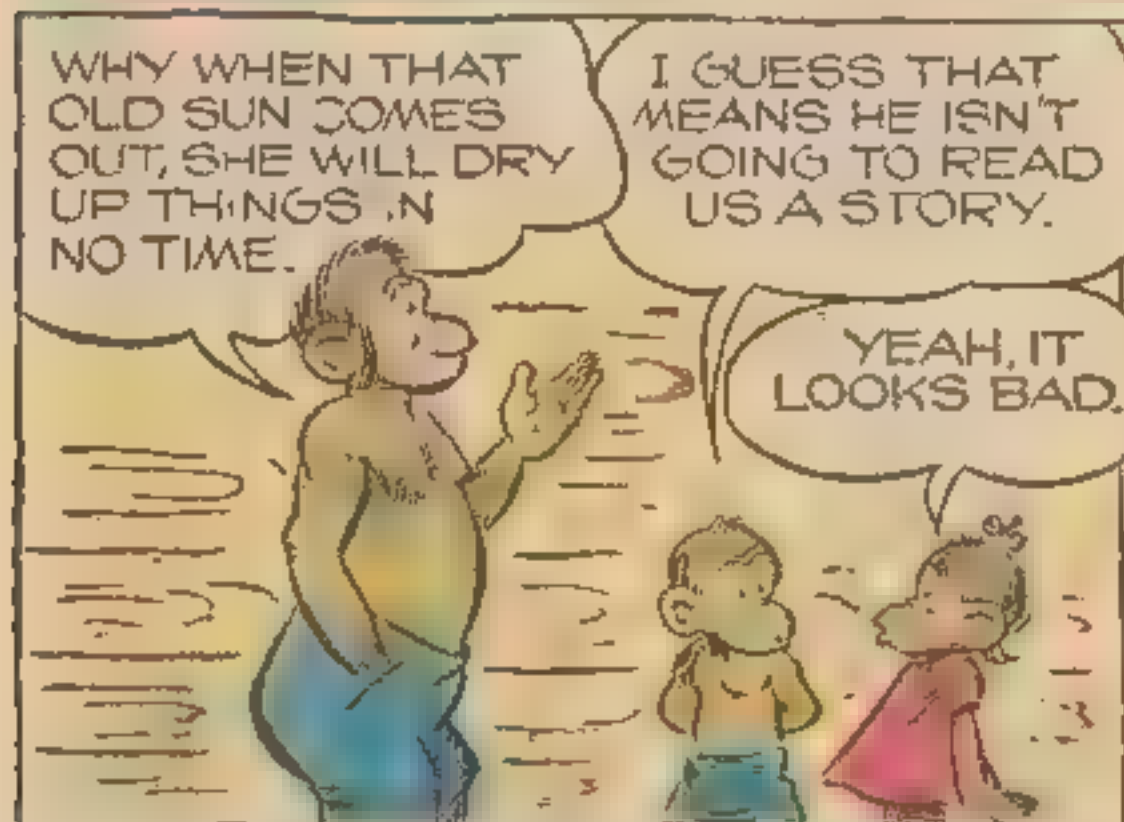


MY GOODNESS SO IT IS. WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY FOR SLEEPING!



THIS IS ONLY A SHOWER. IT SHOULD CLEAR UP IN A LITTLE WHILE.

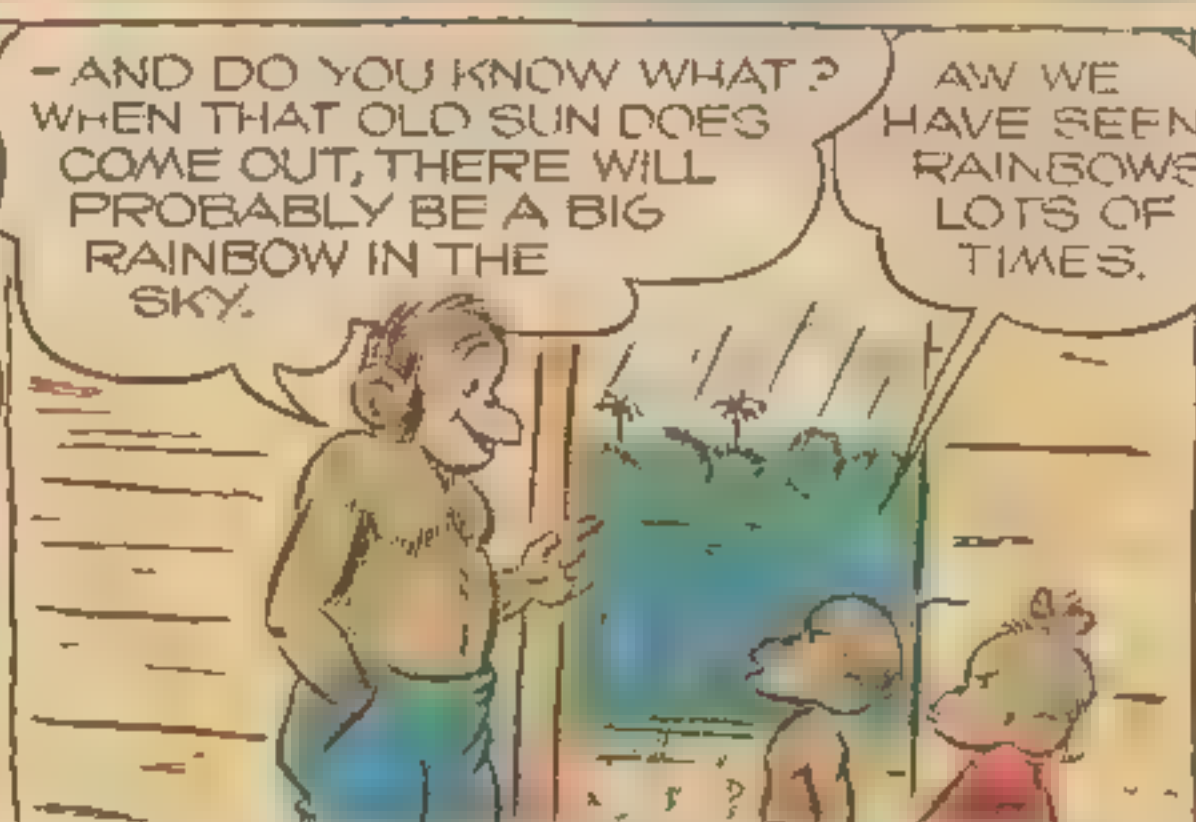
BUT IT WILL STILL BE TOO WET TO PLAY OUTDOORS.



WHY WHEN THAT OLD SUN COMES OUT, SHE WILL DRY UP THINGS IN NO TIME.

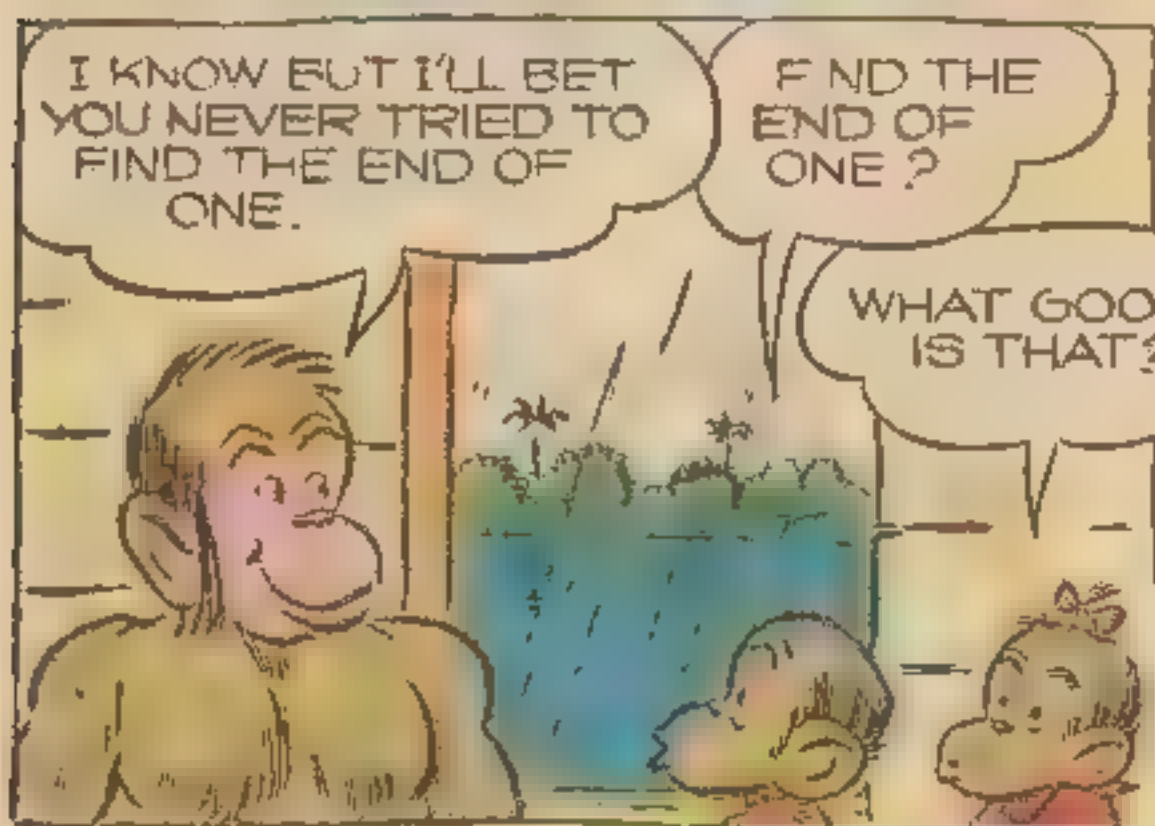
I GUESS THAT MEANS HE ISN'T GOING TO READ US A STORY.

YEAH, IT LOOKS BAD.



- AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT? WHEN THAT OLD SUN DOES COME OUT, THERE WILL PROBABLY BE A BIG RAINBOW IN THE SKY.

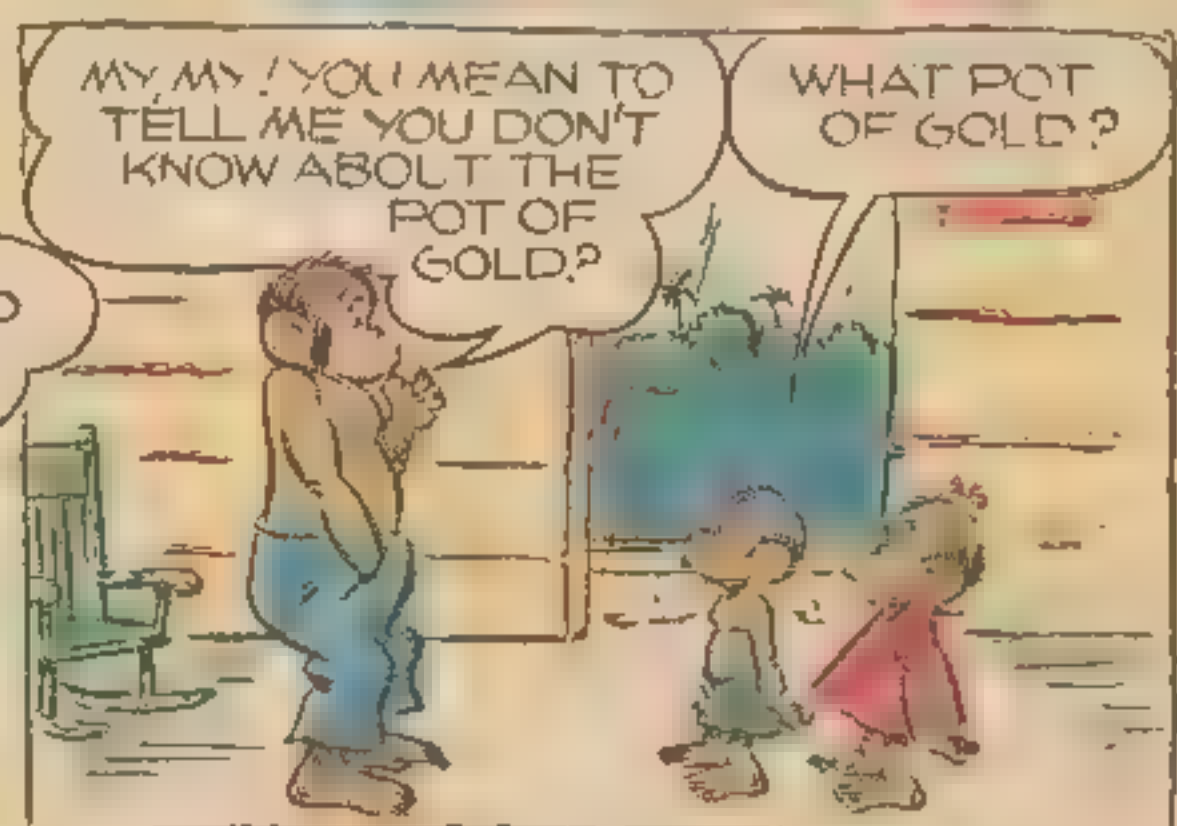
AW WE HAVE SEEN RAINBOWS LOTS OF TIMES.



I KNOW BUT I'LL BET YOU NEVER TRIED TO FIND THE END OF ONE.

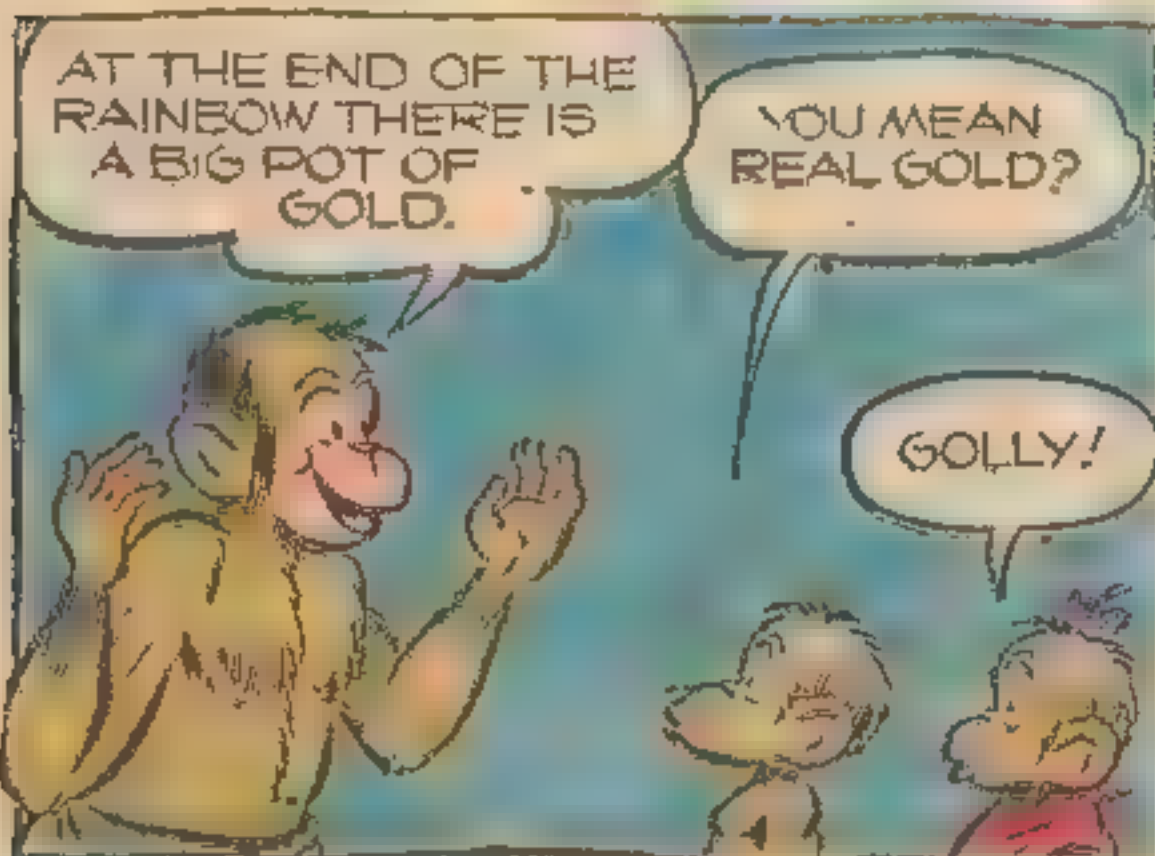
FIND THE END OF ONE?

WHAT GOOD IS THAT?



MY, MY! YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE POT OF GOLD?

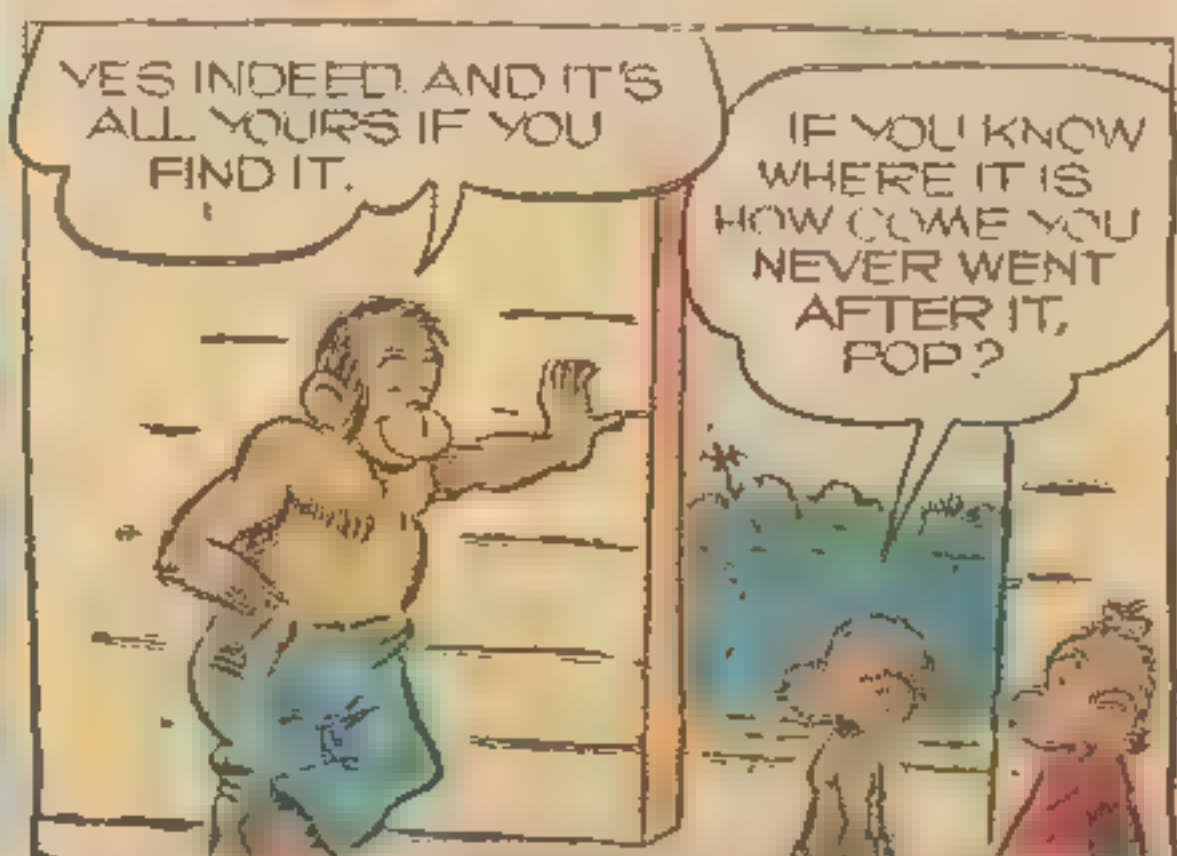
WHAT POT OF GOLD?



AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW THERE IS A BIG POT OF GOLD.

YOU MEAN REAL GOLD?

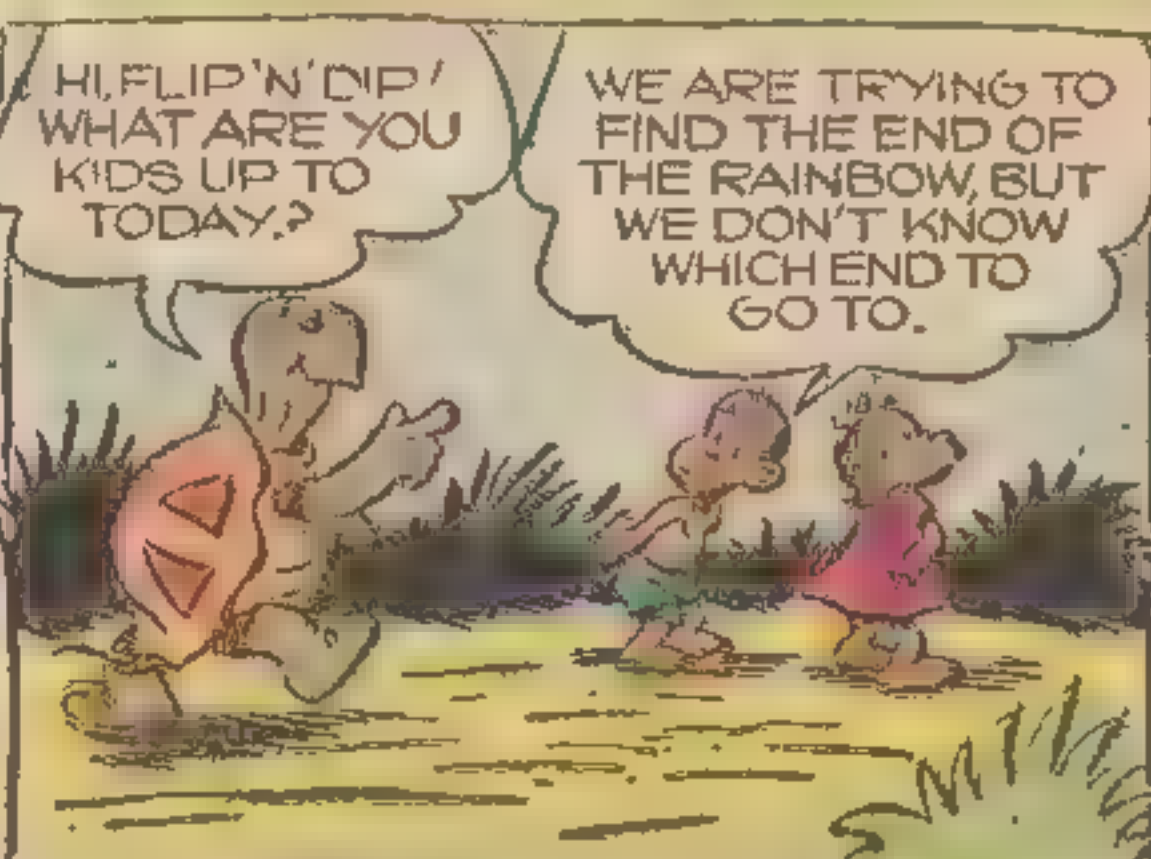
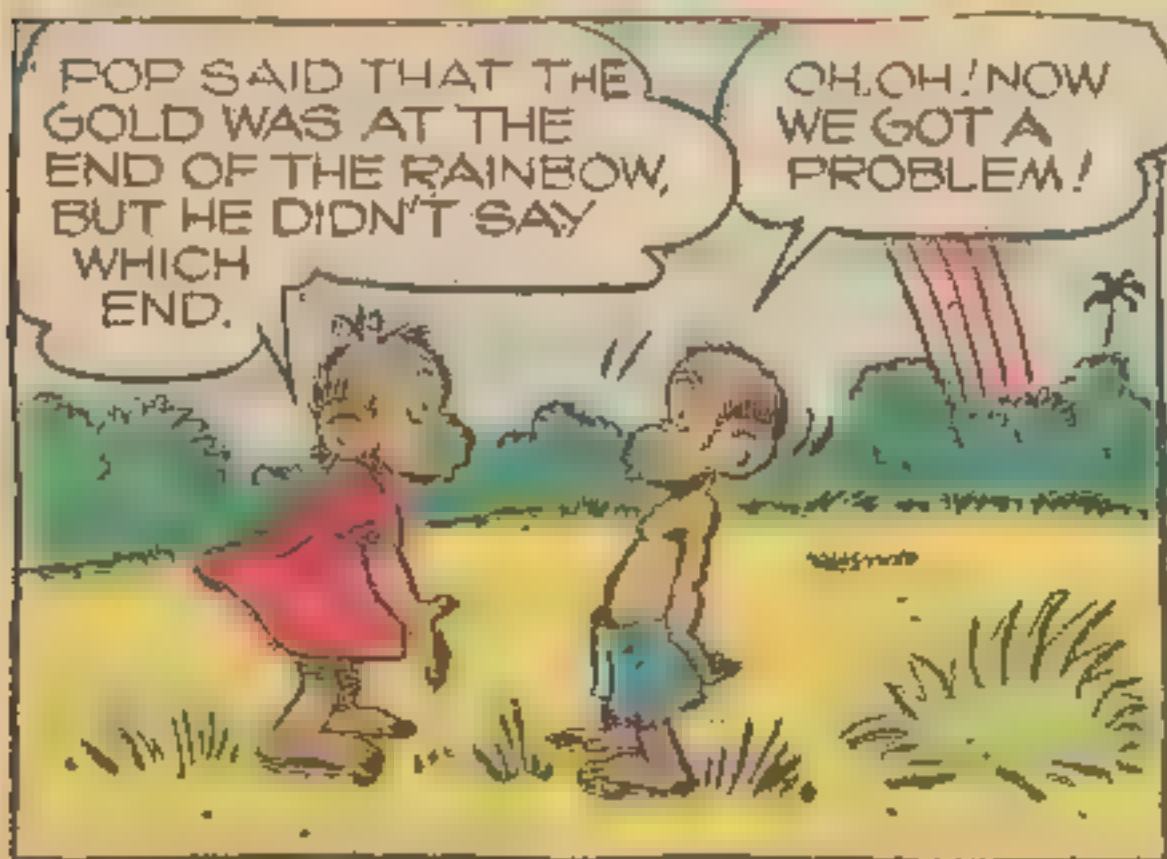
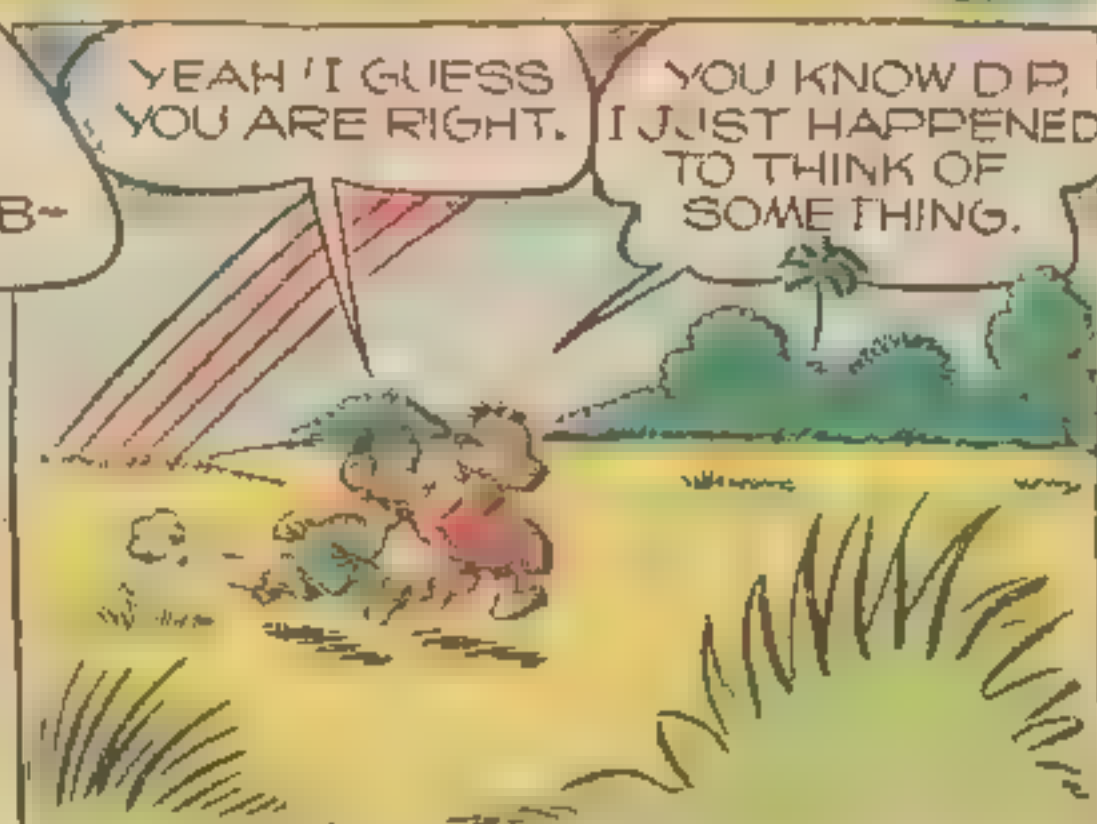
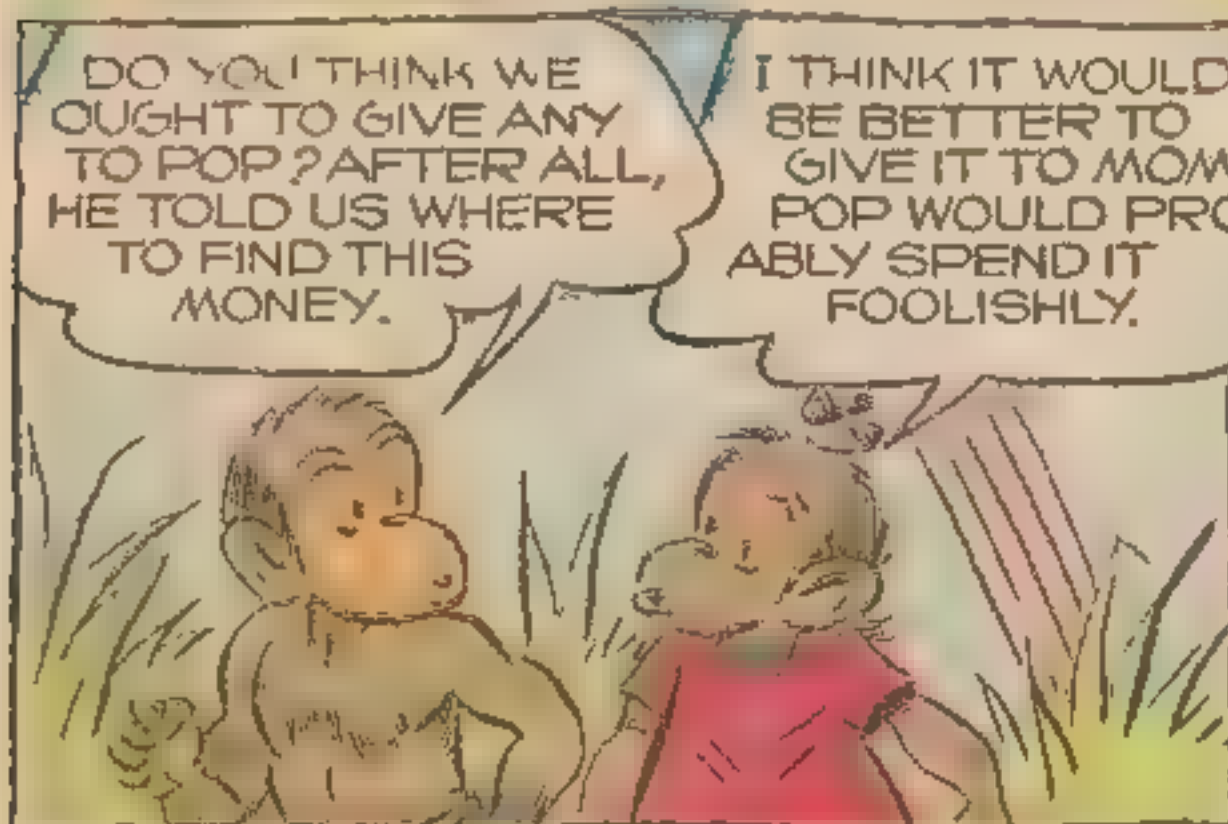
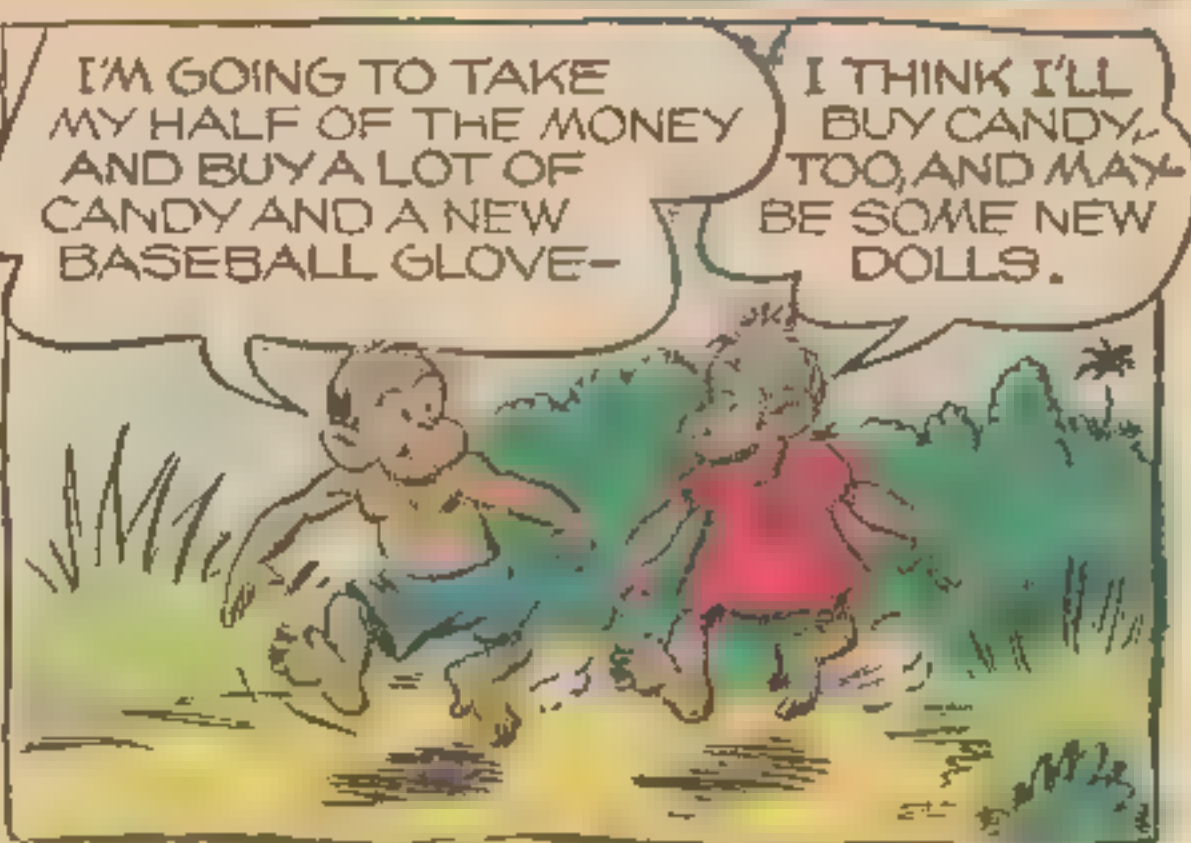
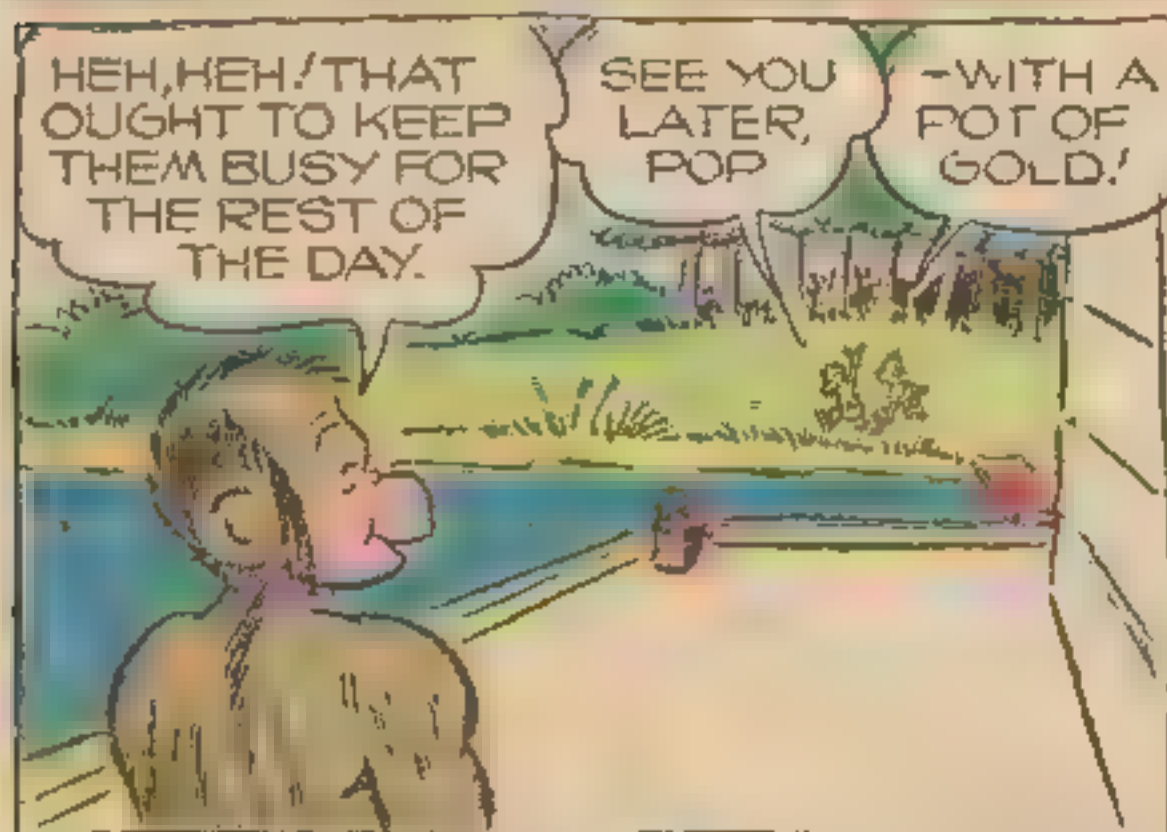
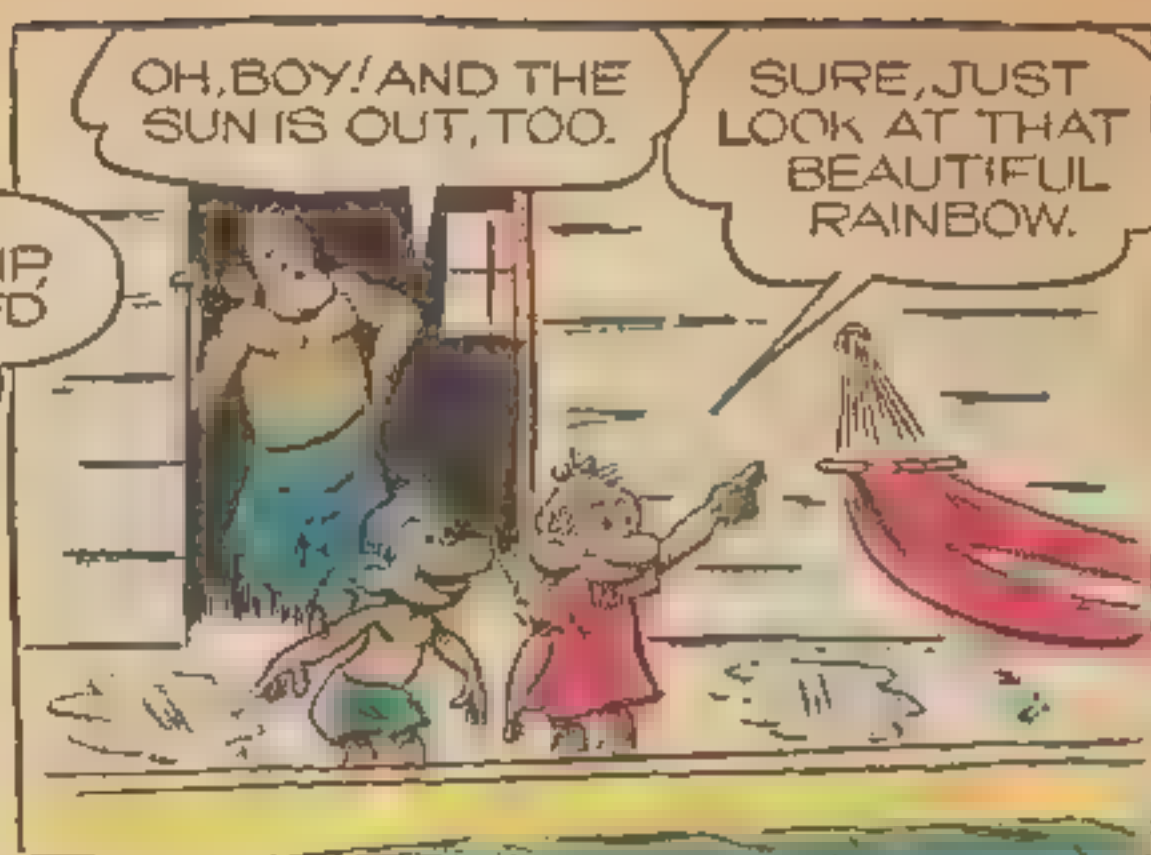
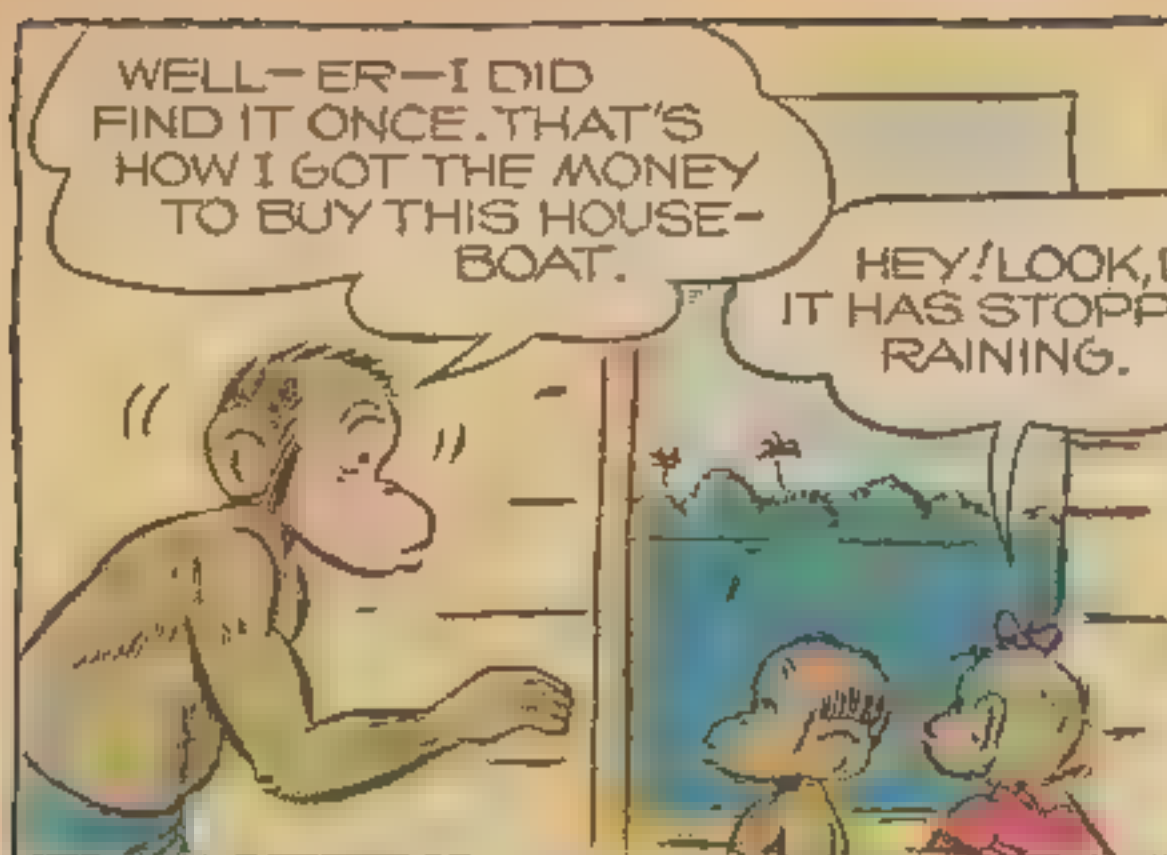
GOLLY!



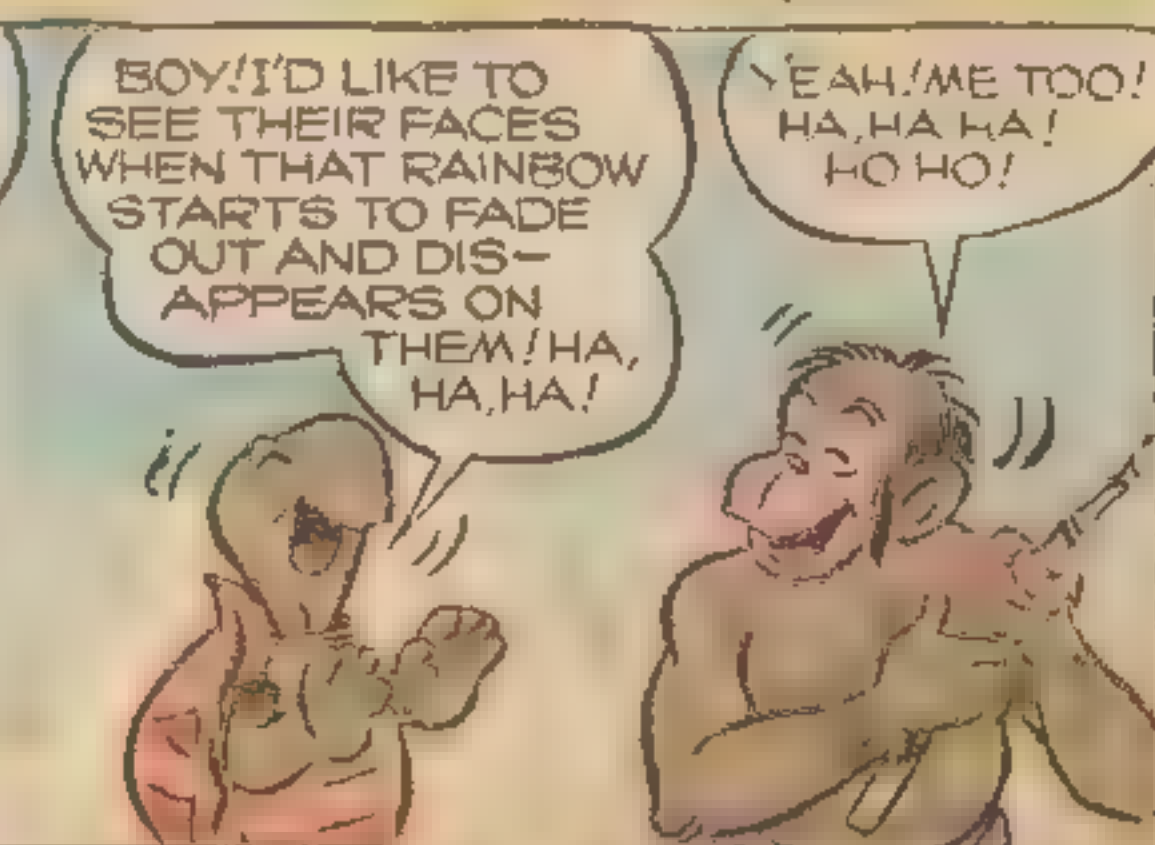
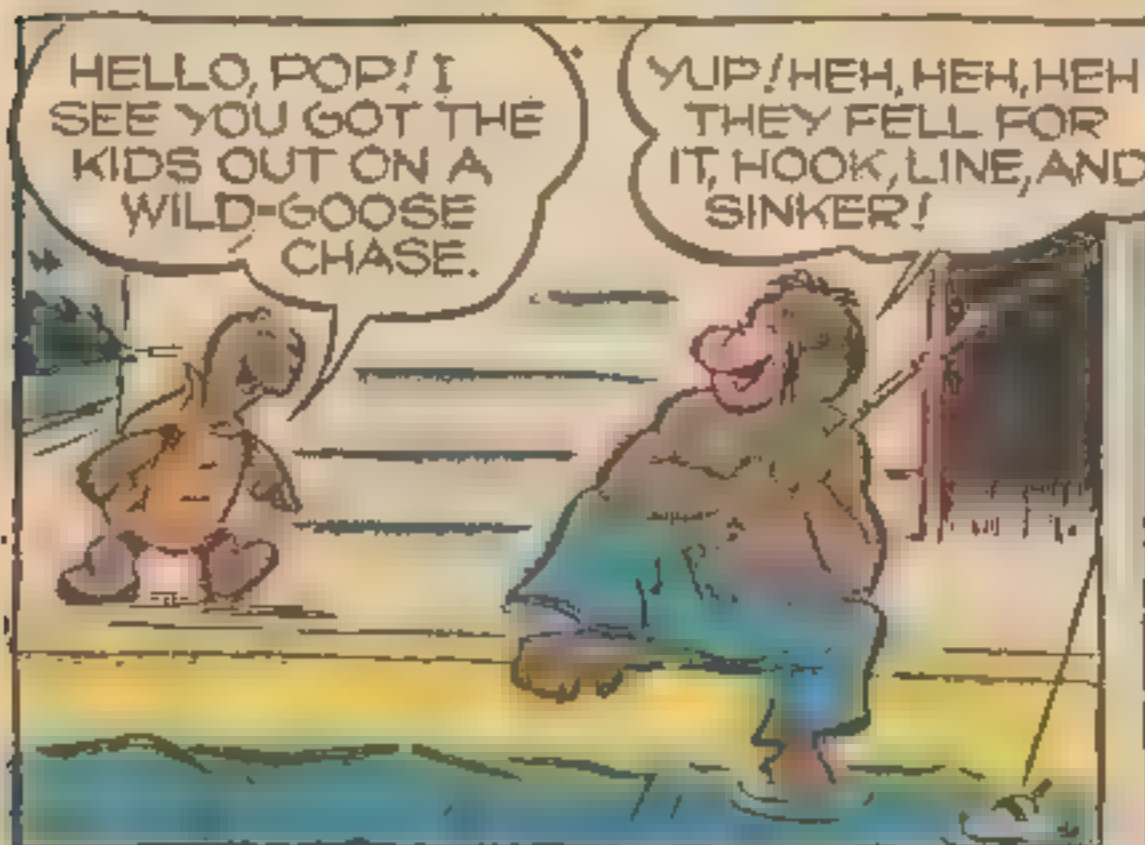
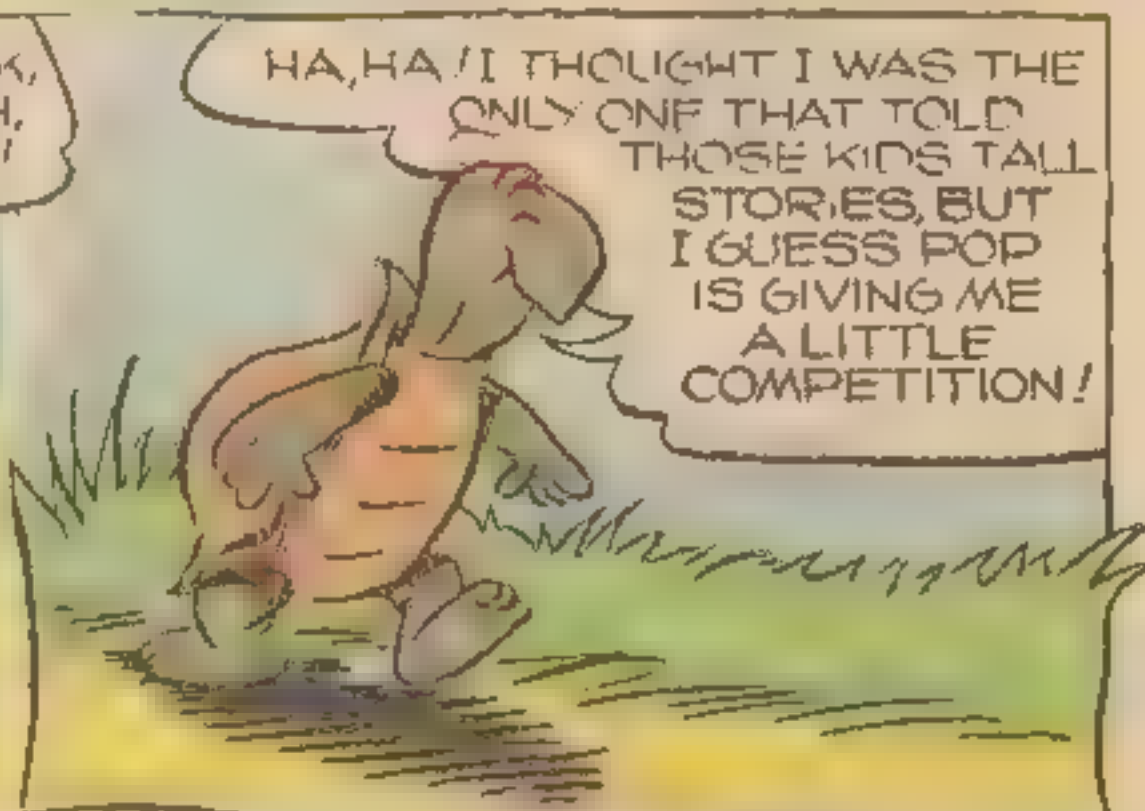
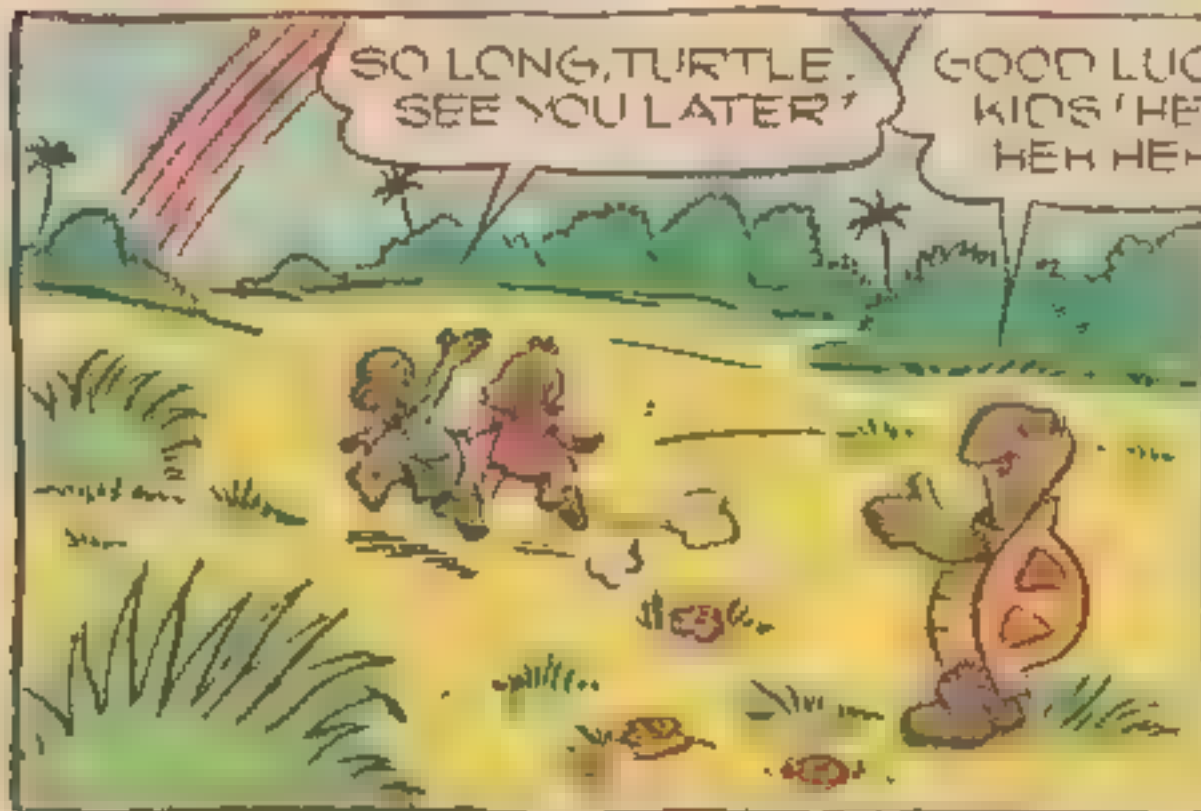
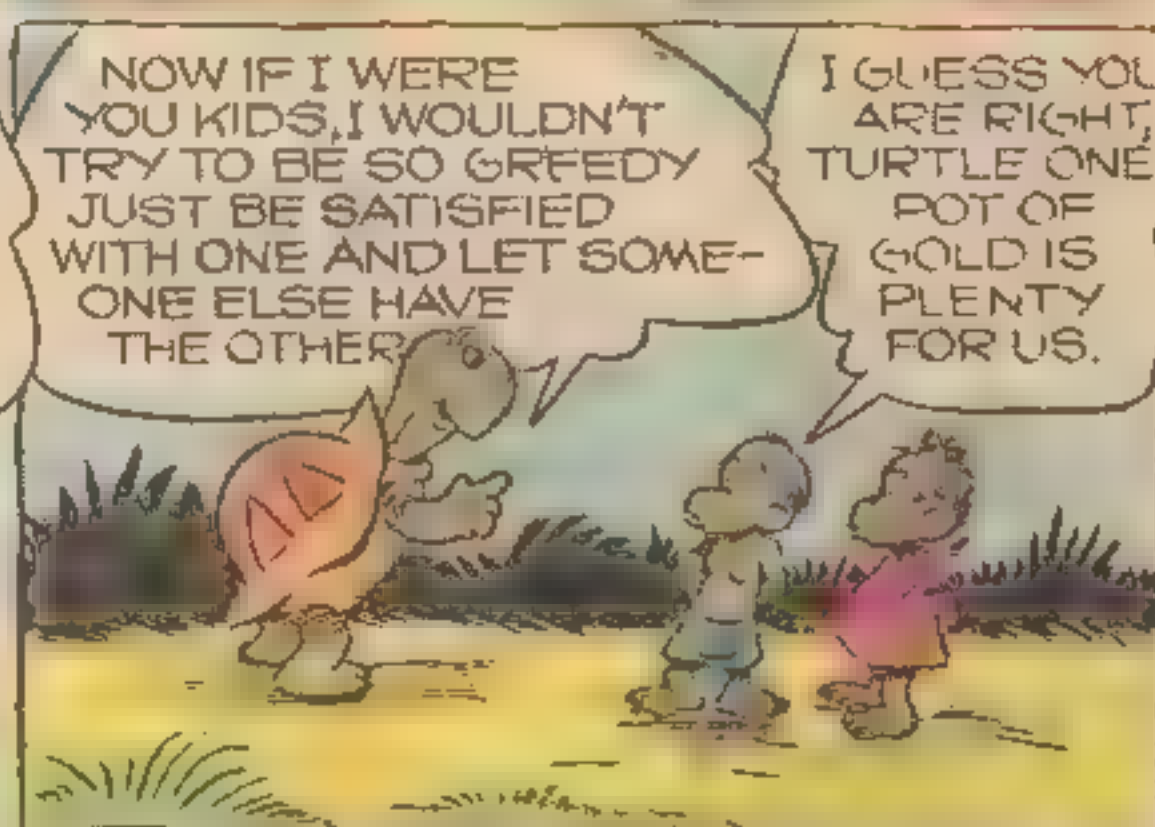
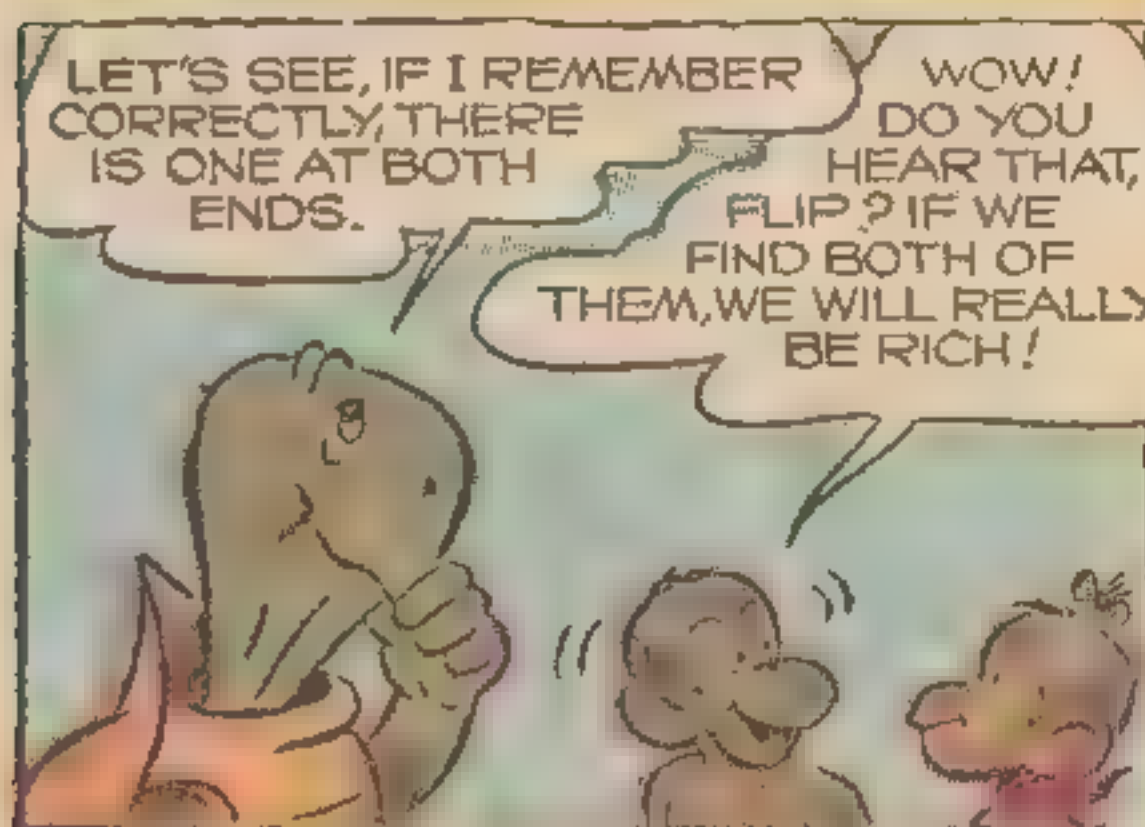
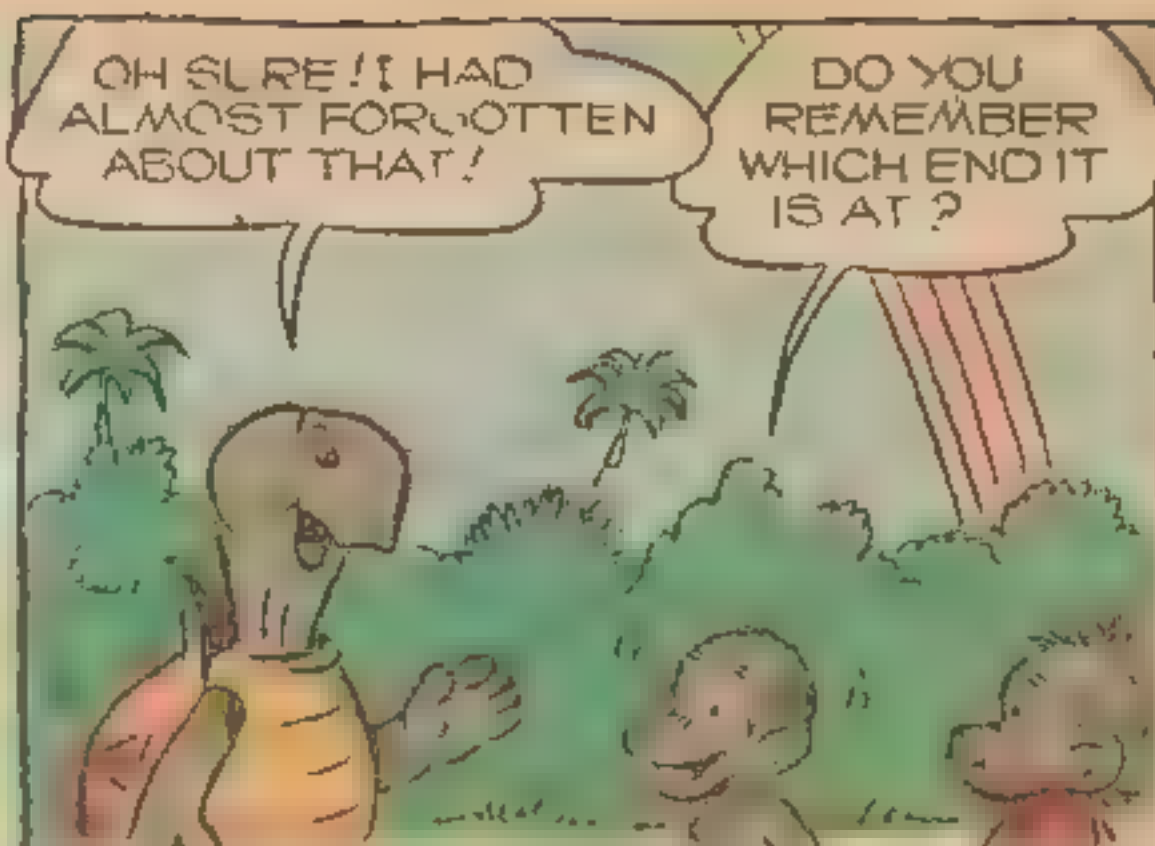
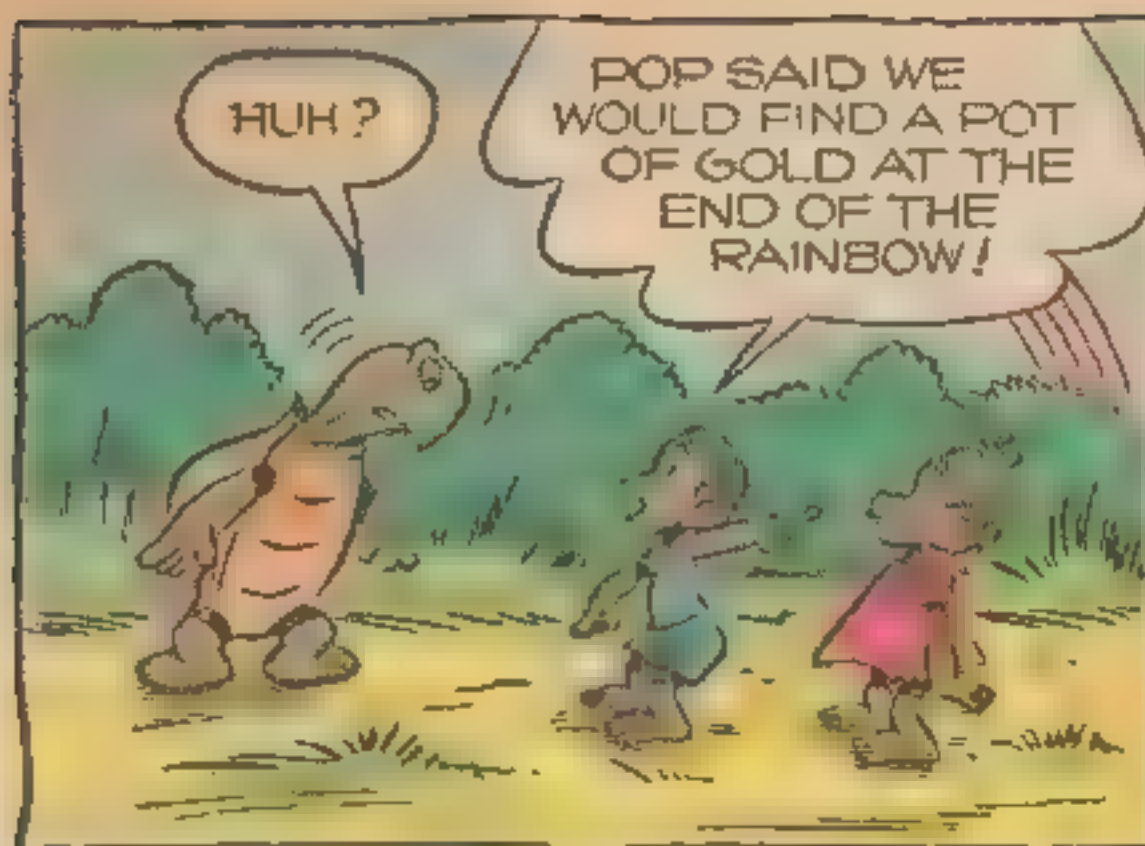
YES INDEED, AND IT'S ALL YOURS IF YOU FIND IT.

IF YOU KNOW WHERE IT IS HOW COME YOU NEVER WENT AFTER IT, POP?











MEANWHILE

HELLO, MR. HYENA.  
DO YOU KNOW HOW  
FAR IT IS TO THE  
END OF THE  
RAINBOW?

TO THE  
END OF THE  
RAINBOW?

OH, I GET IT! YOU  
MUST BE LOOKING  
FOR THAT POT  
OF GOLD.

YUP! I GUESS  
WE ARE THE  
ONLY ONES OUT  
HUNTING FOR IT  
TODAY.

I DON'T KNOW THE  
EXACT DISTANCE BUT  
I THINK YOU WILL  
FIND IT ON THE  
OTHER SIDE  
OF THIS  
HILL

GOLLY, WE MUST  
BE ALMOST  
THERE

I HOPE SO!  
I'M GETTING  
AWFULLY  
TIRED.

BY THE WAY,  
YOU SHOULD HAVE  
A CART THAT'S A  
PRETTY HEAVY POT  
FOR YOU KIDS TO  
BE CARRYING.

BUT WE DON'T  
OWN A CART!

DON'T  
WORRY,  
FLIP, WE  
CAN BRING  
IT HOME A  
LITTLE BIT  
AT A  
TIME.

MR. HYENA WAS RIGHT!  
SEE HOW IT GOES DOWN  
BEHIND THAT HILL!

OH, OH! IT'S A LITTLE  
BIT FARTHER THAN  
WE FIGURED.

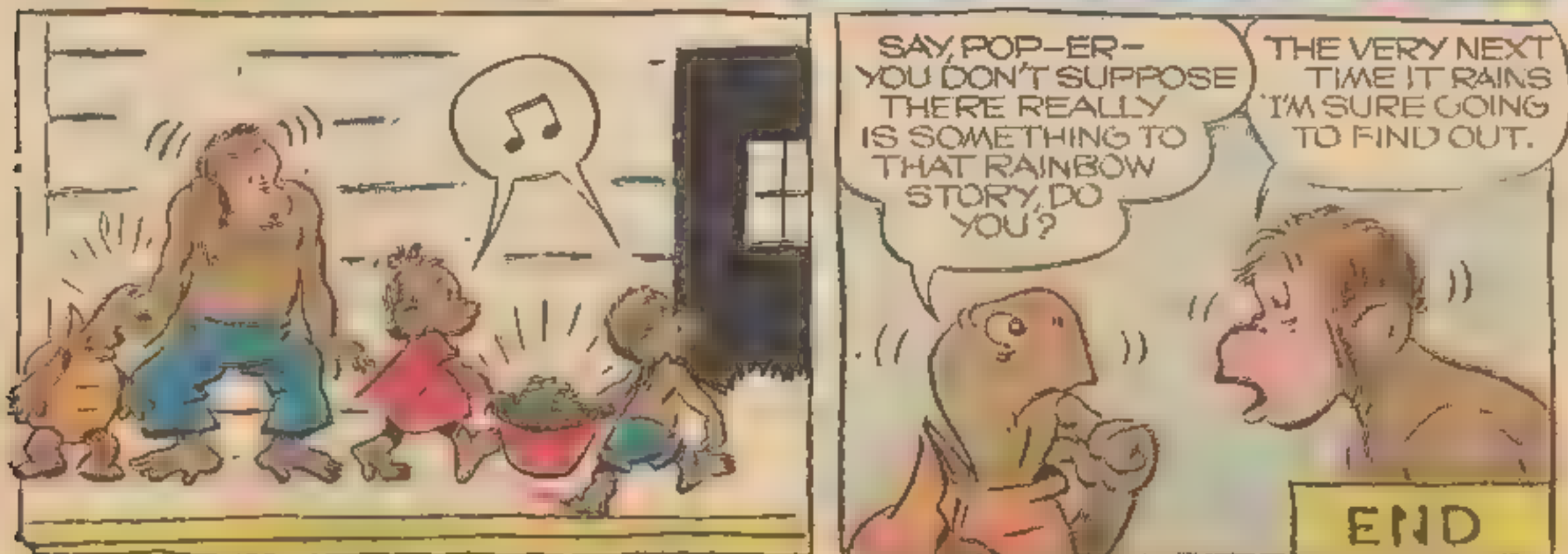
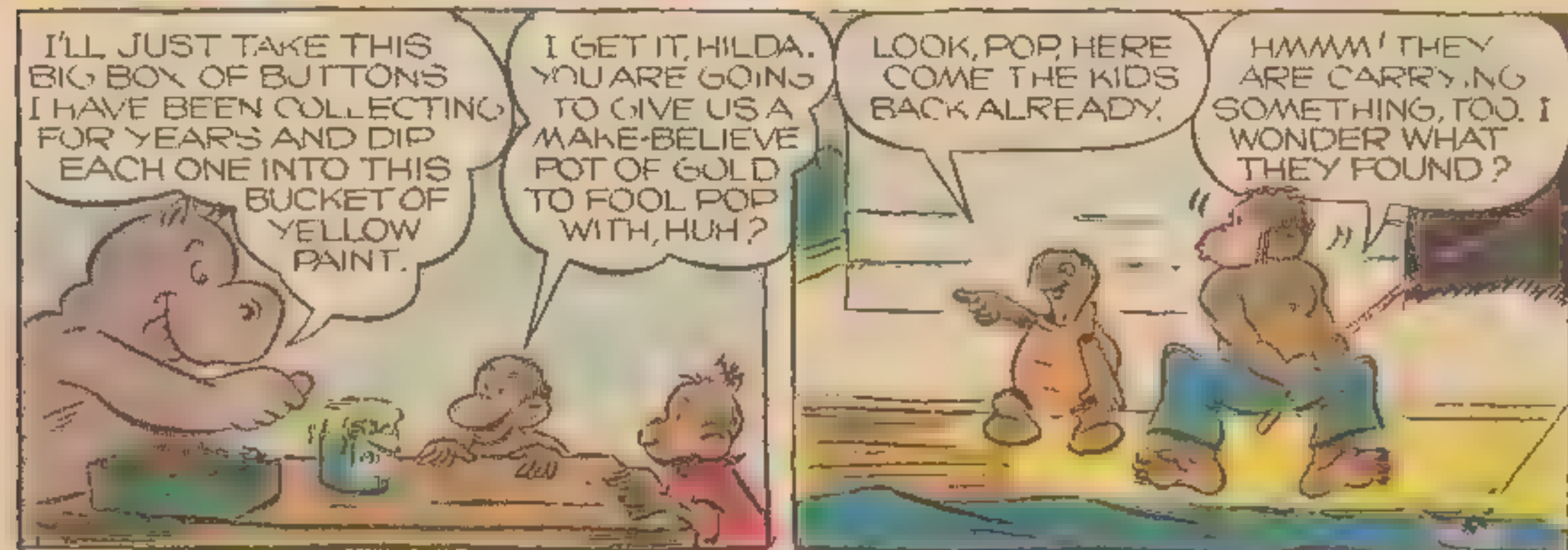
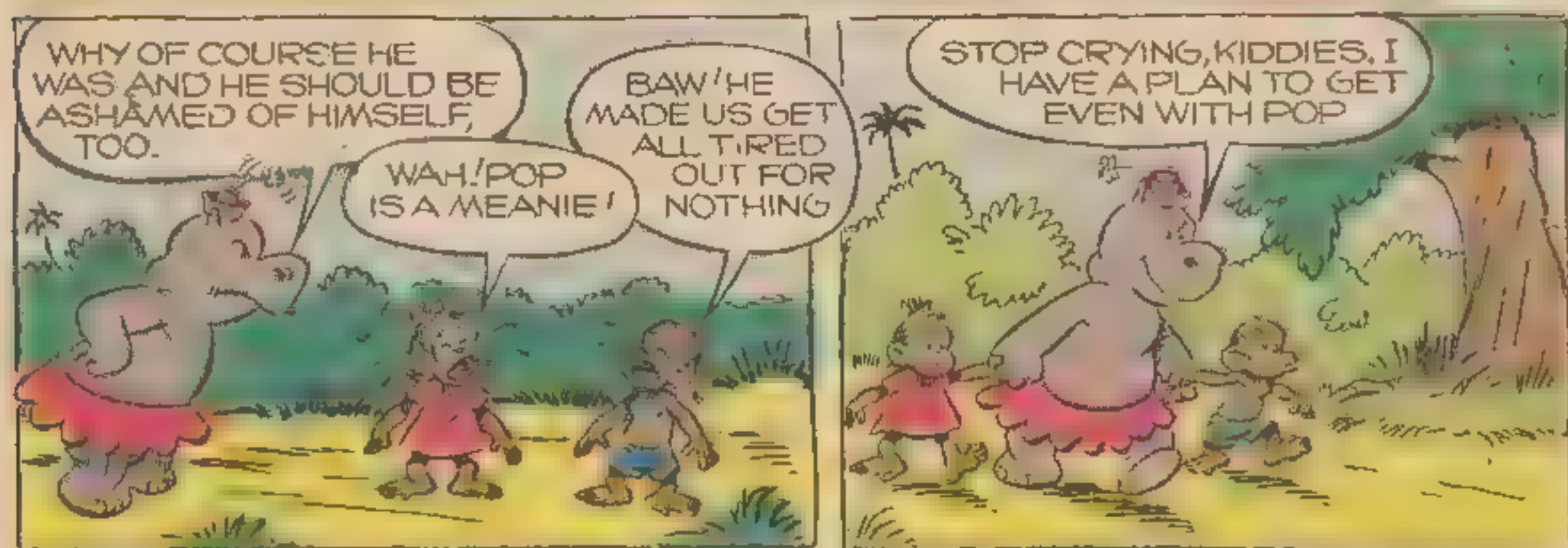
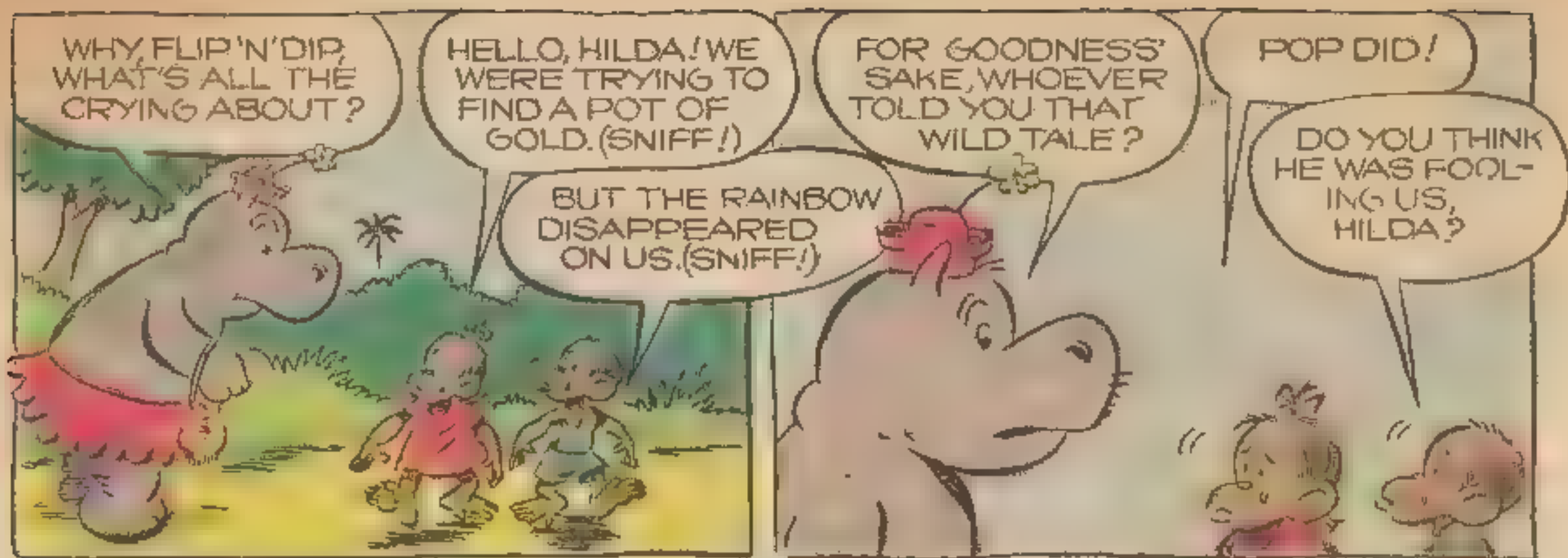
AND LOOK, DIP, OUR  
RAINBOW IS SO FAR AWAY  
TO FADE

GOLLY, YOU  
CAN HARDLY  
SEE IT.

WAH! JUST WHEN  
WE WERE SO  
CLOSE, TOO.

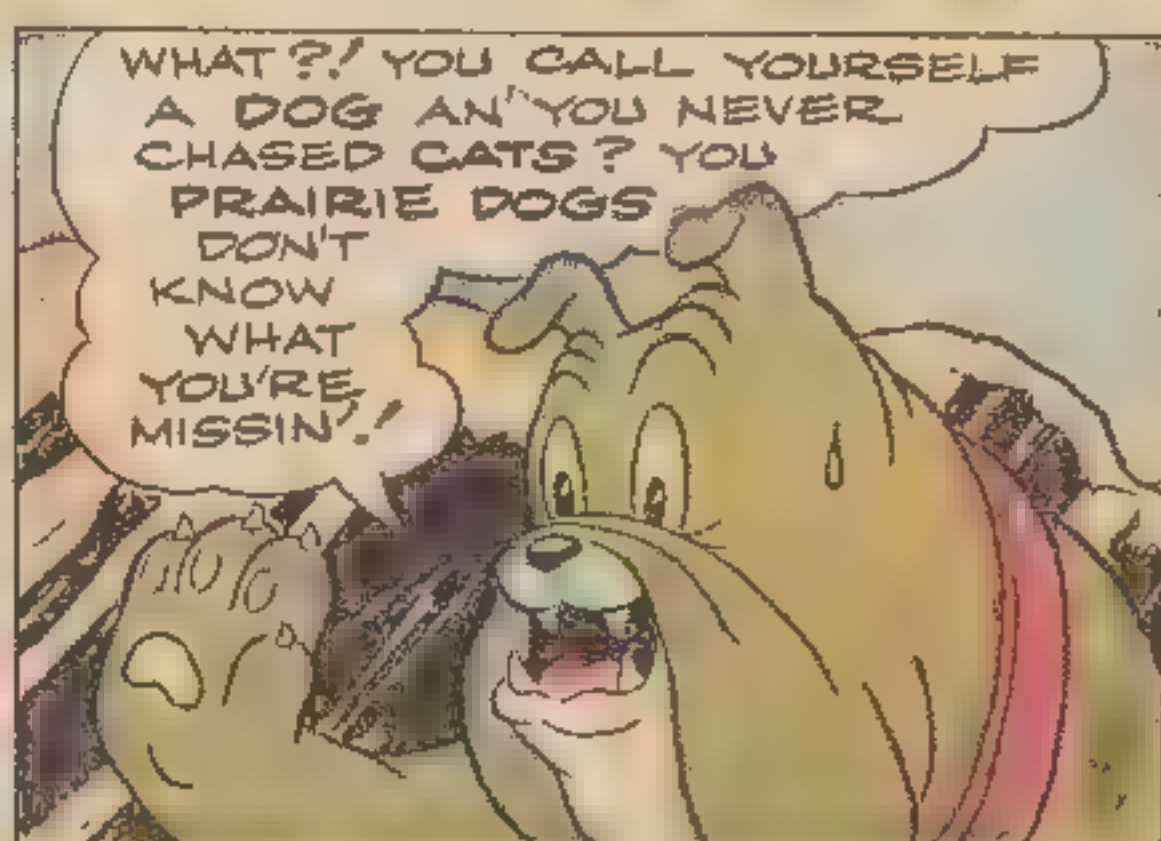
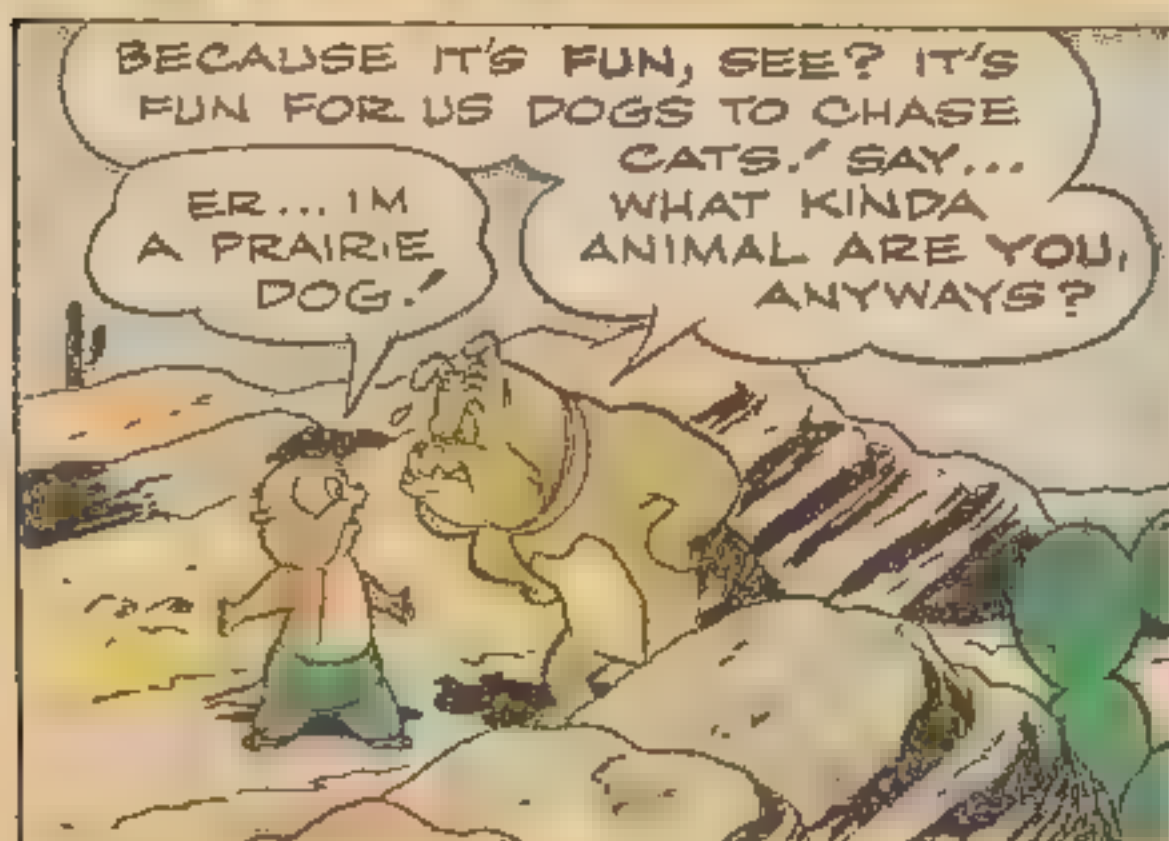
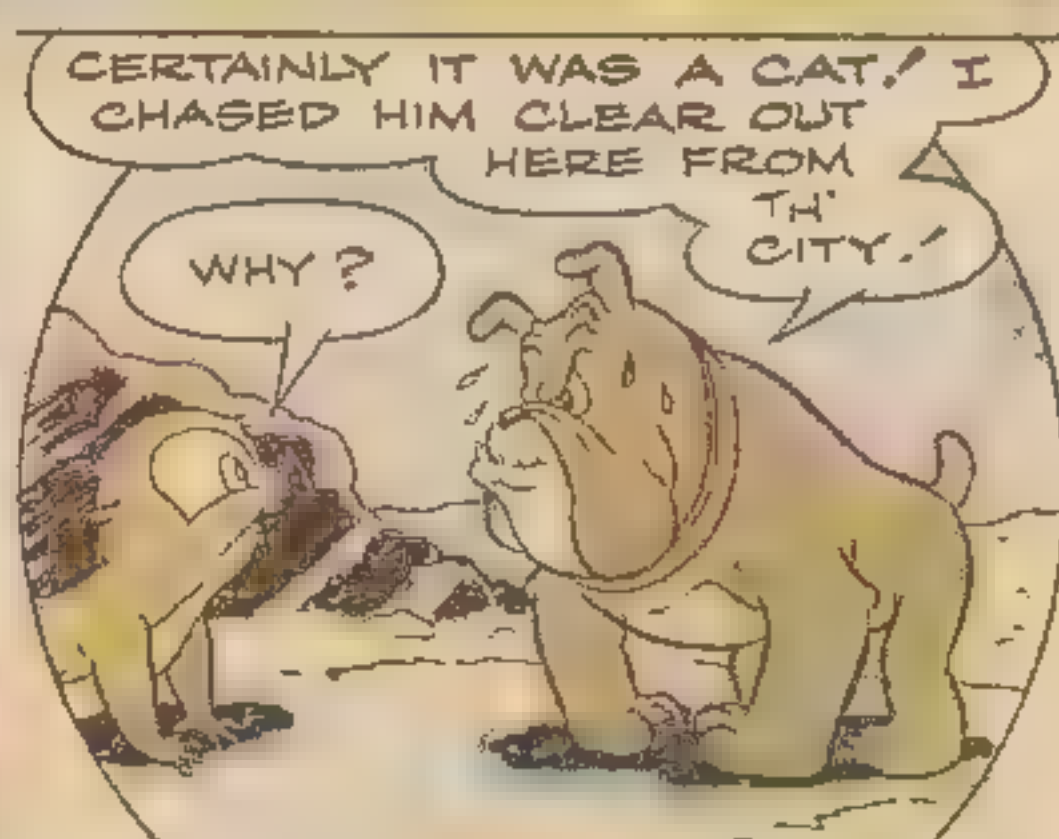
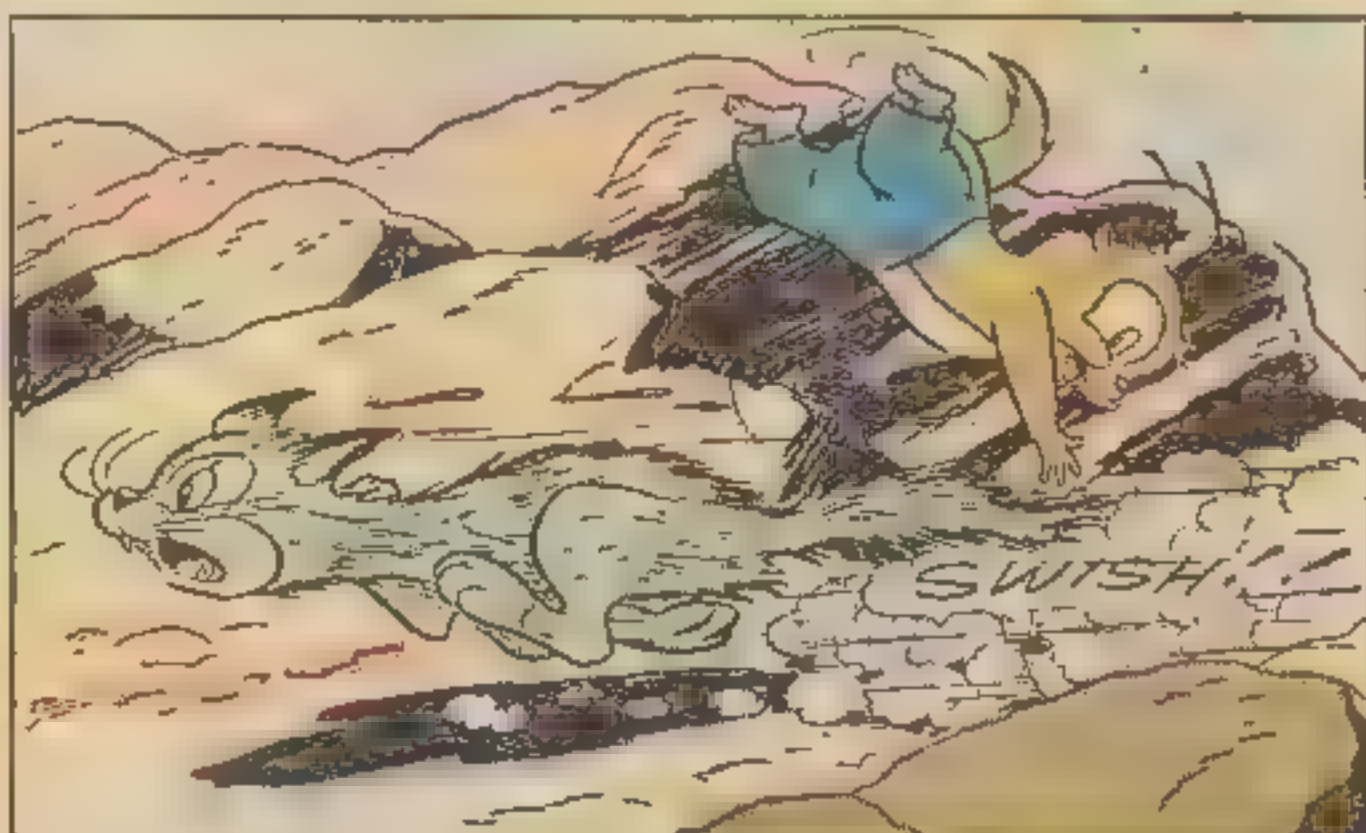
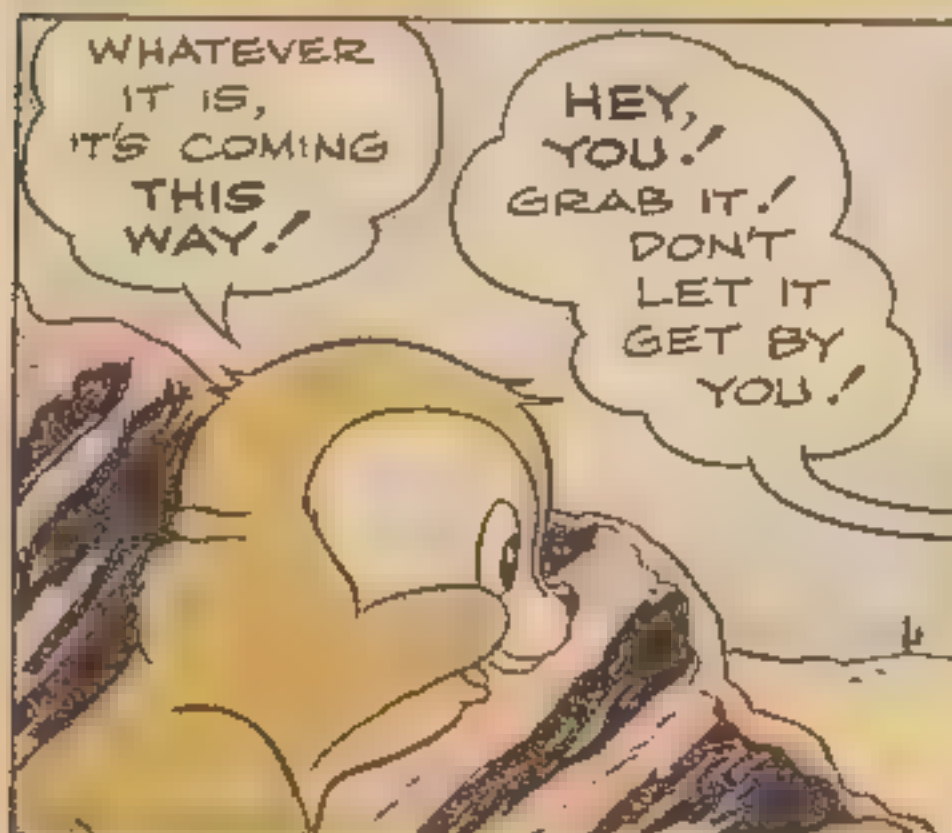
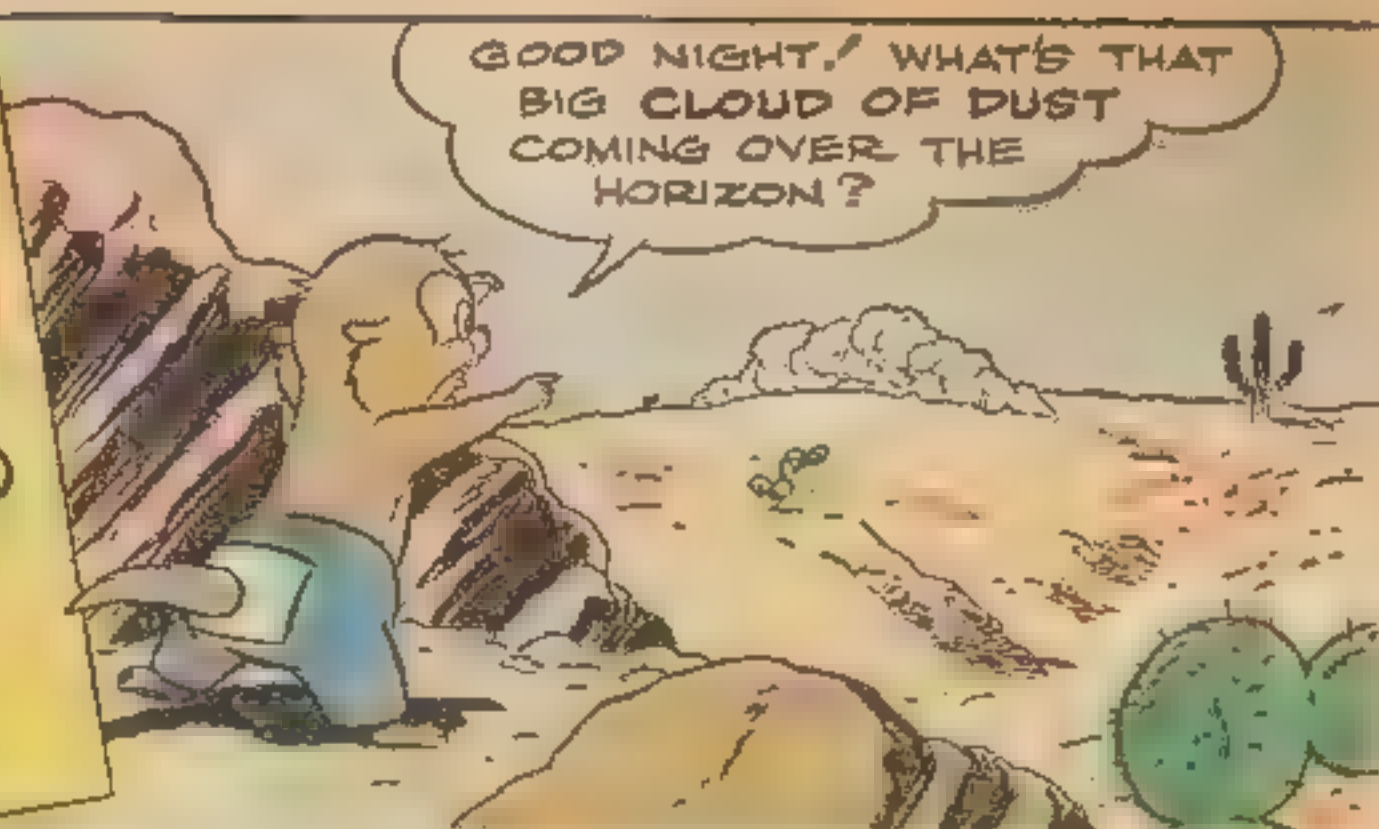
BAW! NOW WE  
HAVE TO GO HOME  
AND WAIT FOR  
ANOTHER RAIN  
STORM



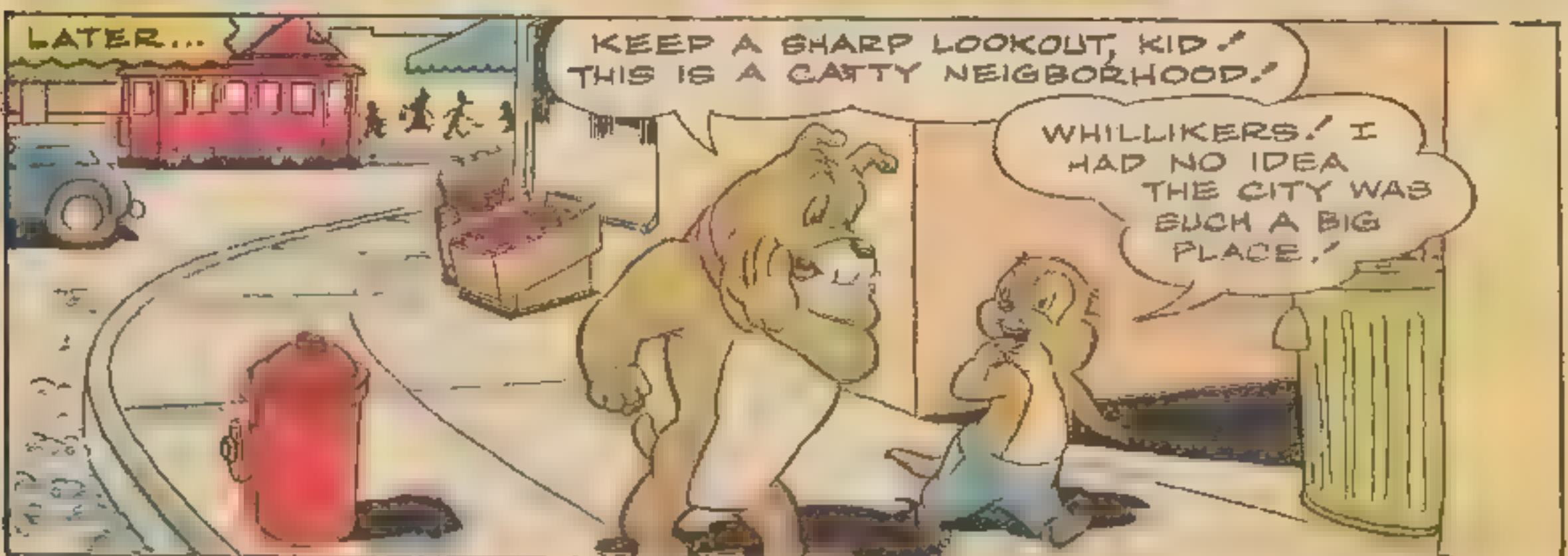
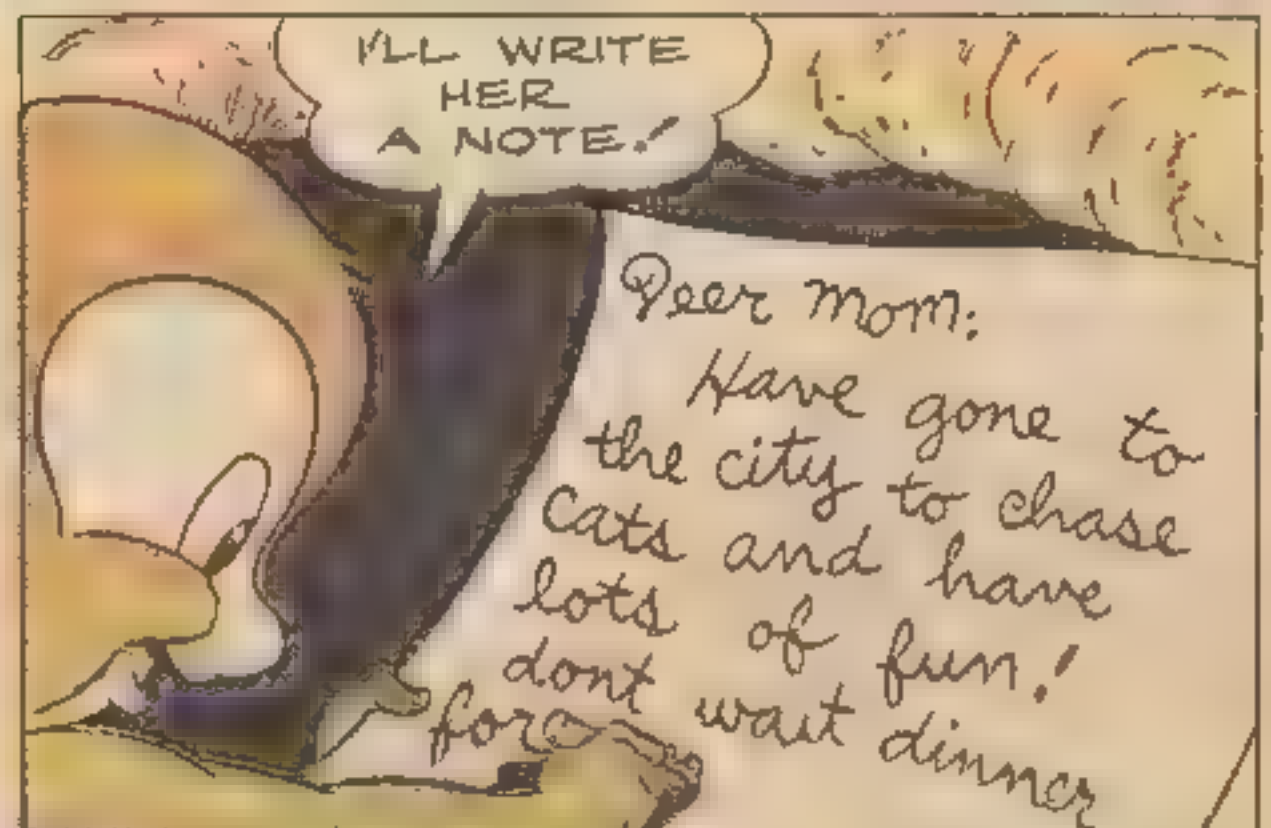
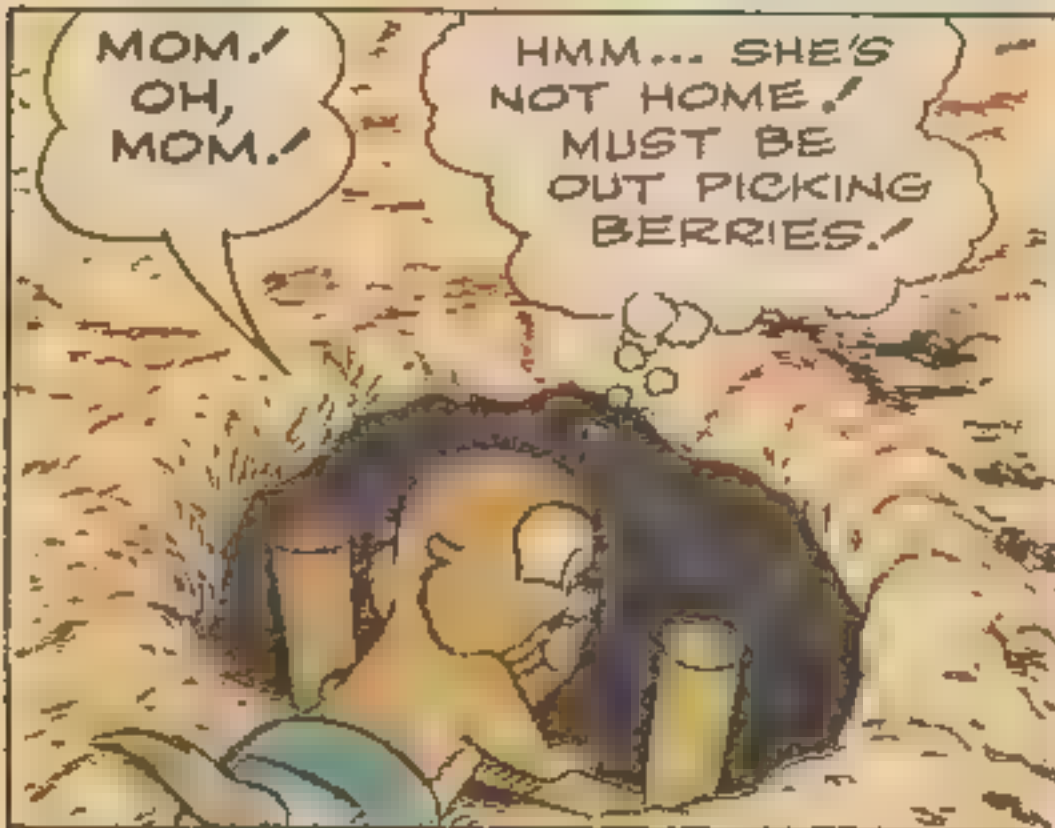
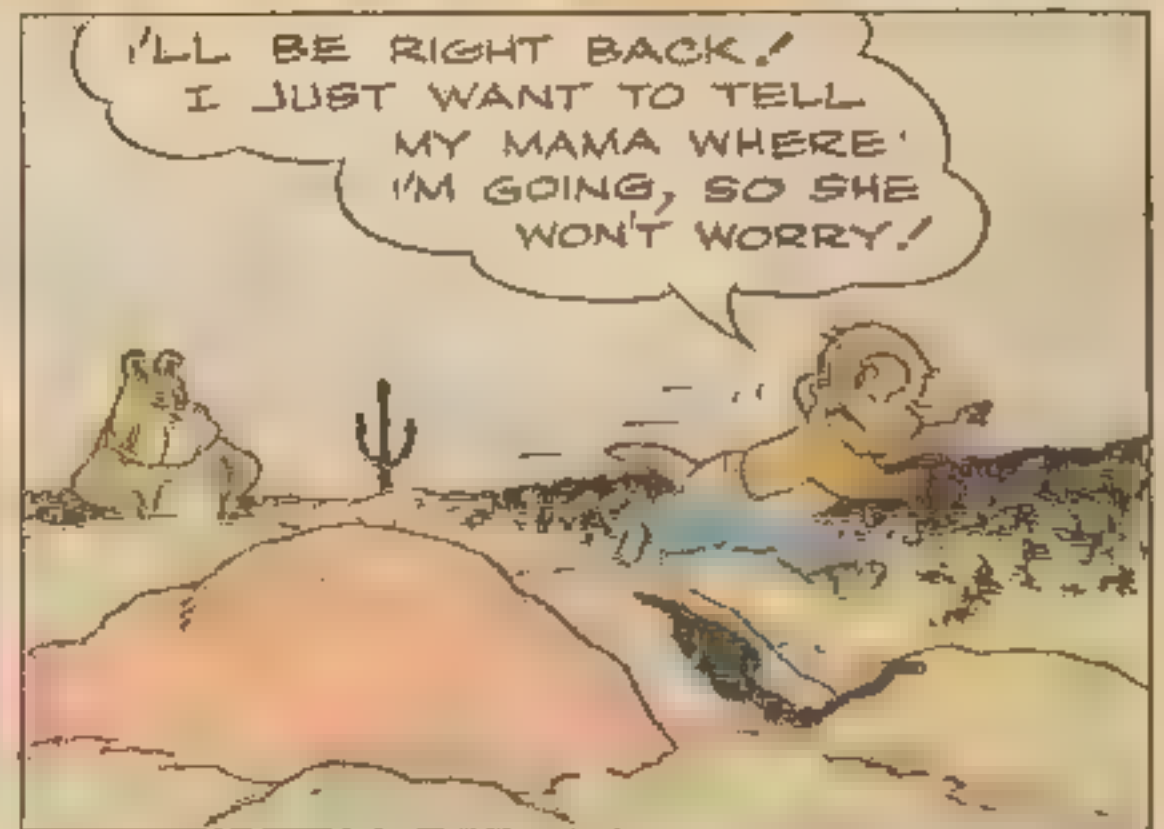
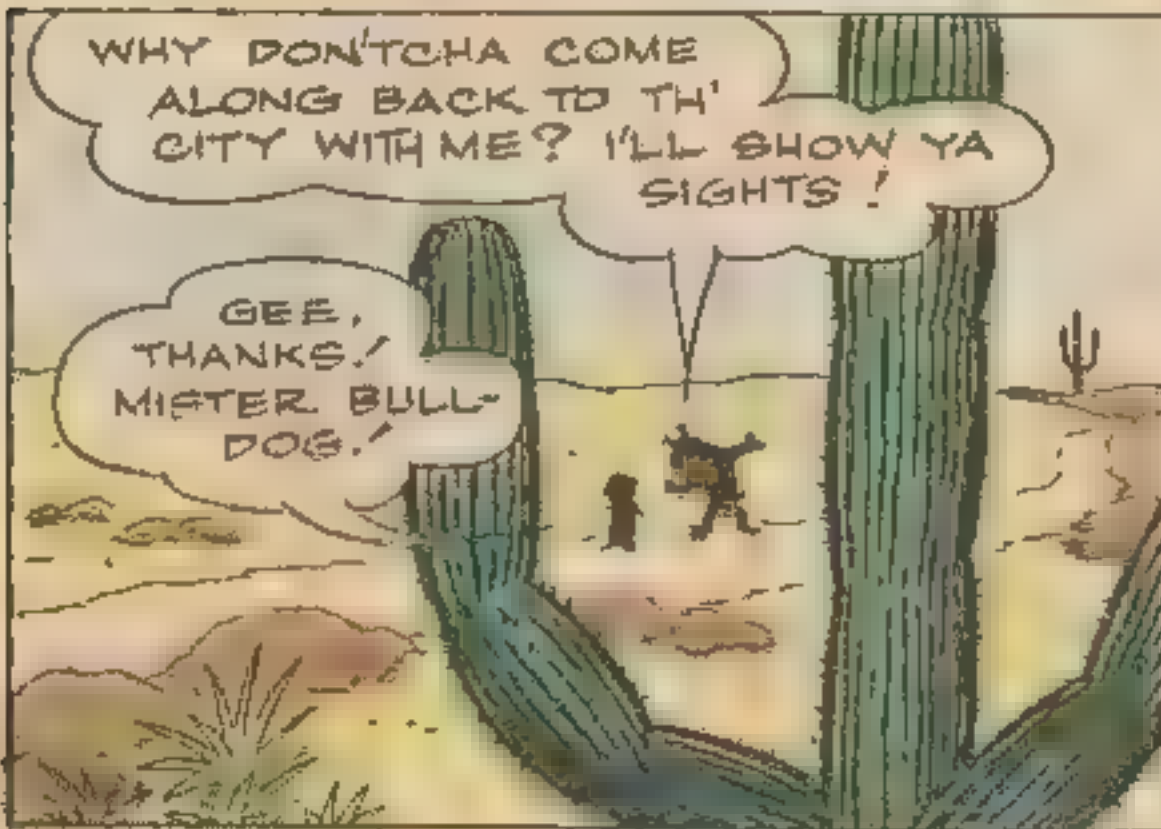
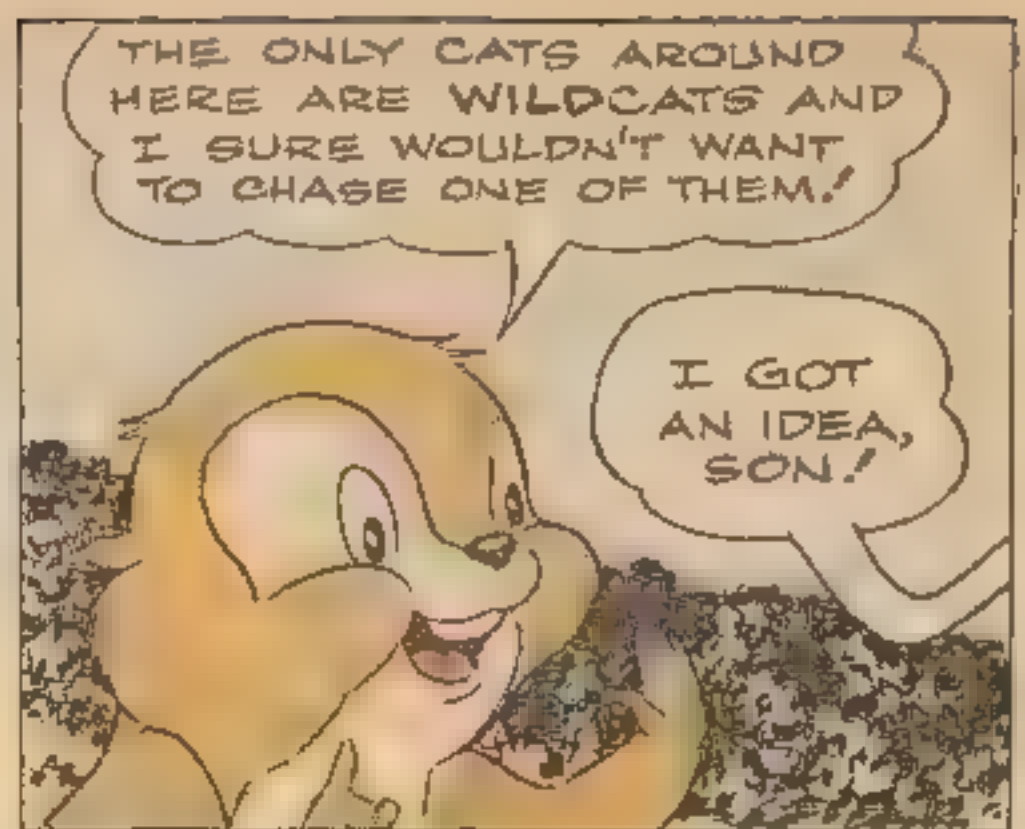
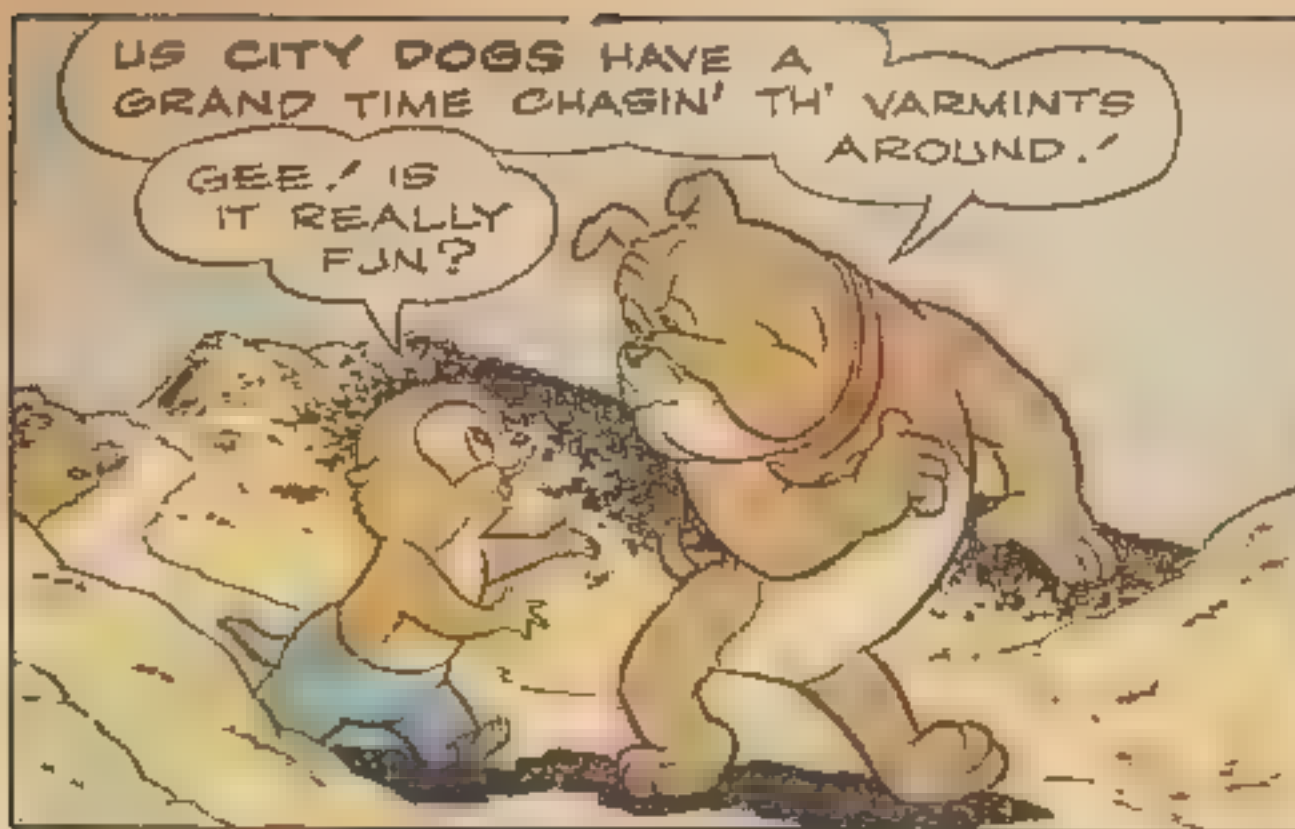




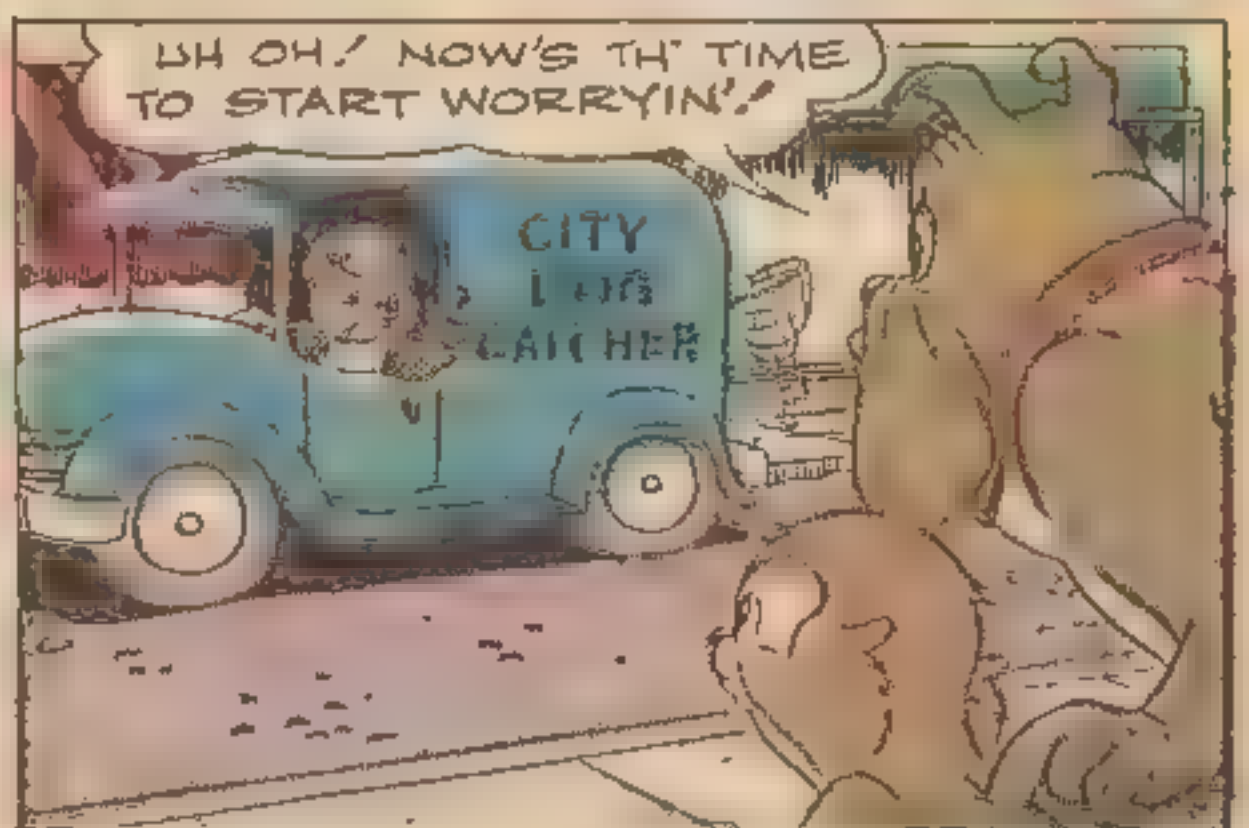
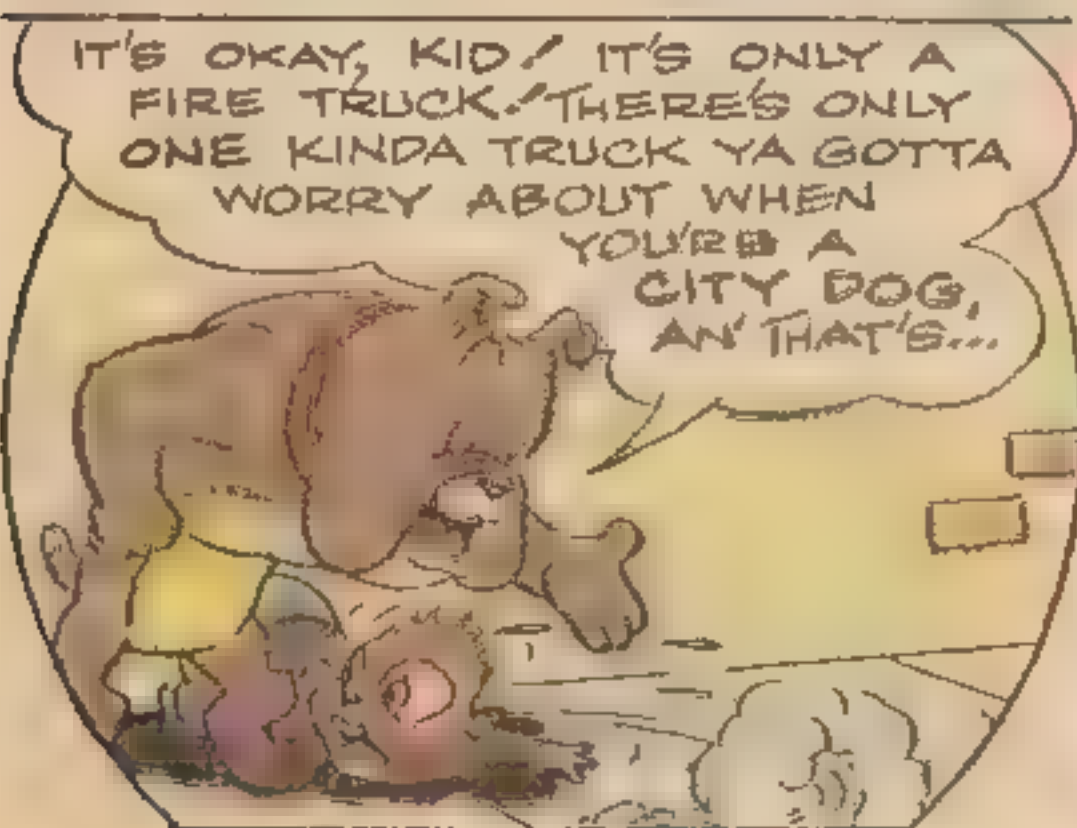
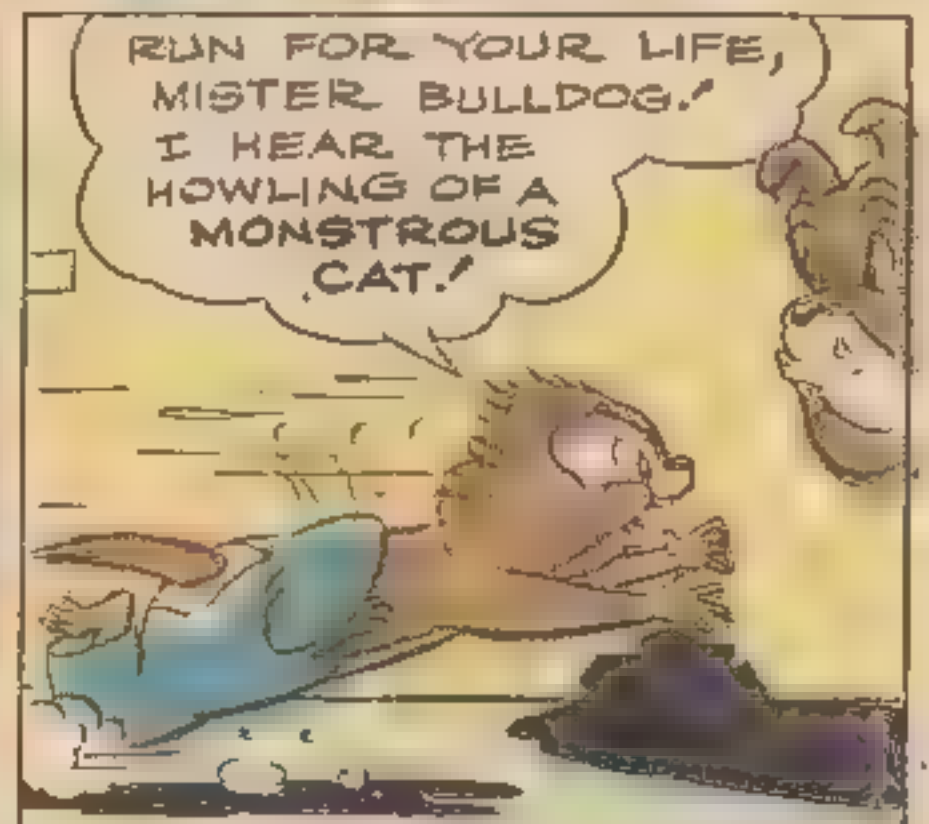
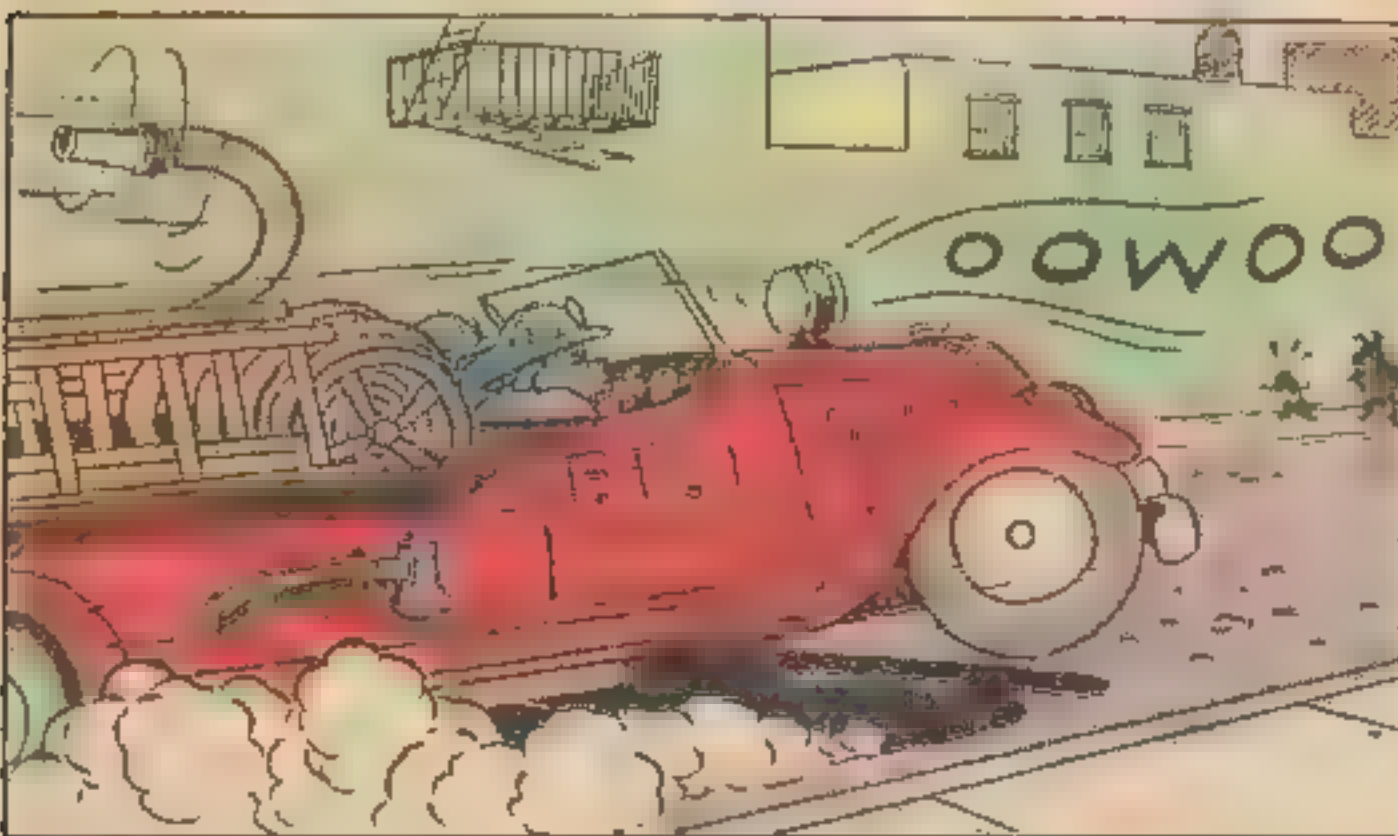
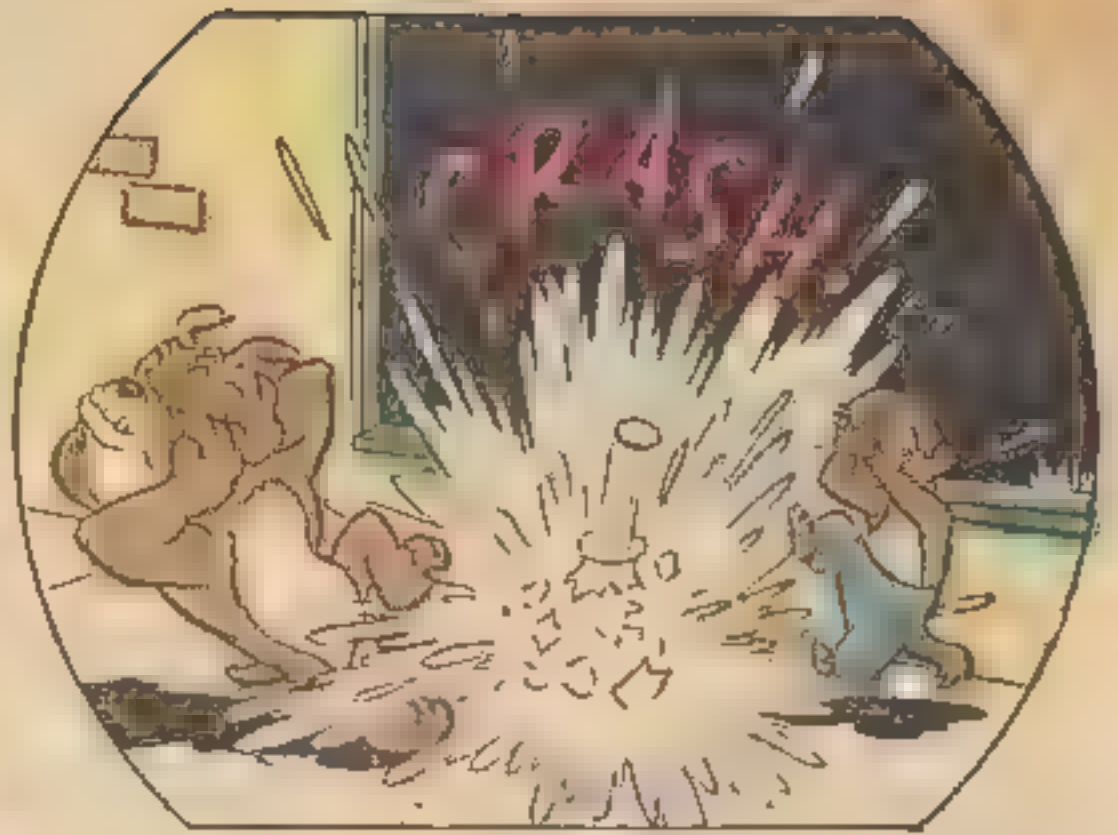
M.G.M. CARTOONS  
PRESENT  
**WUFF**  
The  
PRAIRIE  
DOG



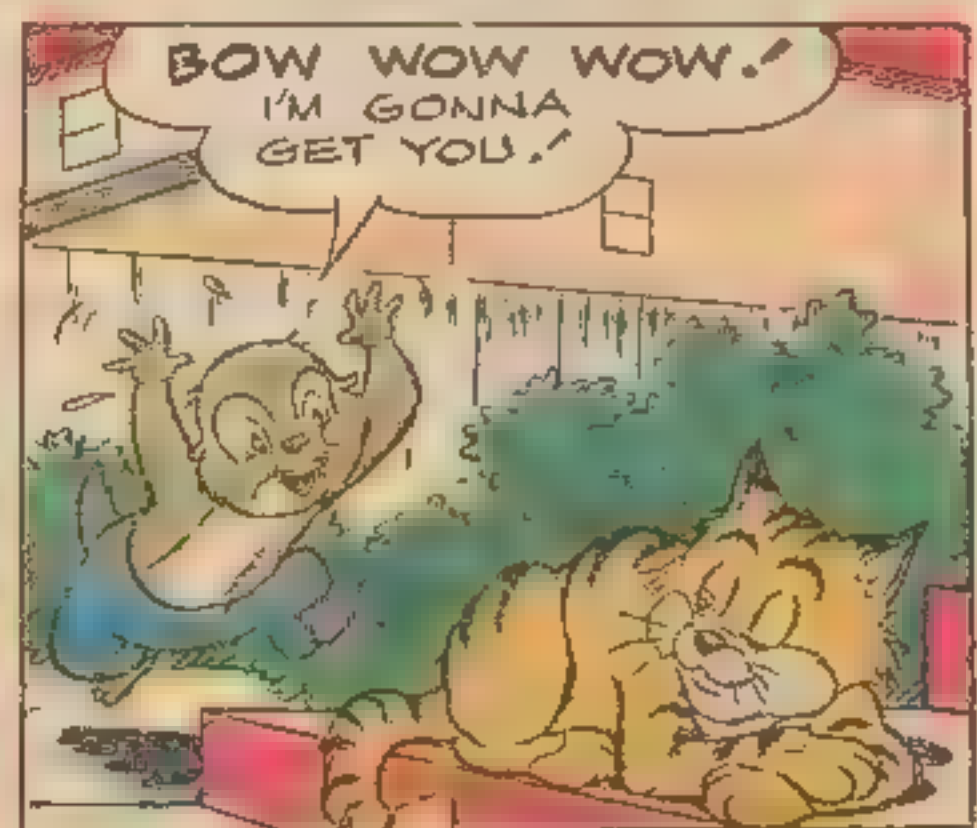
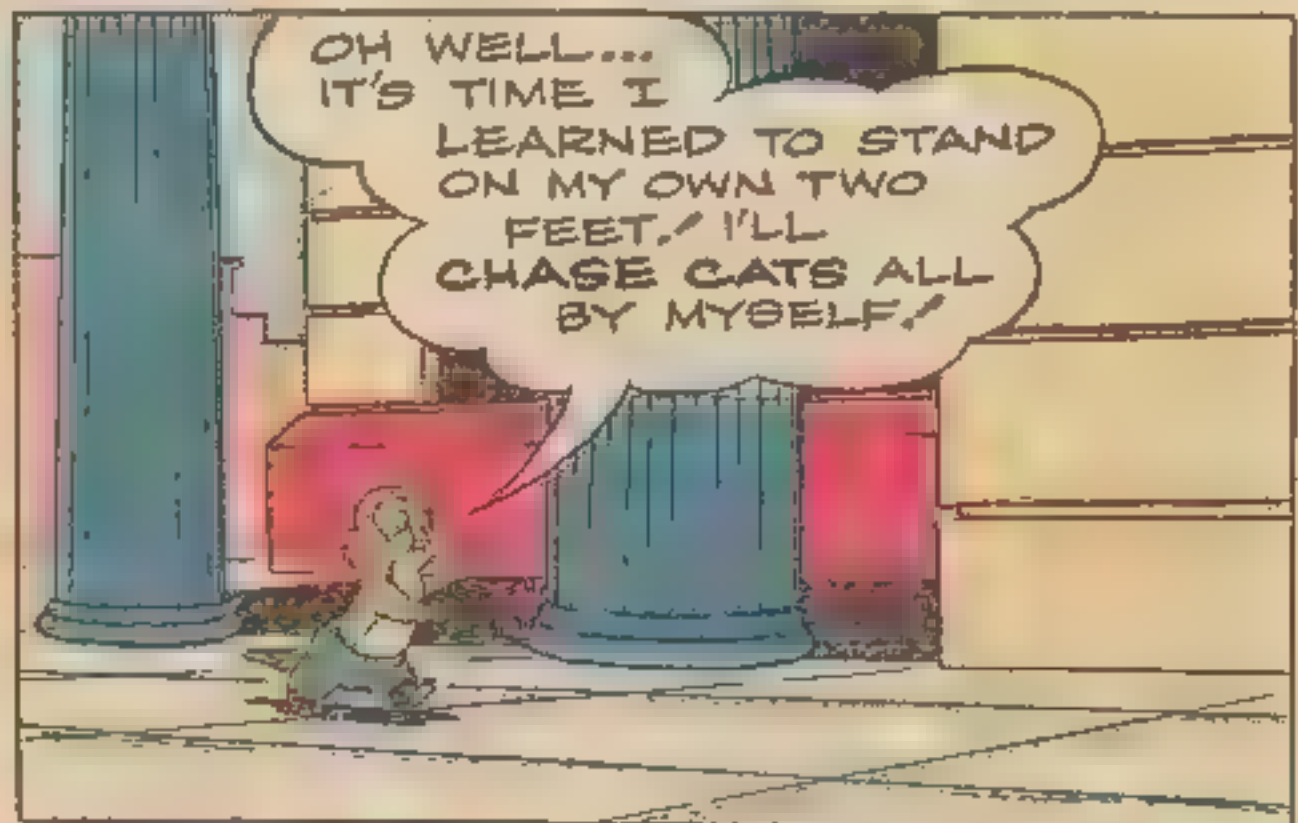
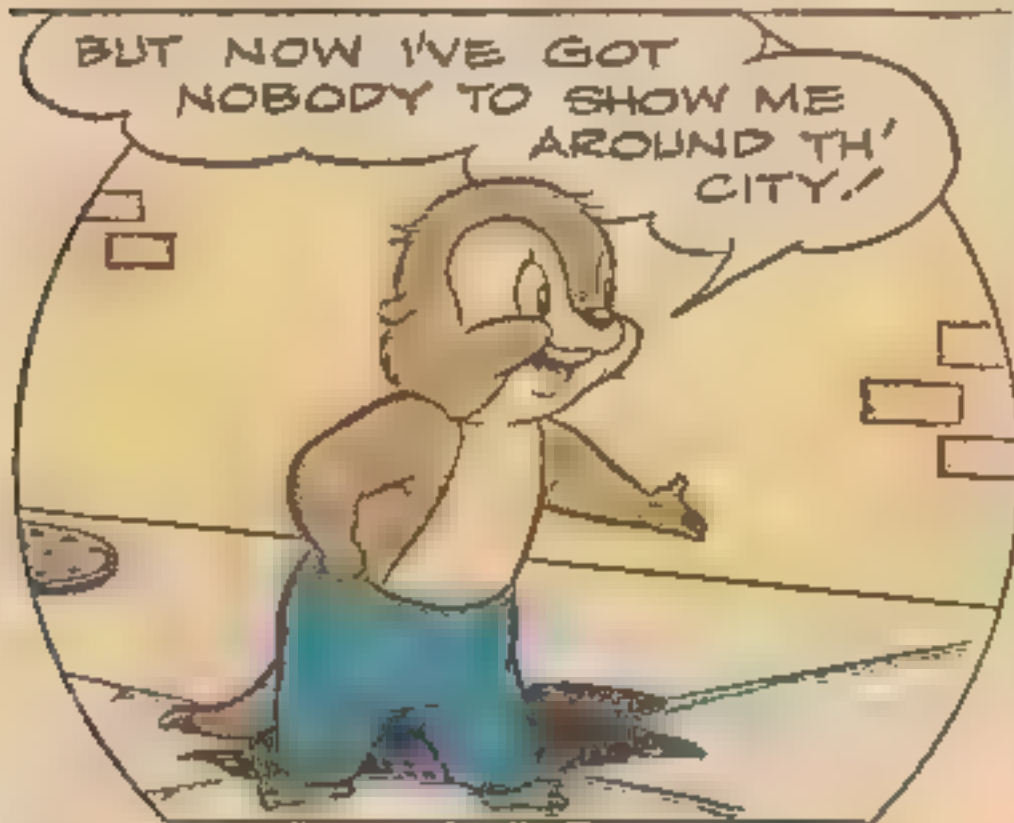
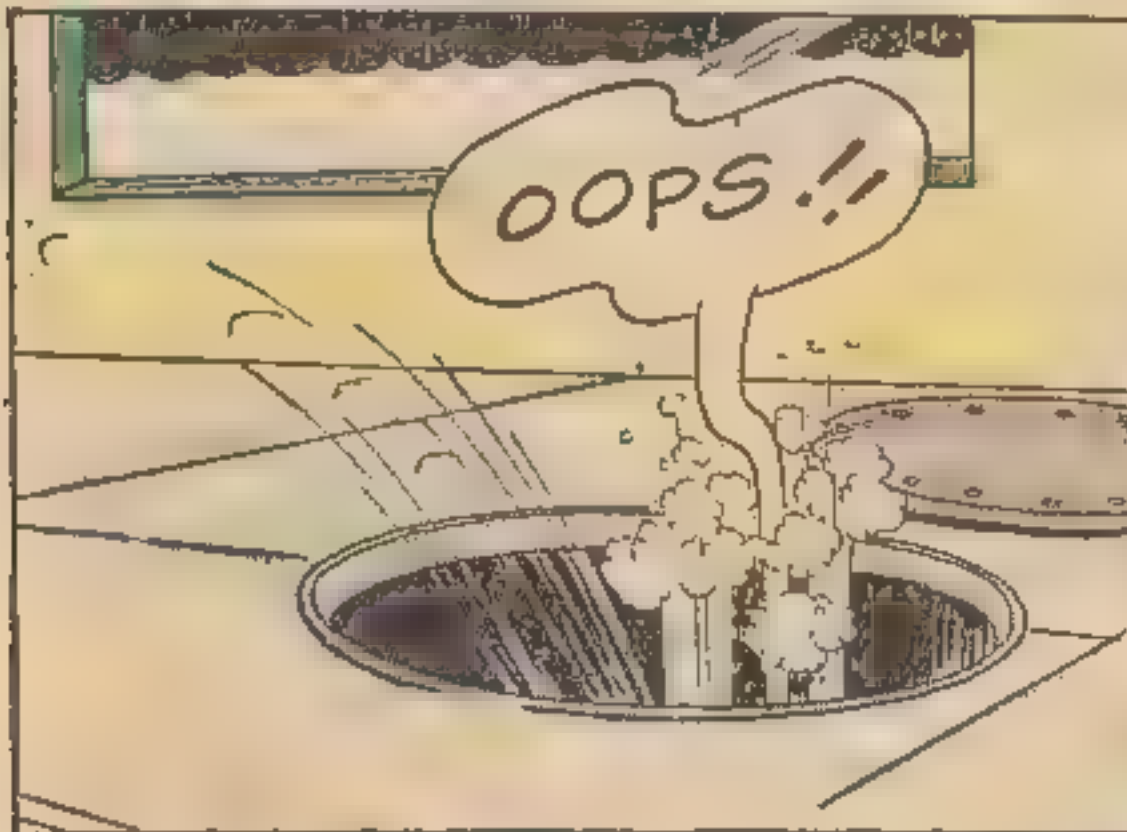
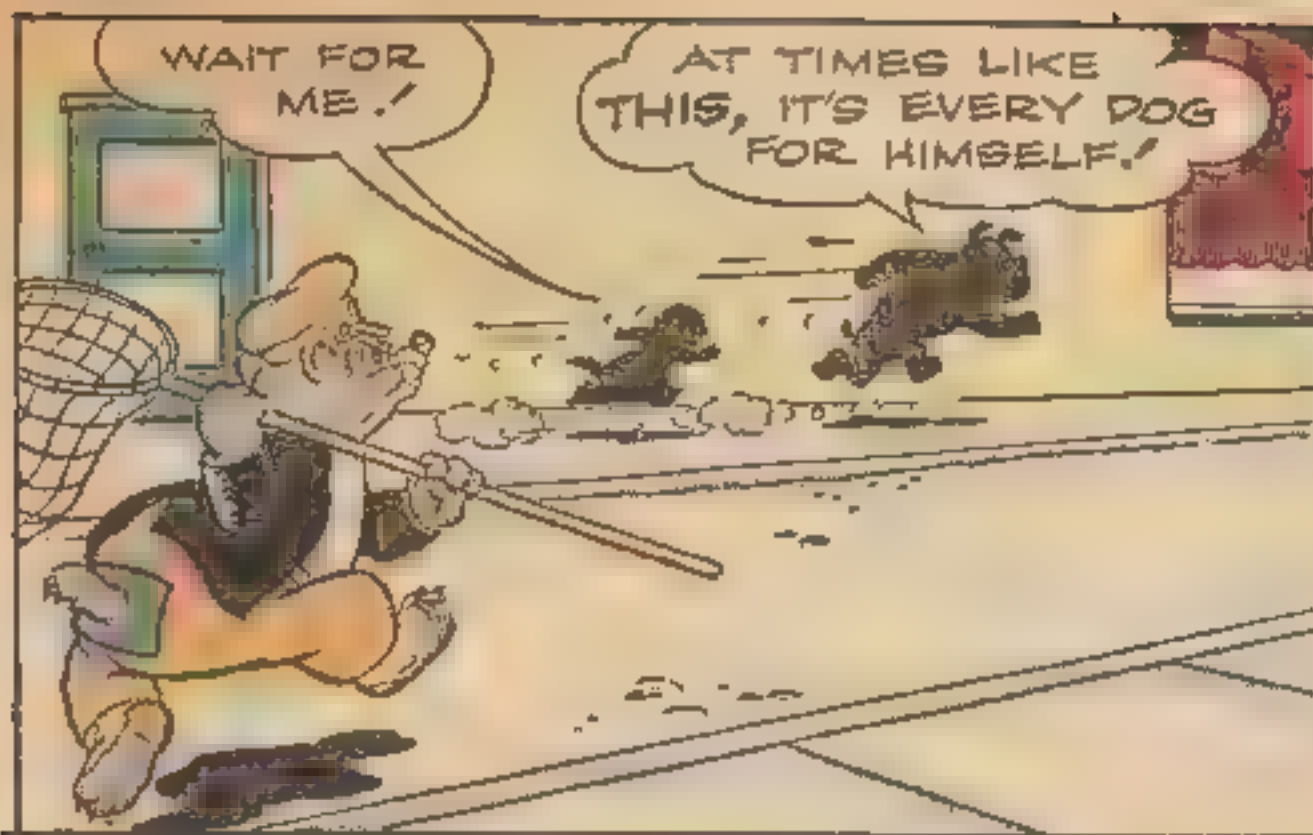




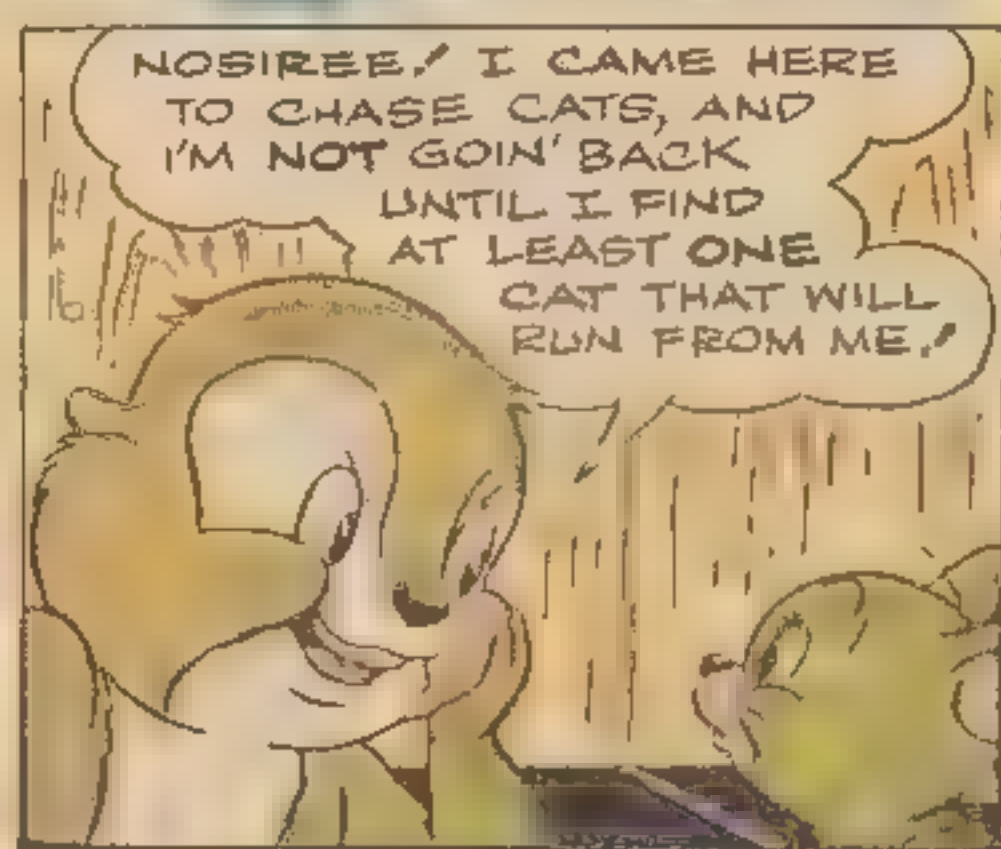
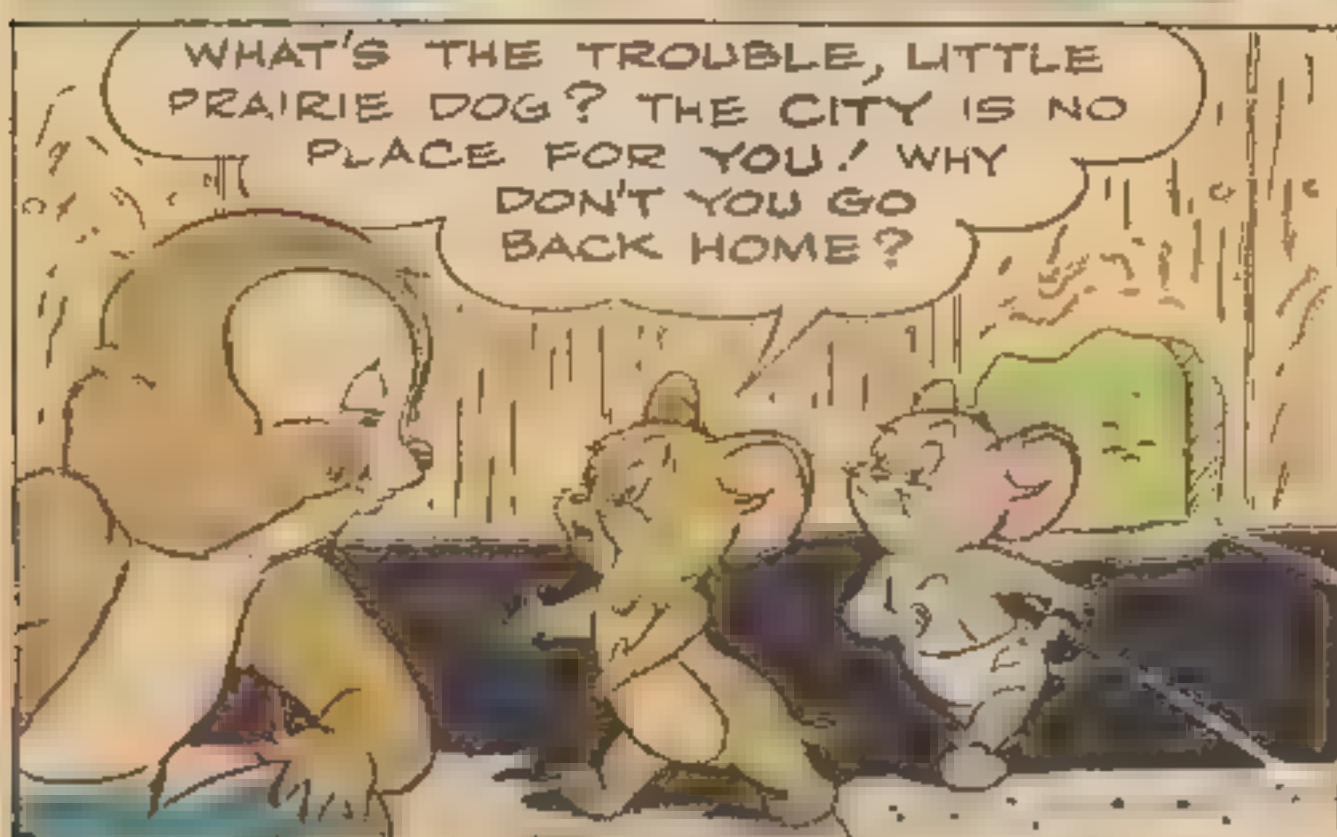
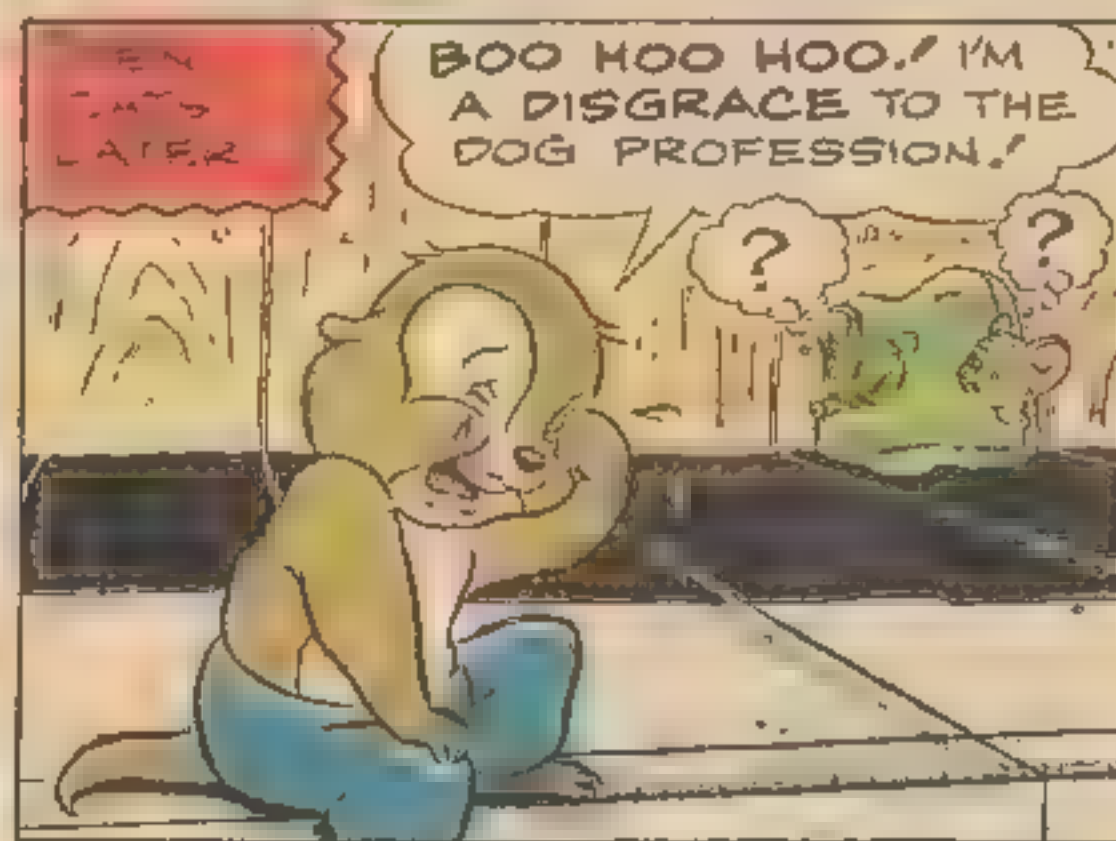
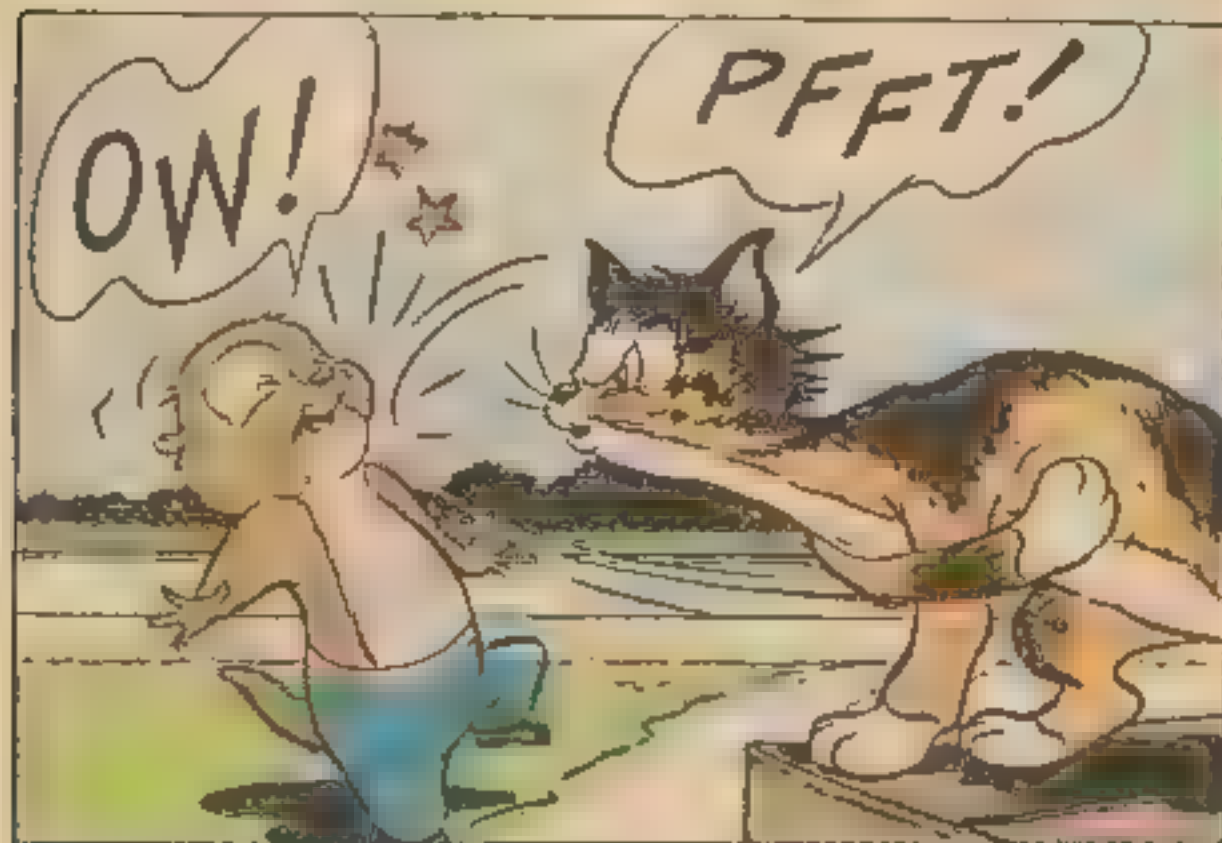
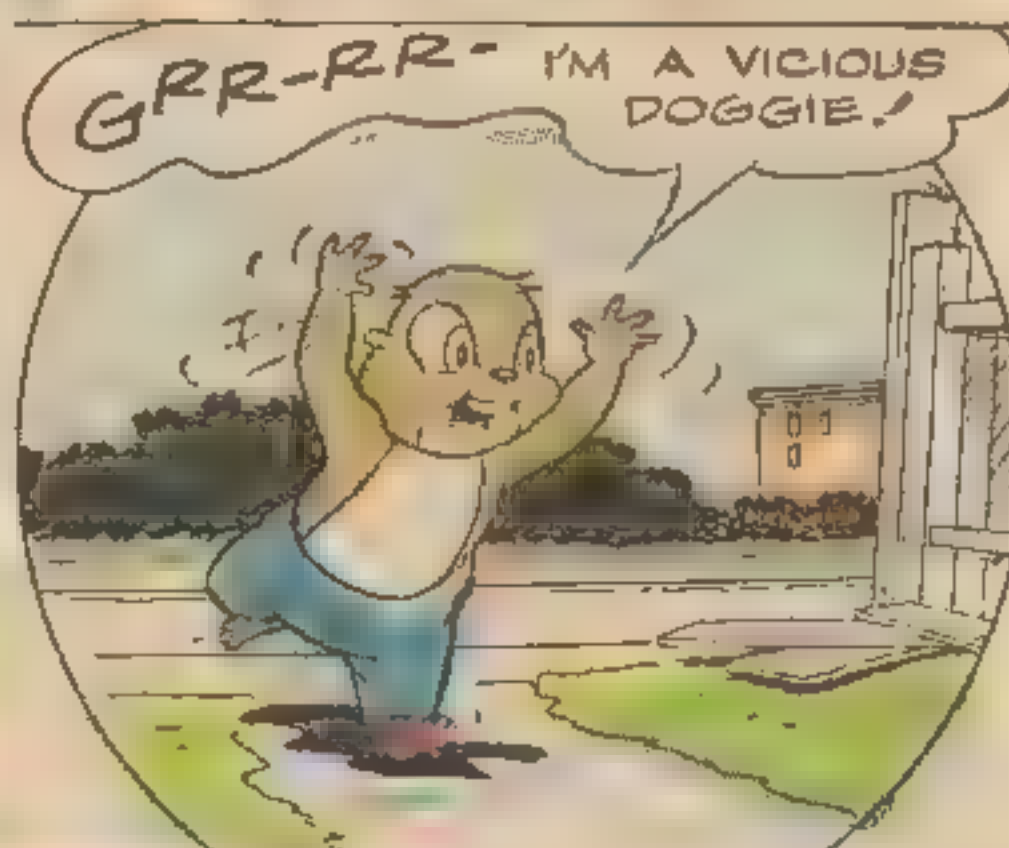
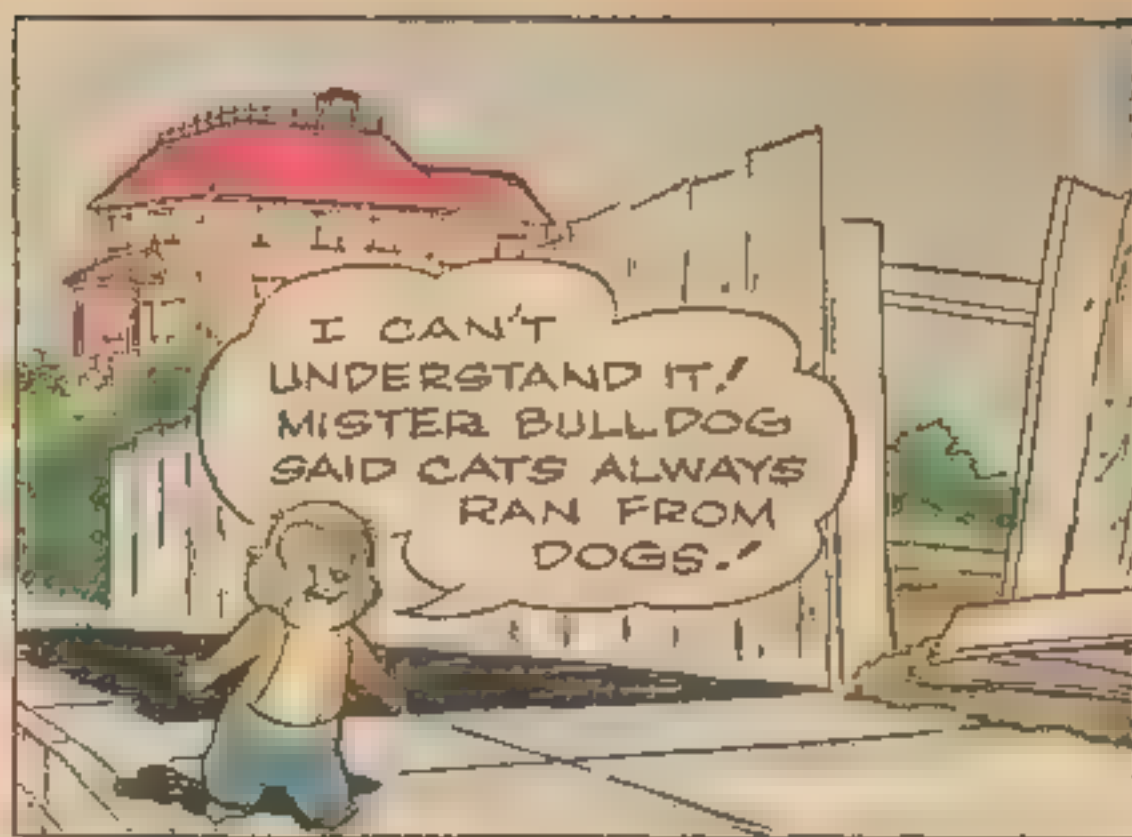
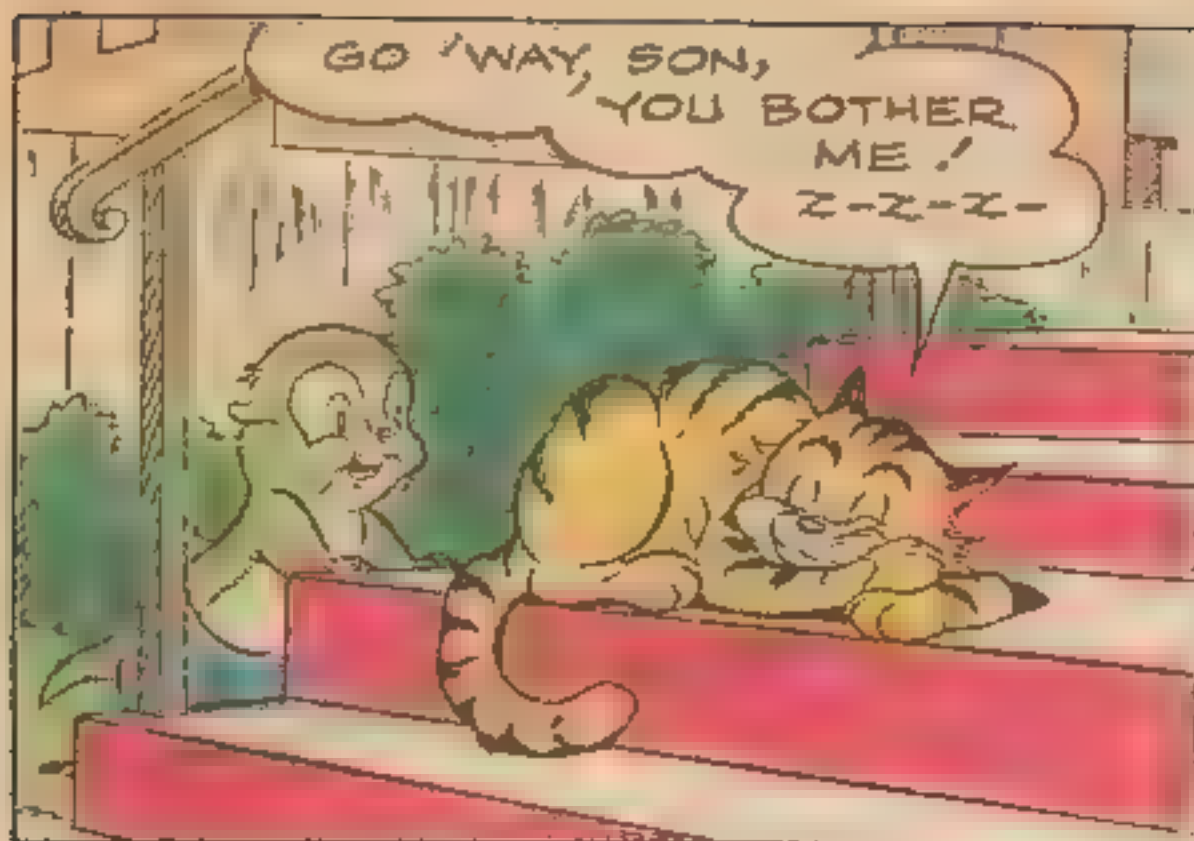




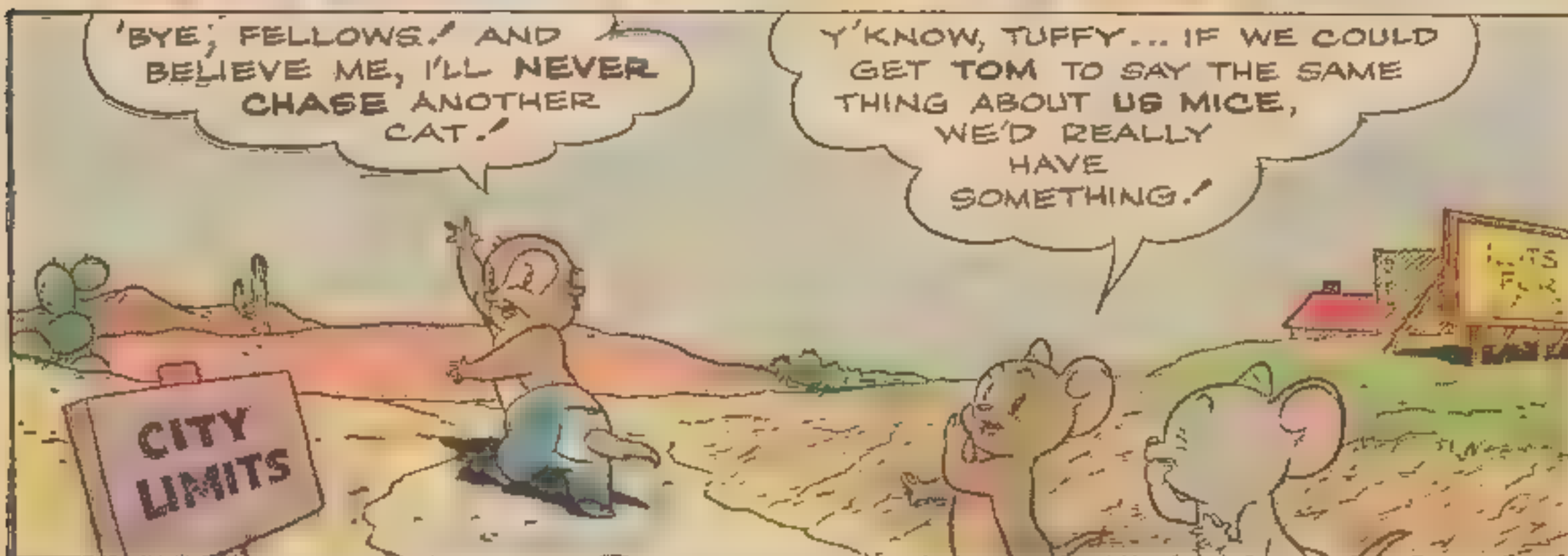
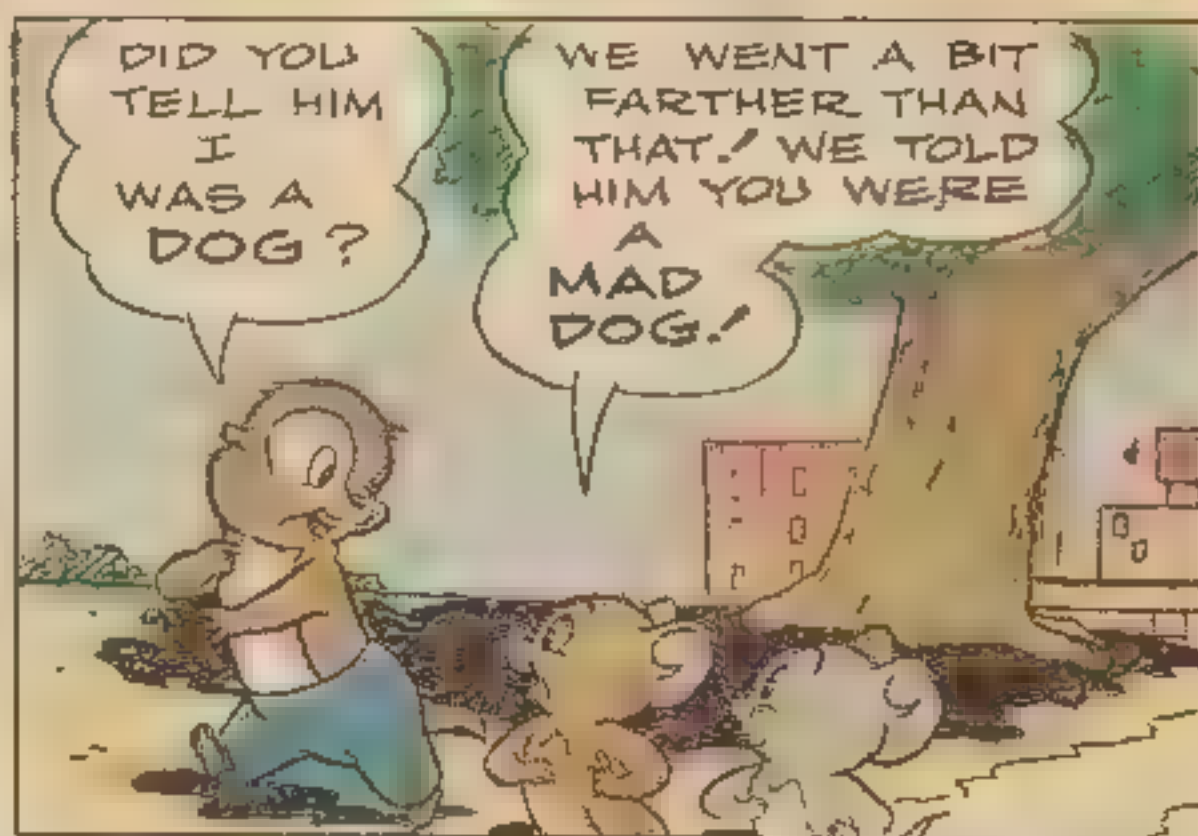
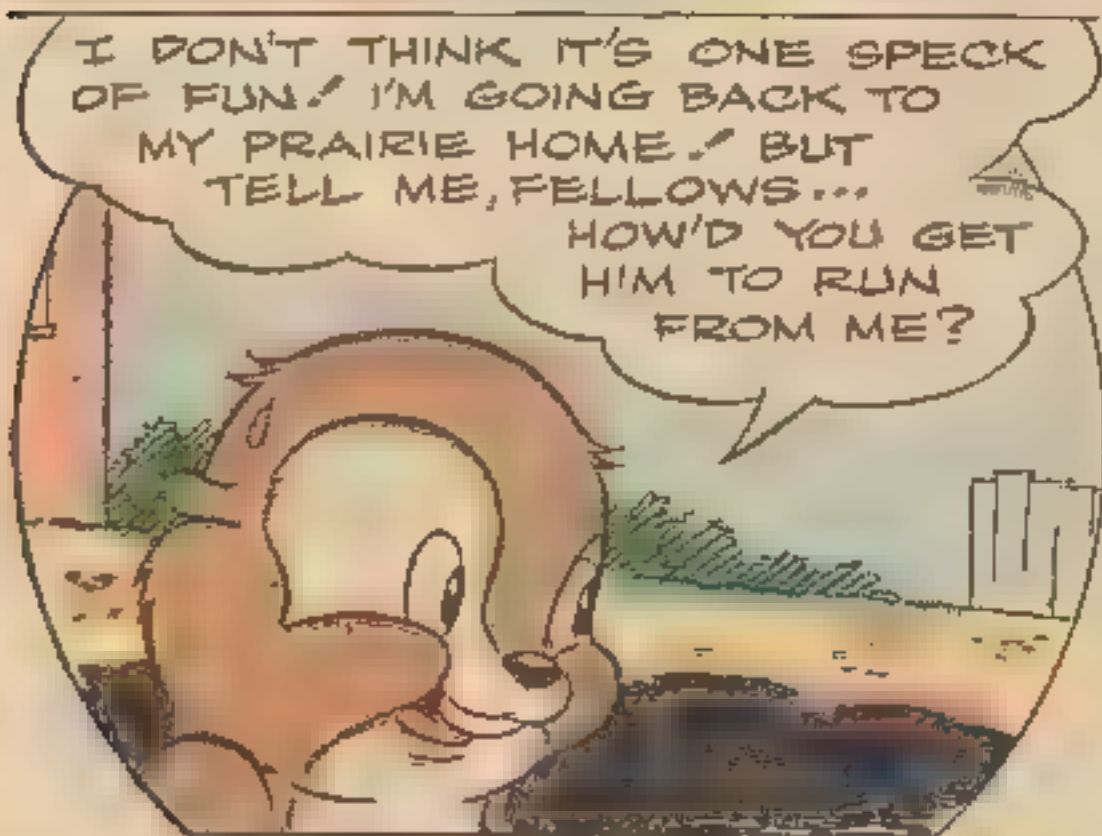
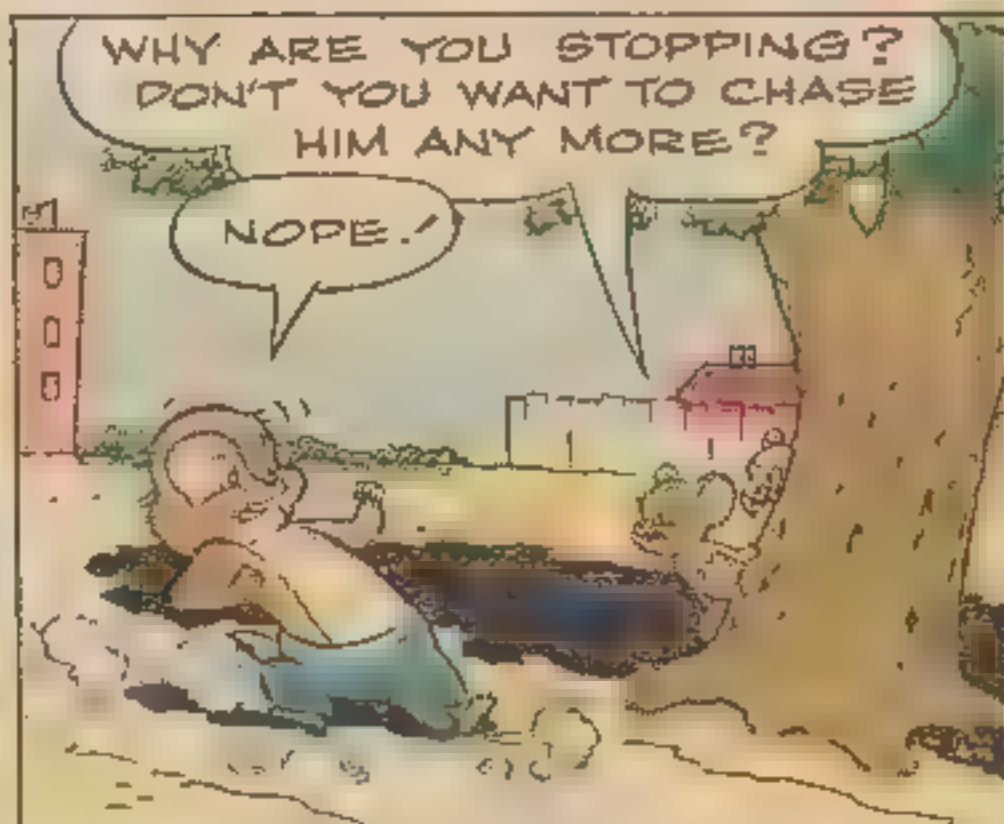
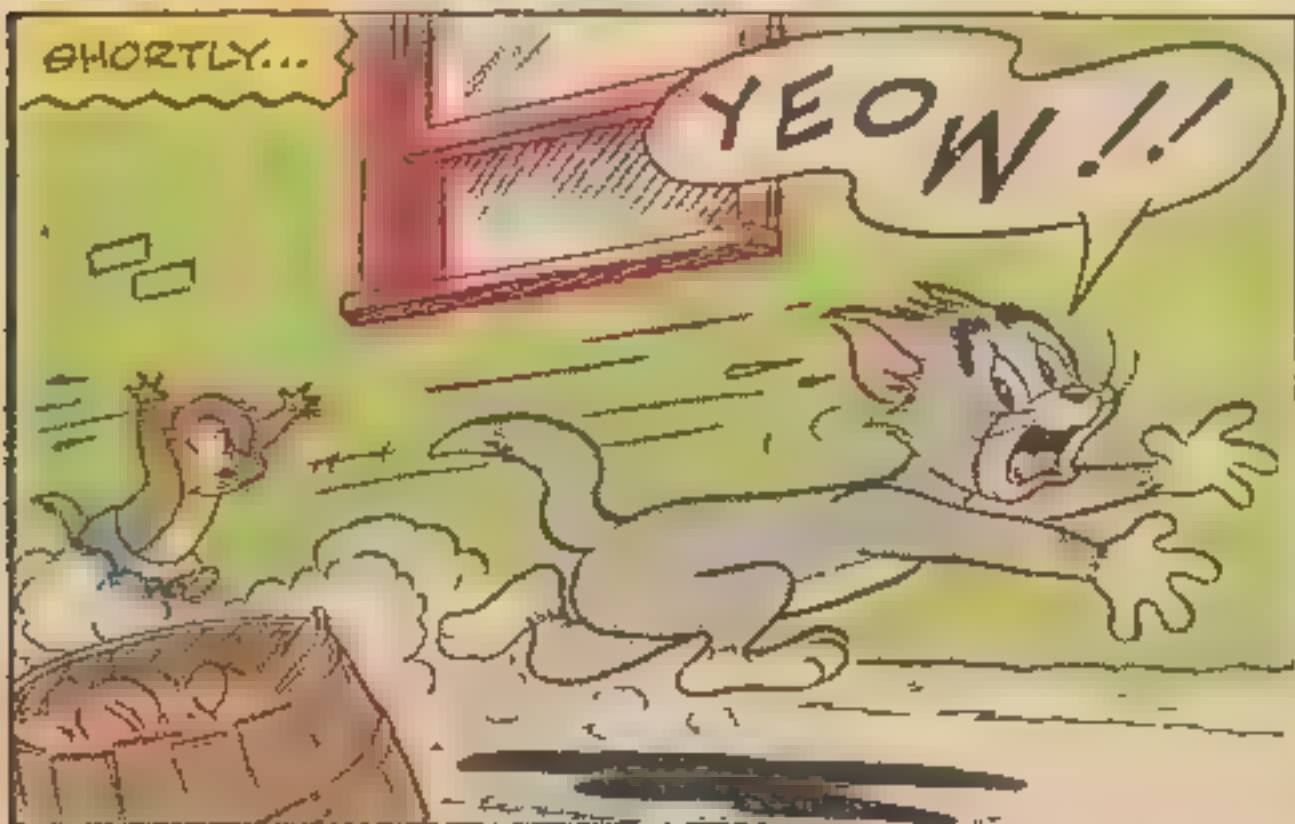
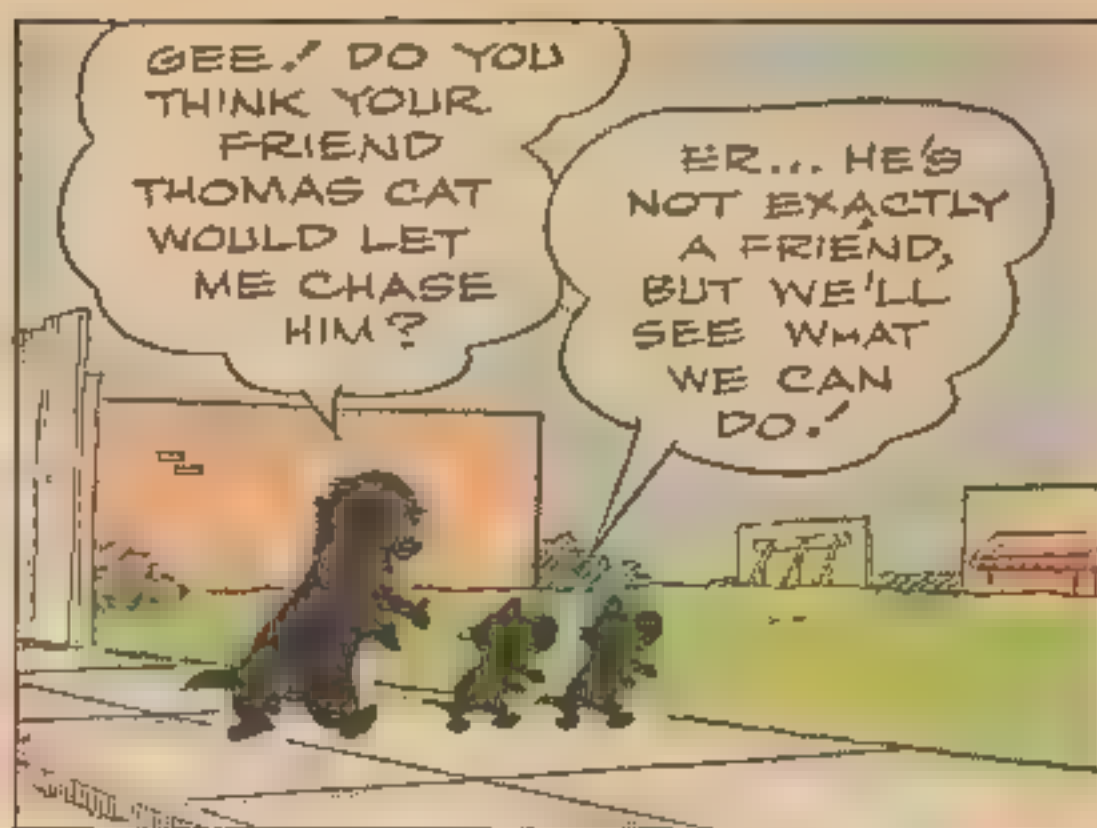
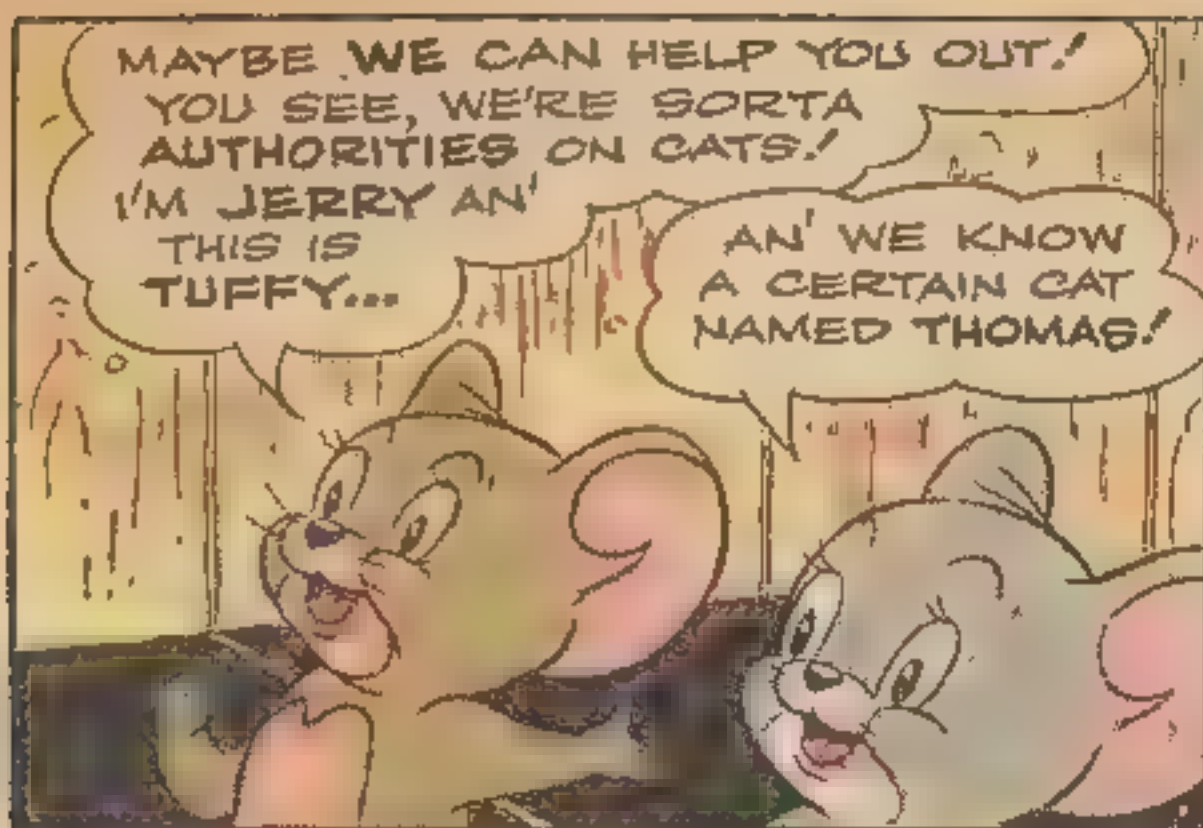














MGM CARTOONS PRESENT

# Barney Bear and Benny Burrito

YOU  
CERTAINLY  
ARE AMBITIOUS  
THESE DAYS,  
BARNEY!

YES, I GET A LOTTA  
PLEASURE FROM HAVIN'  
PEOPLE ADMIRE MY  
NICE HOME,  
BENNY!

YESSIR... YOU SURE  
GET RESPECT WHEN YOU  
SHOW PRIDE IN YOUR  
PLACE!

SEE, BENNY...  
THERE'S SOME  
PEOPLE ADMIRIN'  
IT NOW!

HEY, POP!  
HERE'S A  
NICE  
PLACE!

YEAH!  
LET'S STOP  
HERE FOR OUR  
PICNIC!

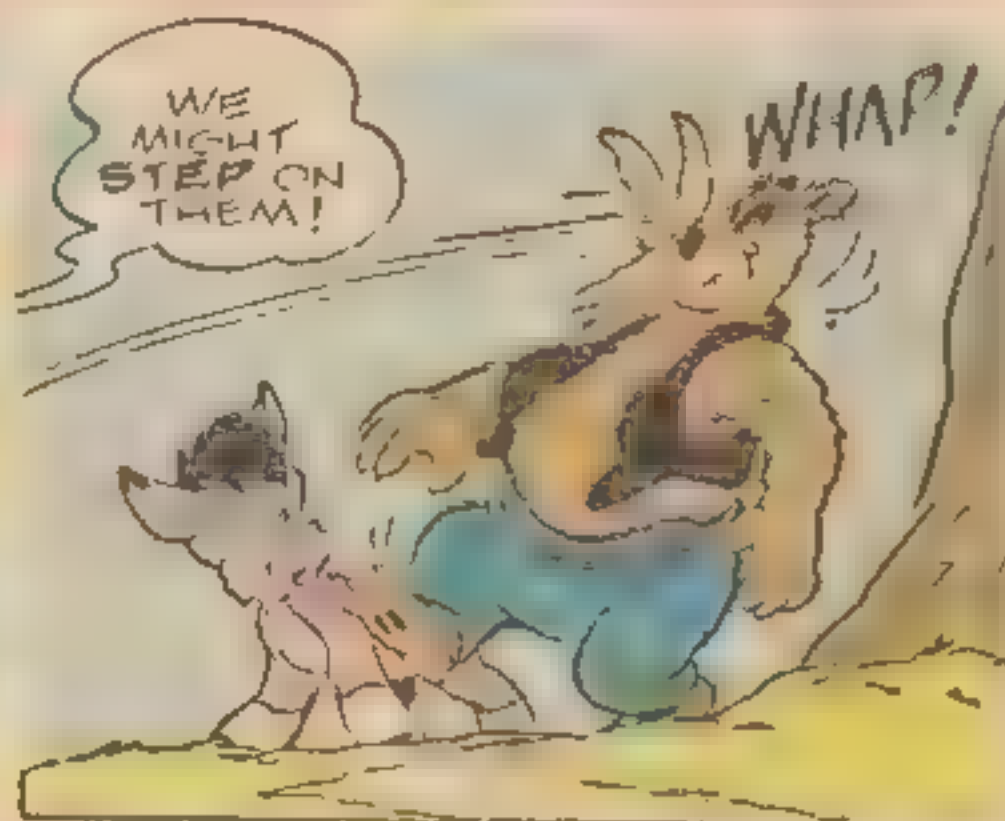
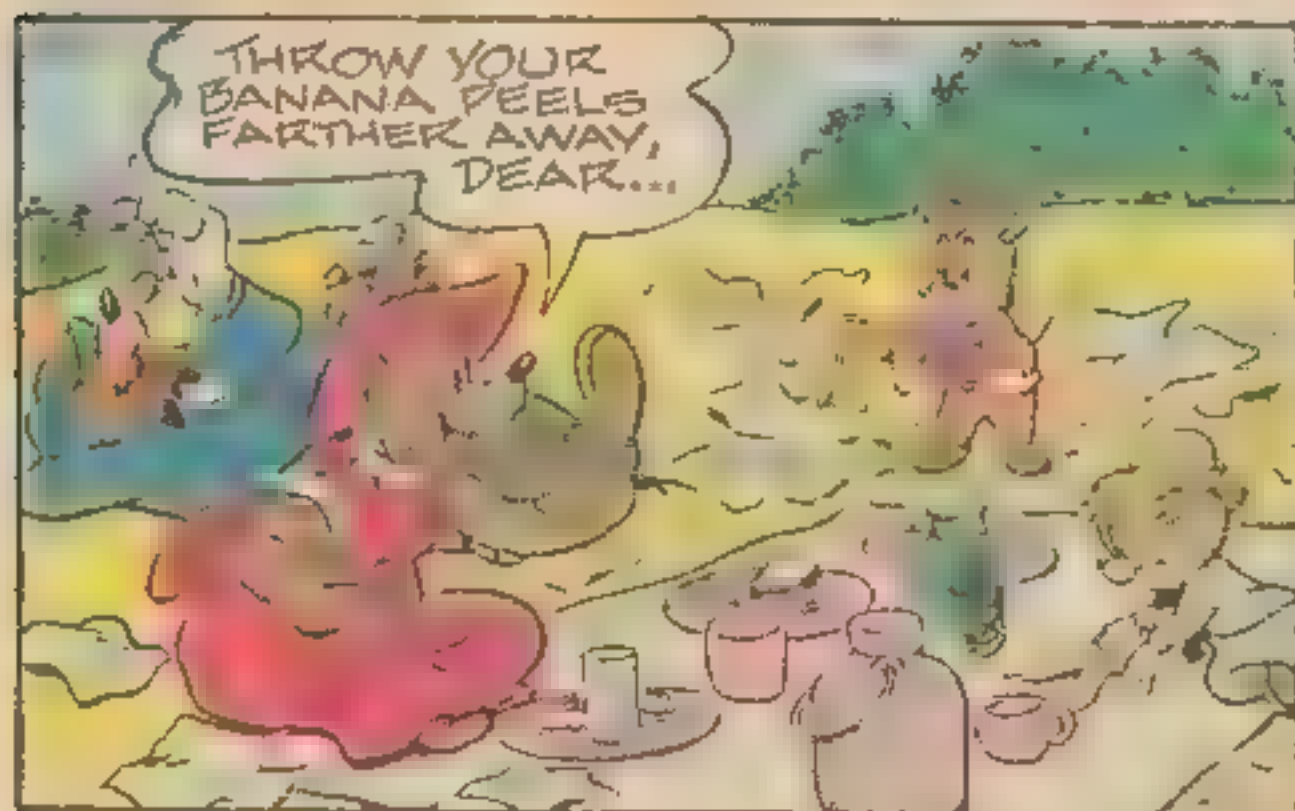
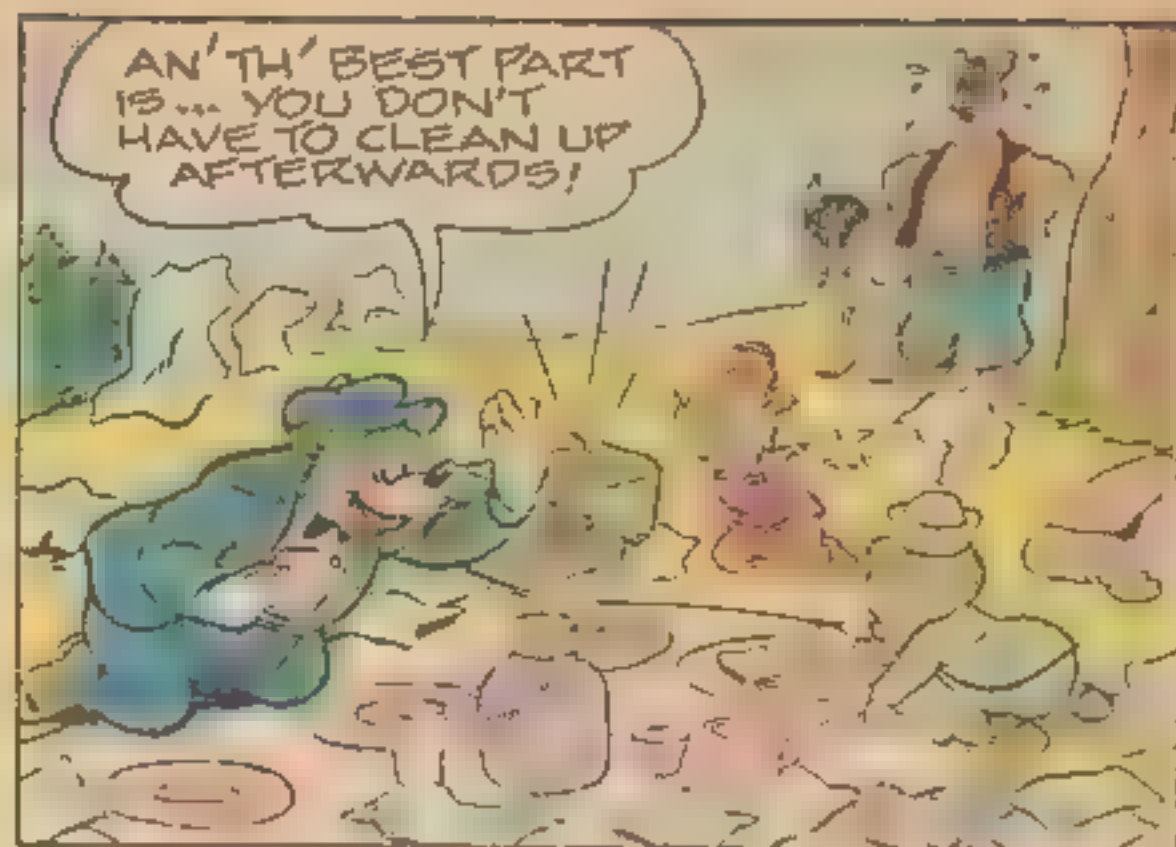
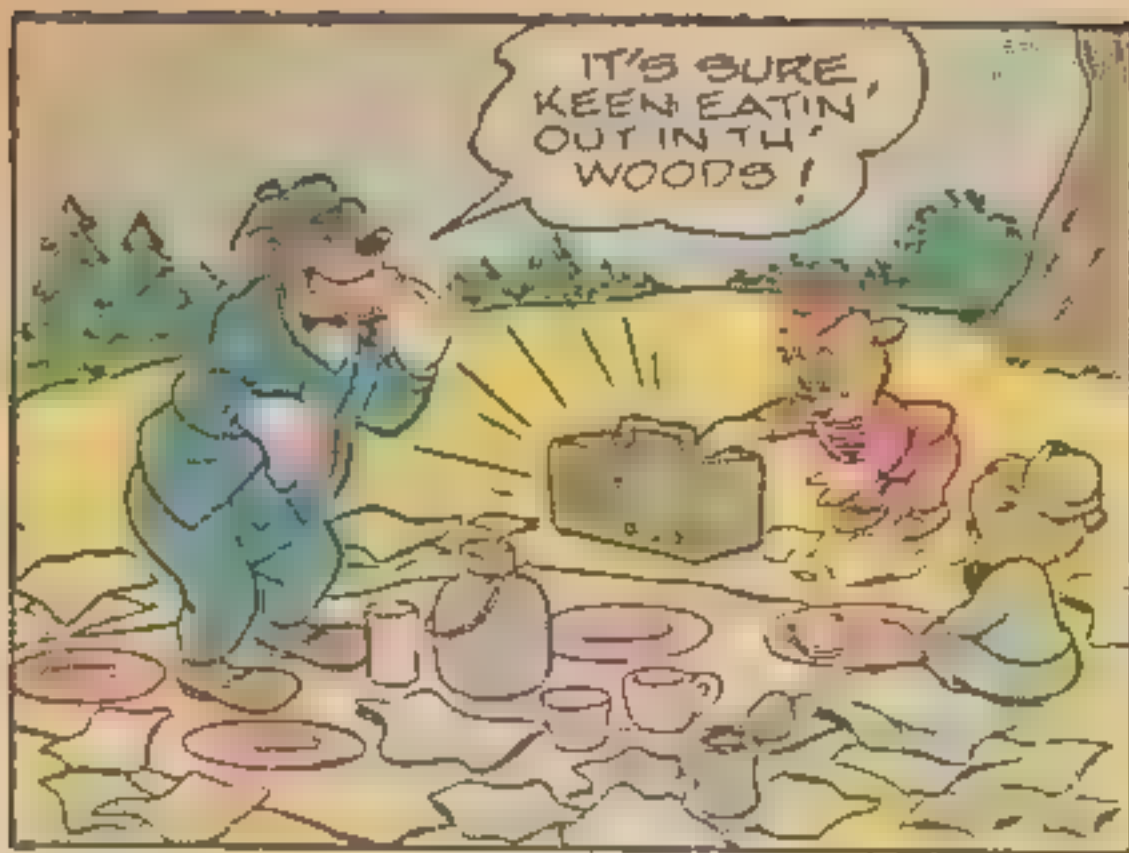
NOW TO SPREAD  
OUT TH' CHOW AN'  
STUFF!

WHY...  
THEY'RE  
COMIN'  
TO SEE  
ME!

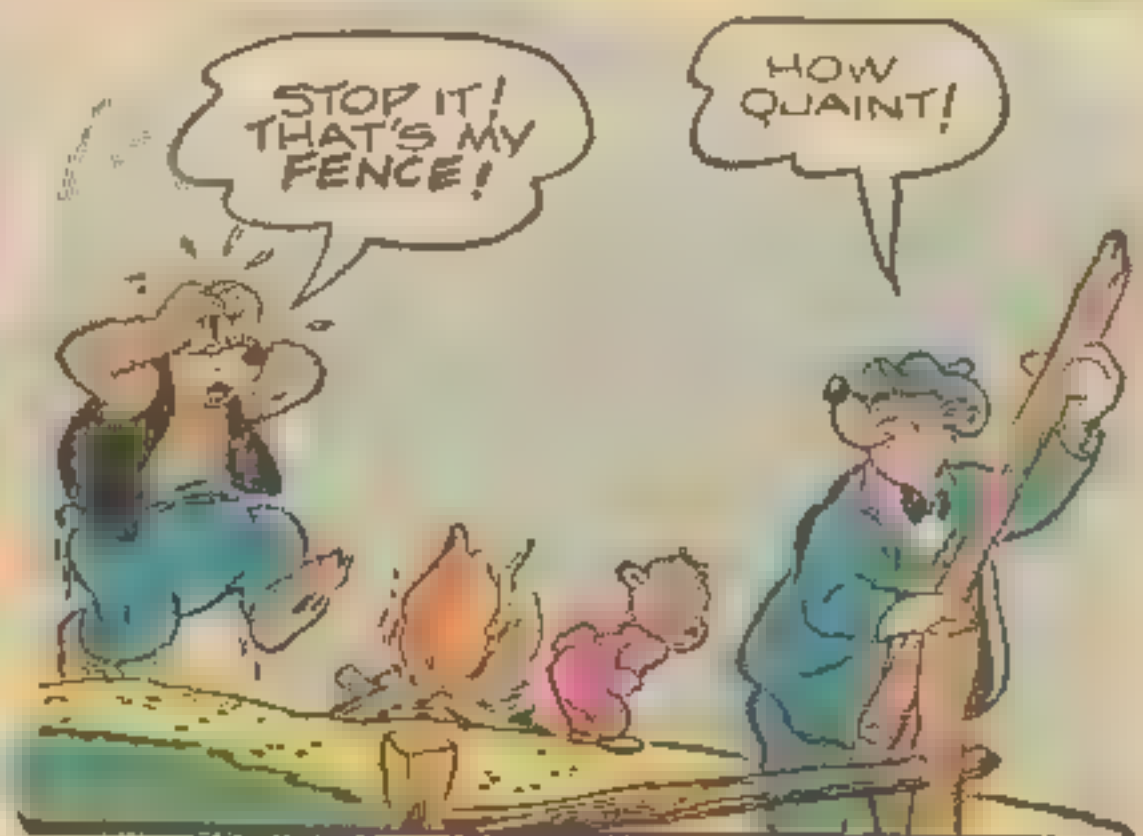
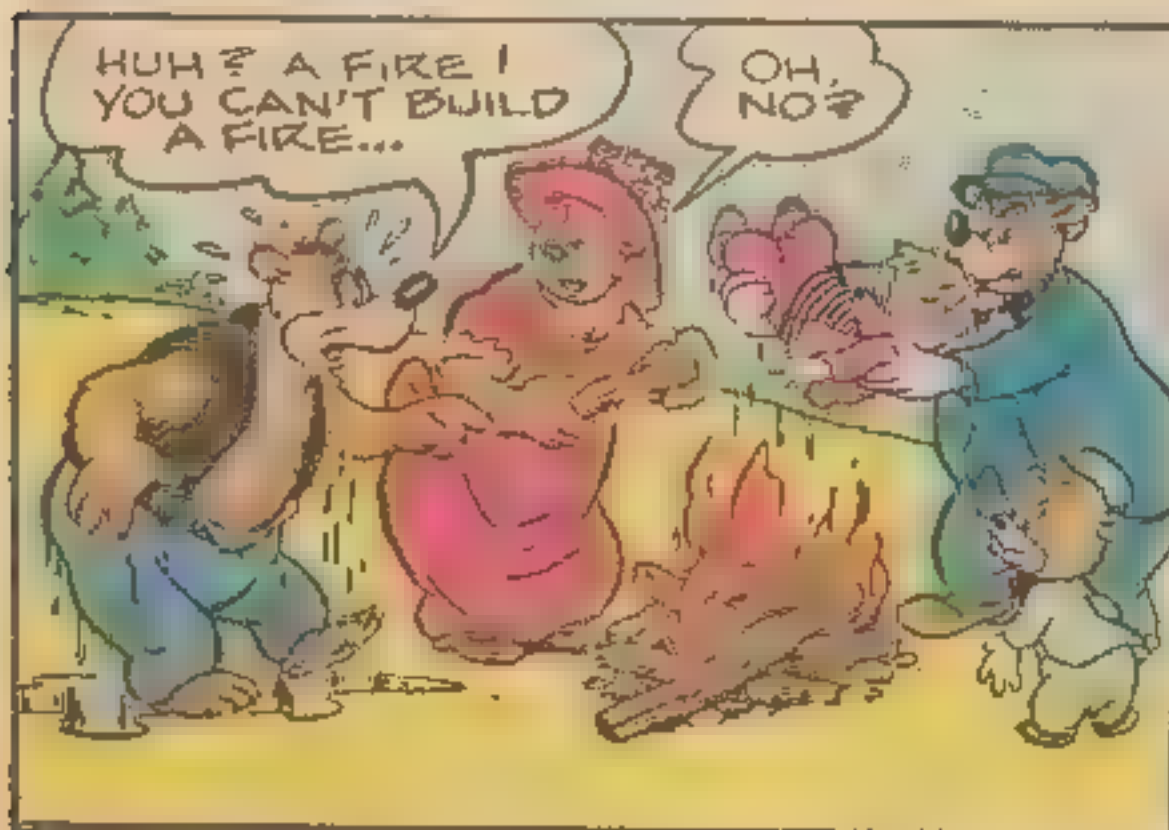
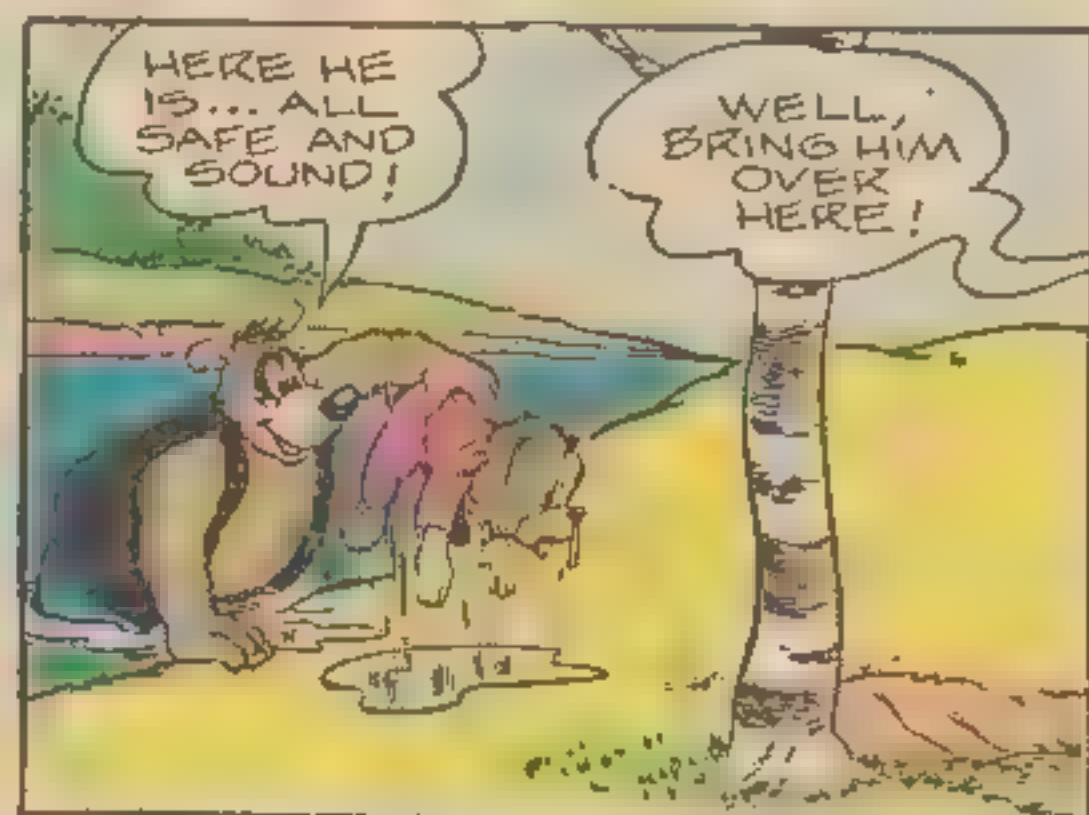
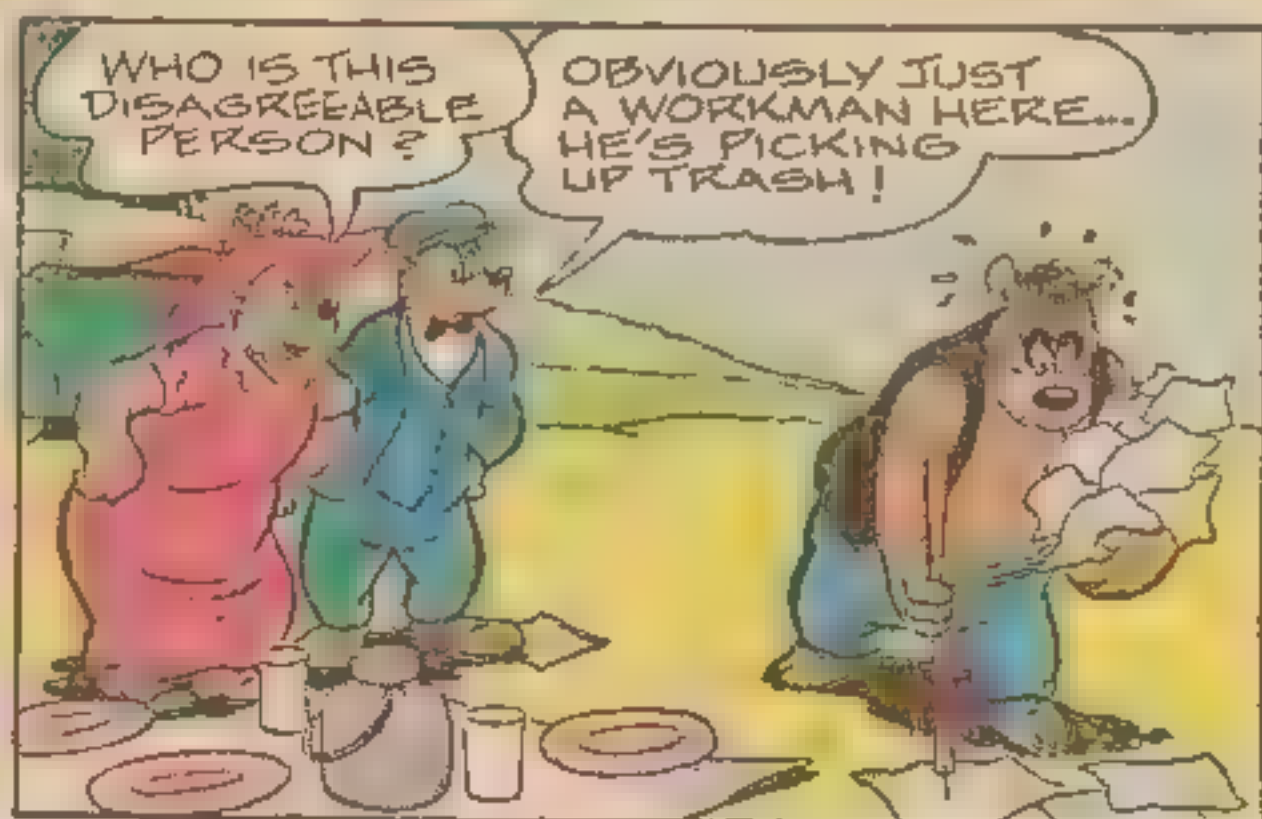
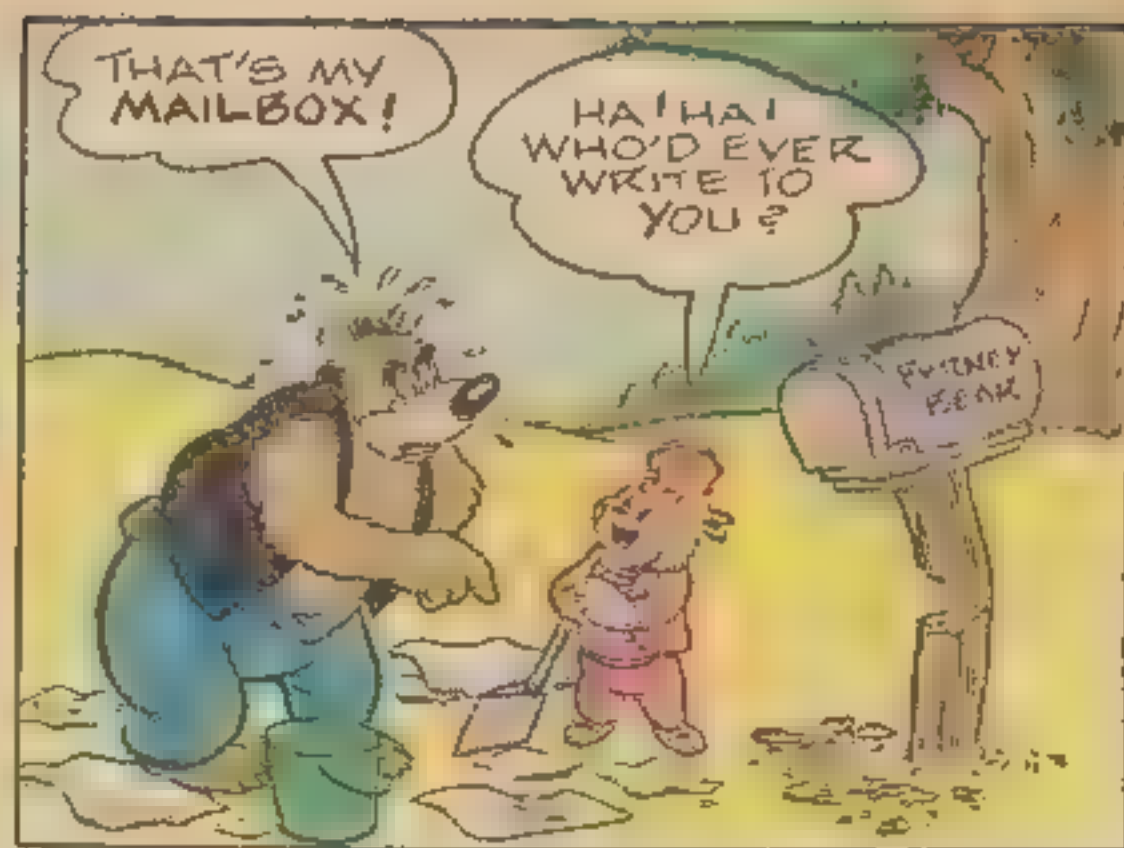
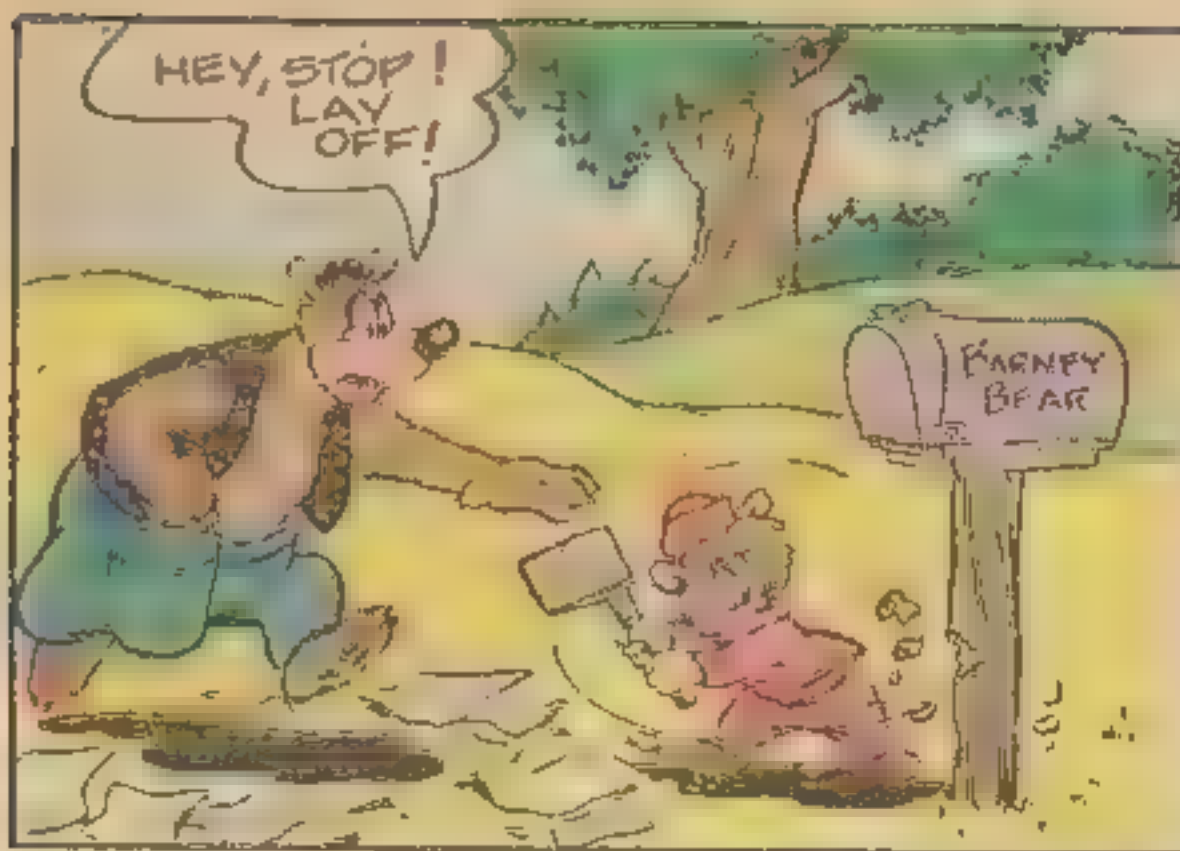
GET TH'  
RADIO, AN' TURN  
IT UP REAL  
LOUD!

YEAH!  
IT'S TOO  
QUIET  
HERE!

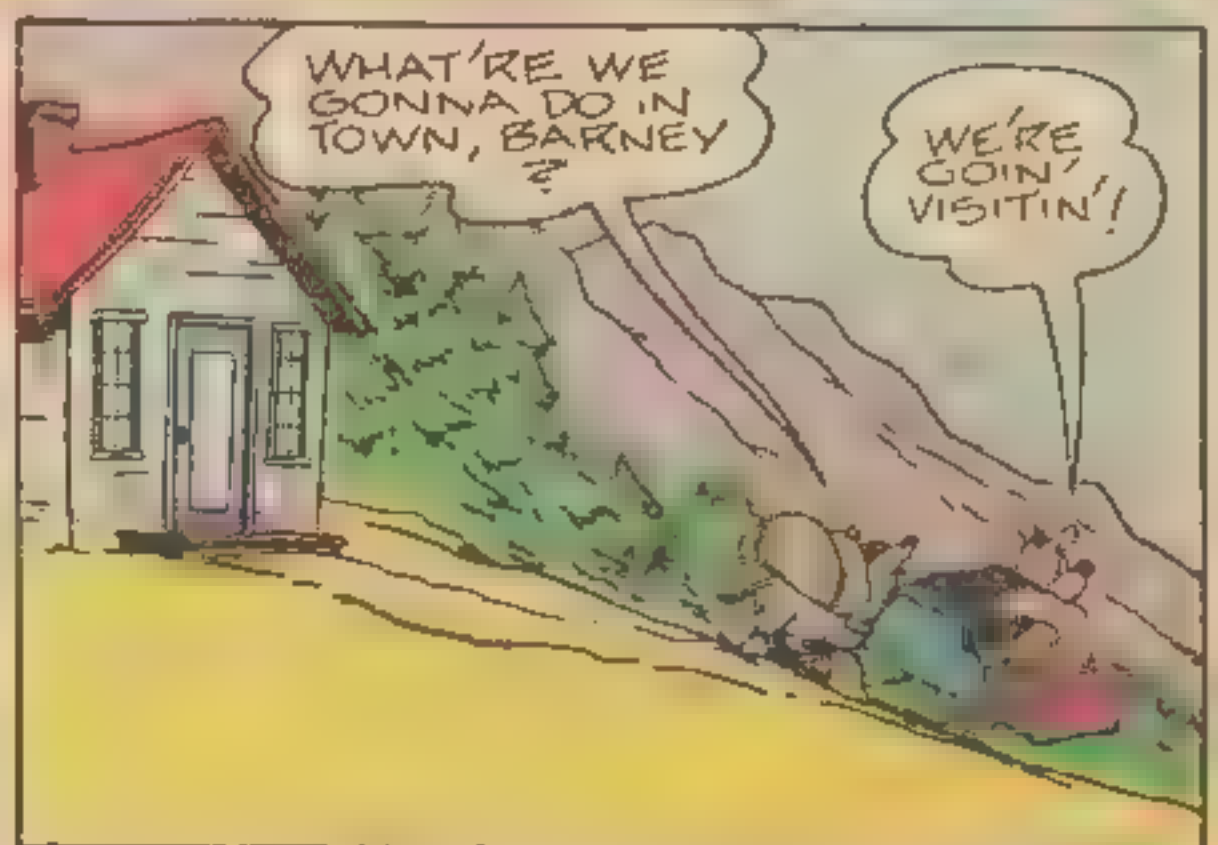
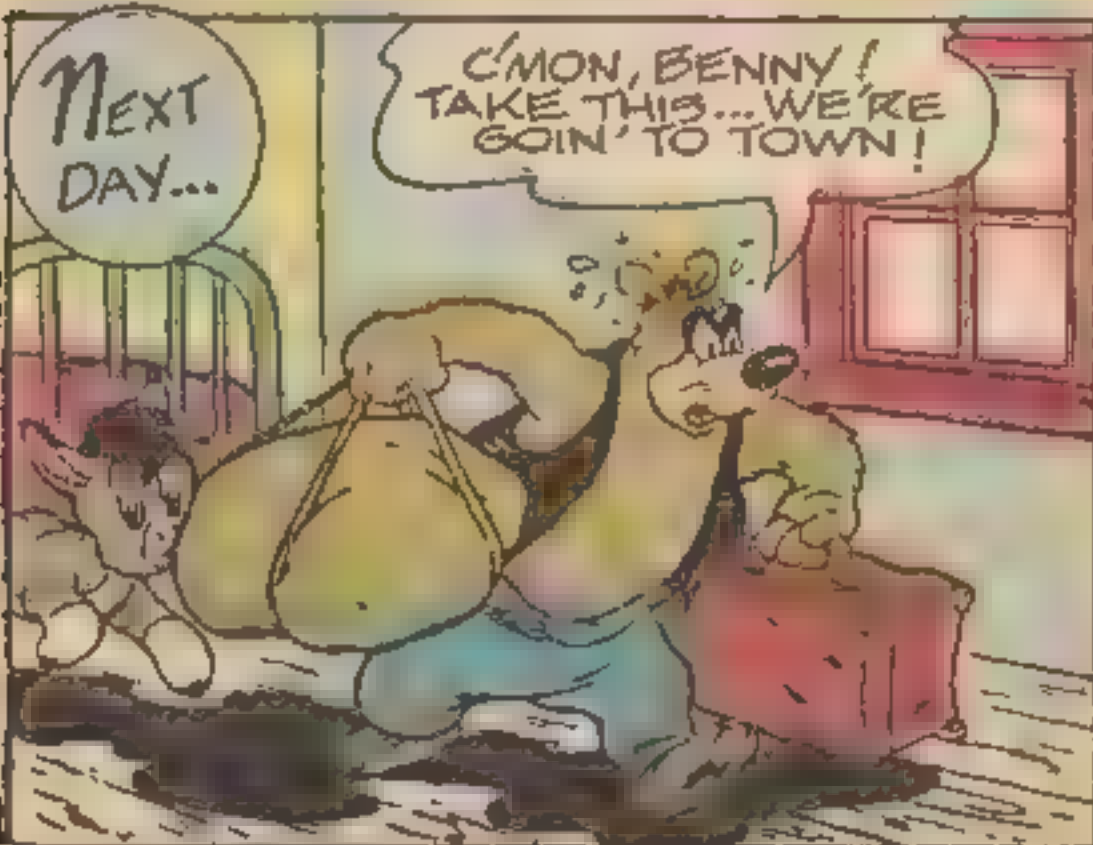
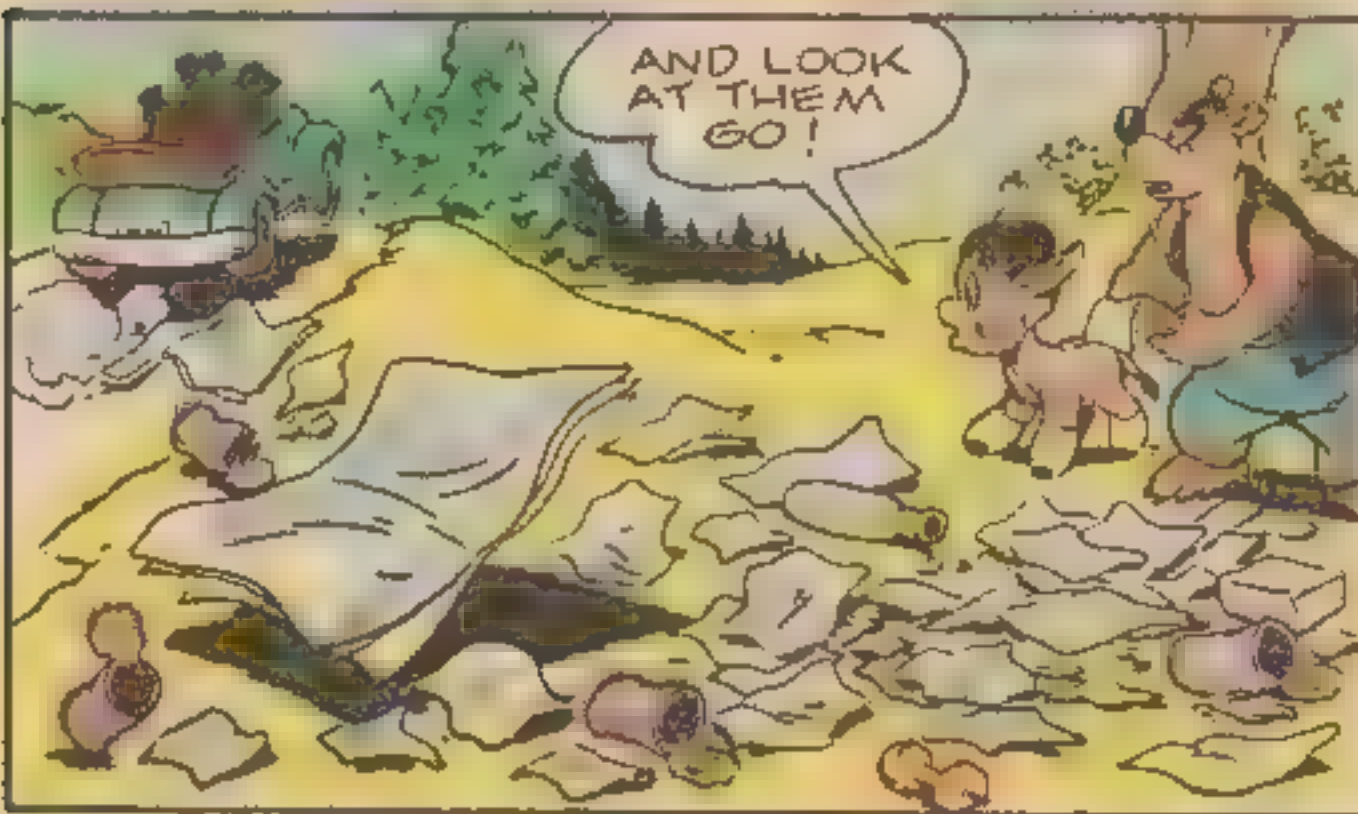
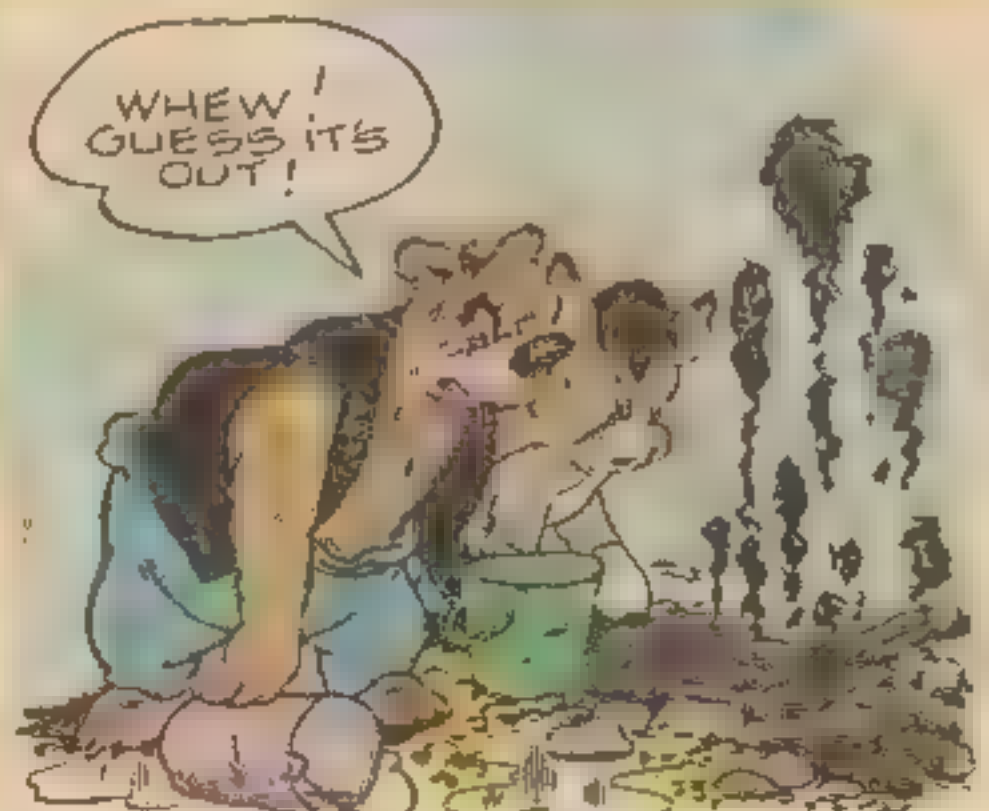
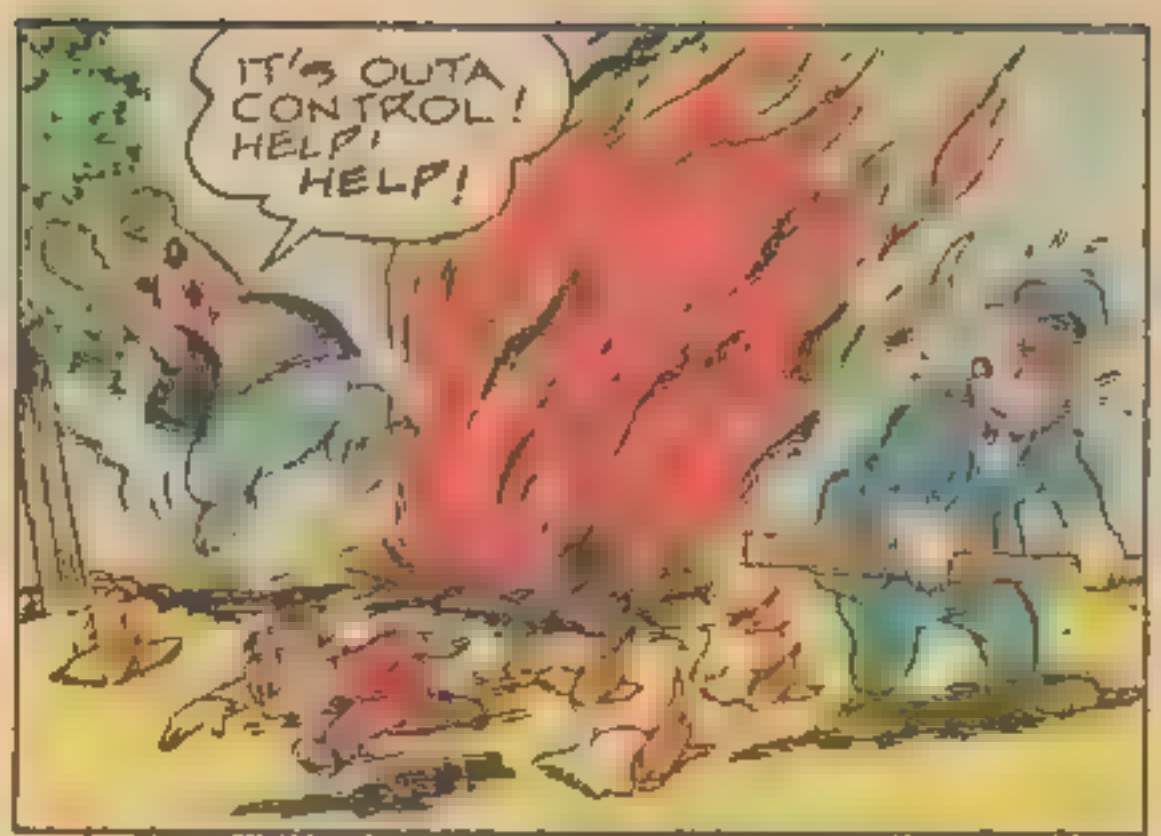
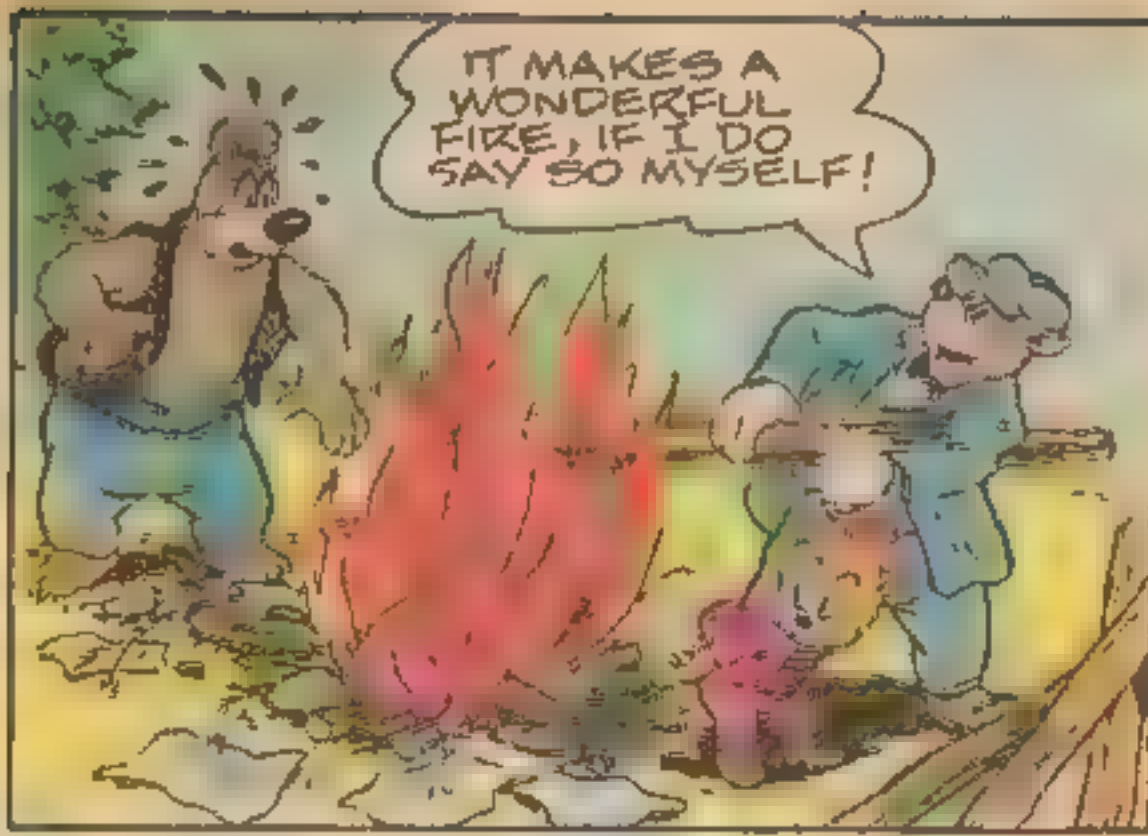




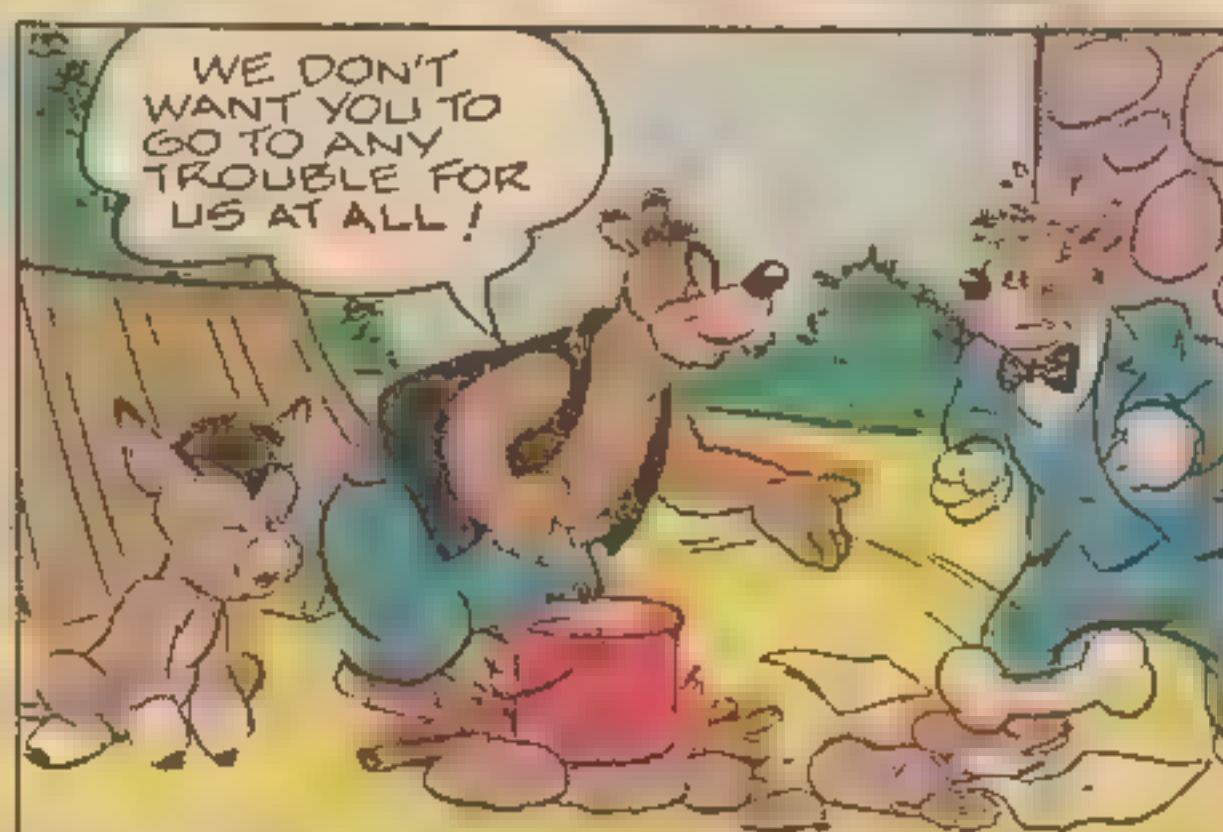
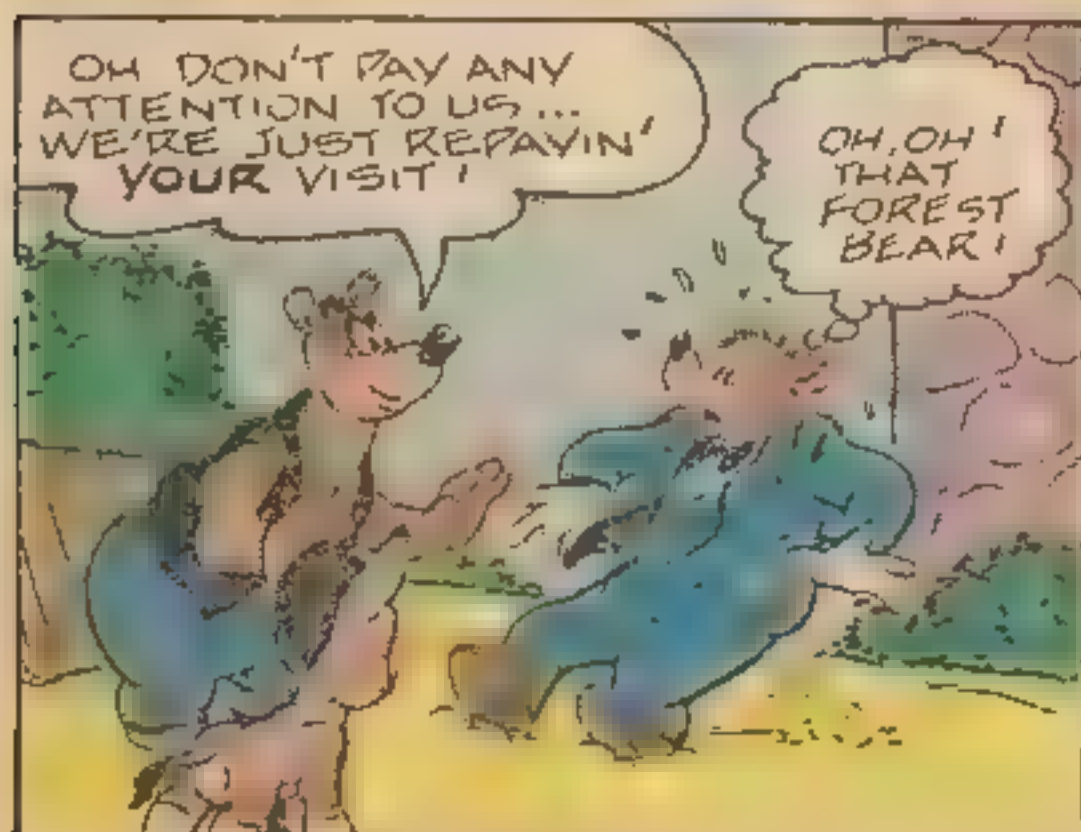
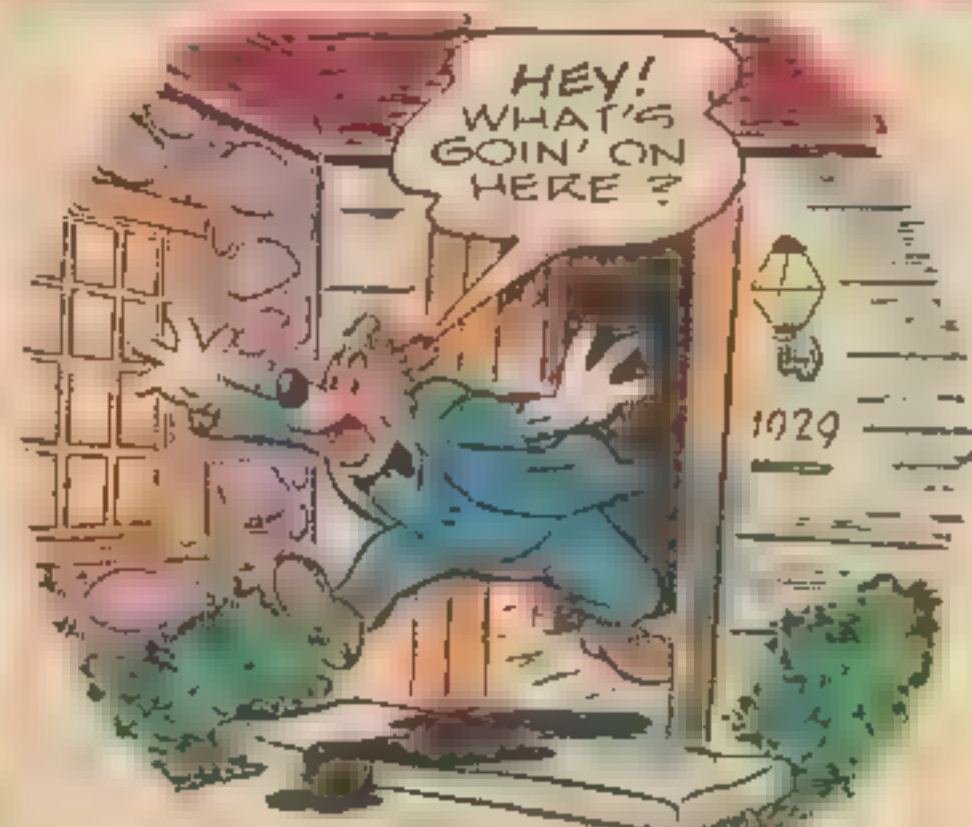
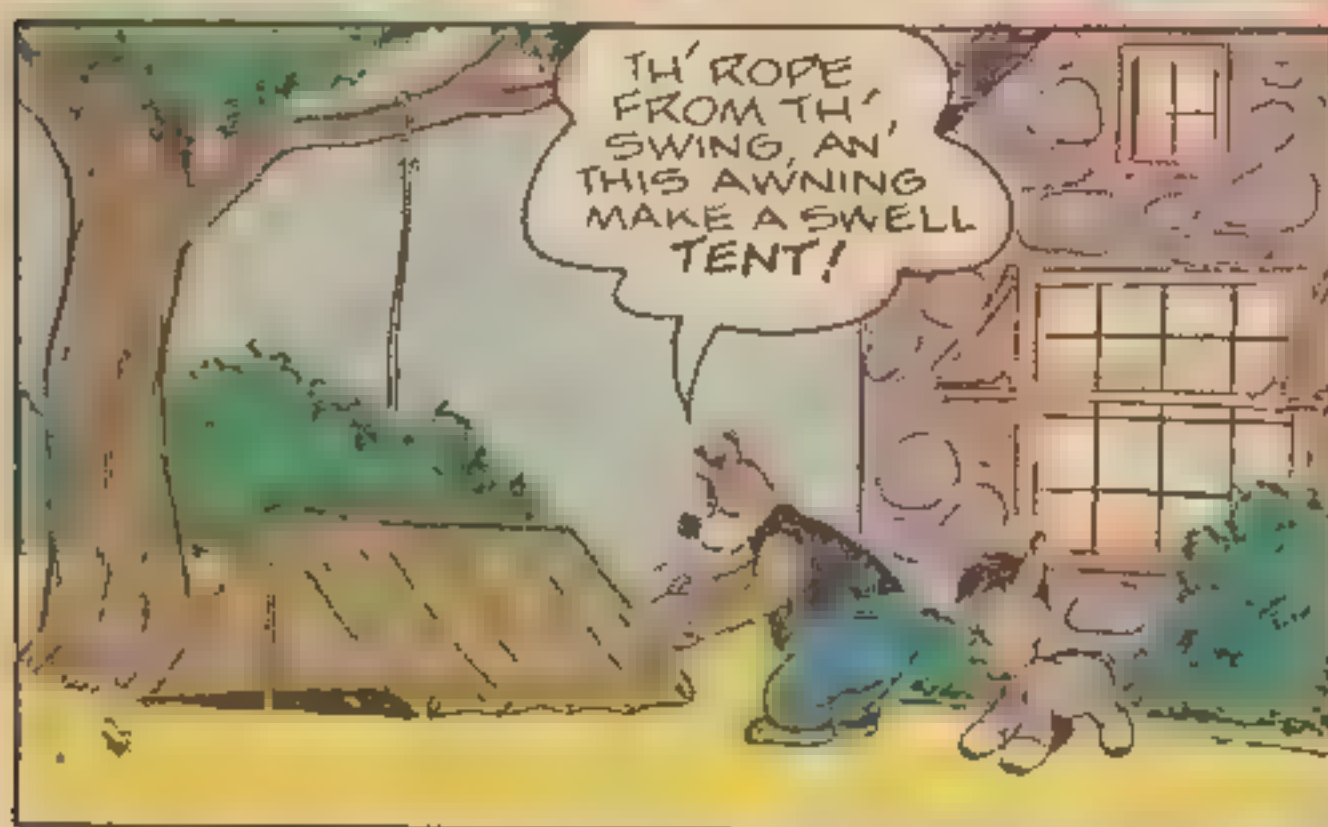
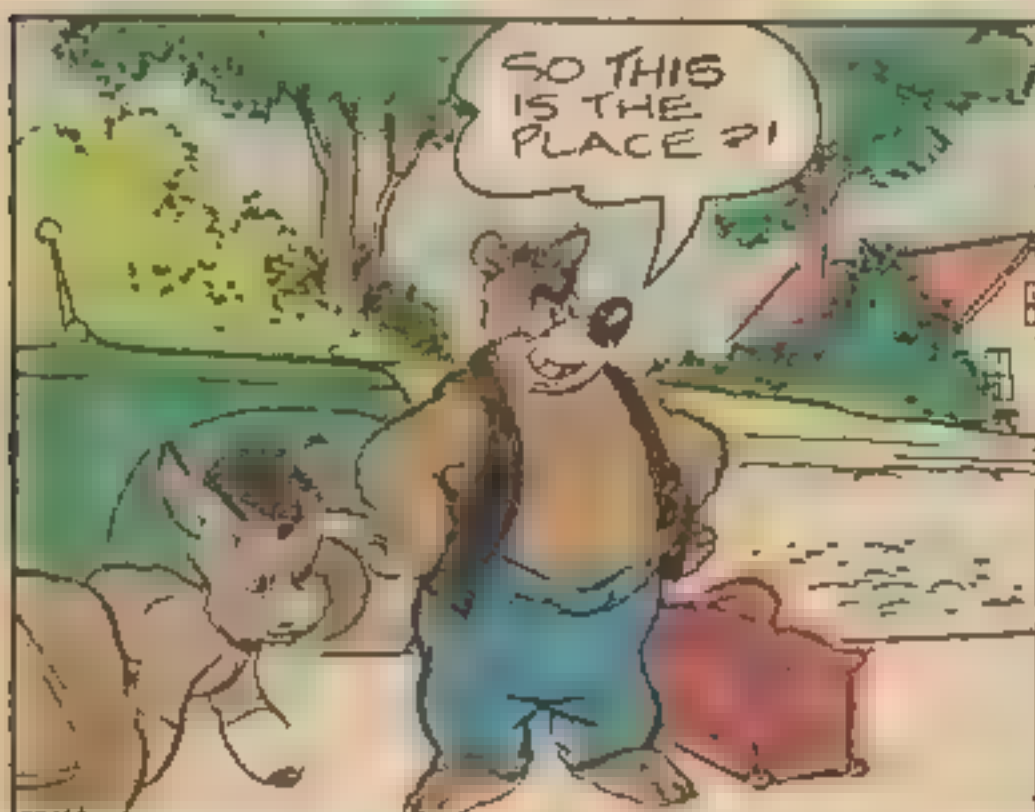
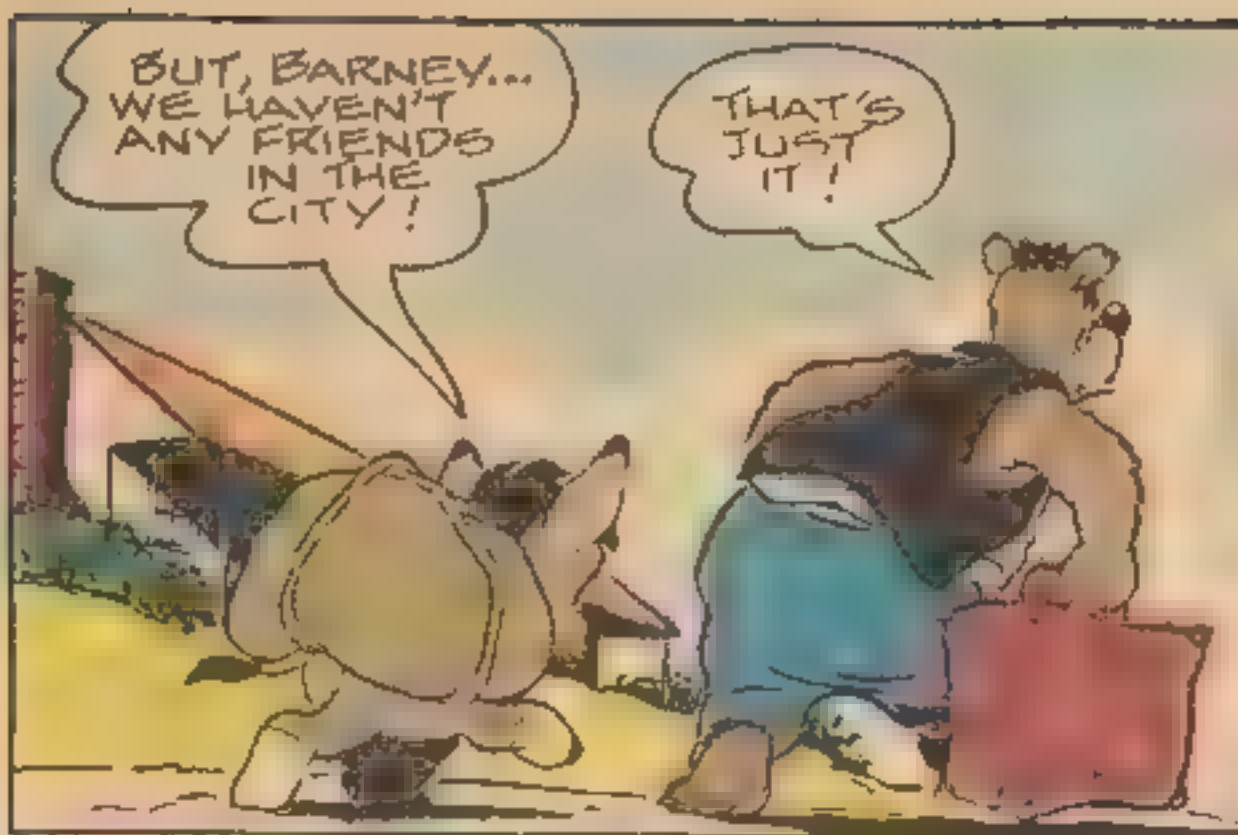




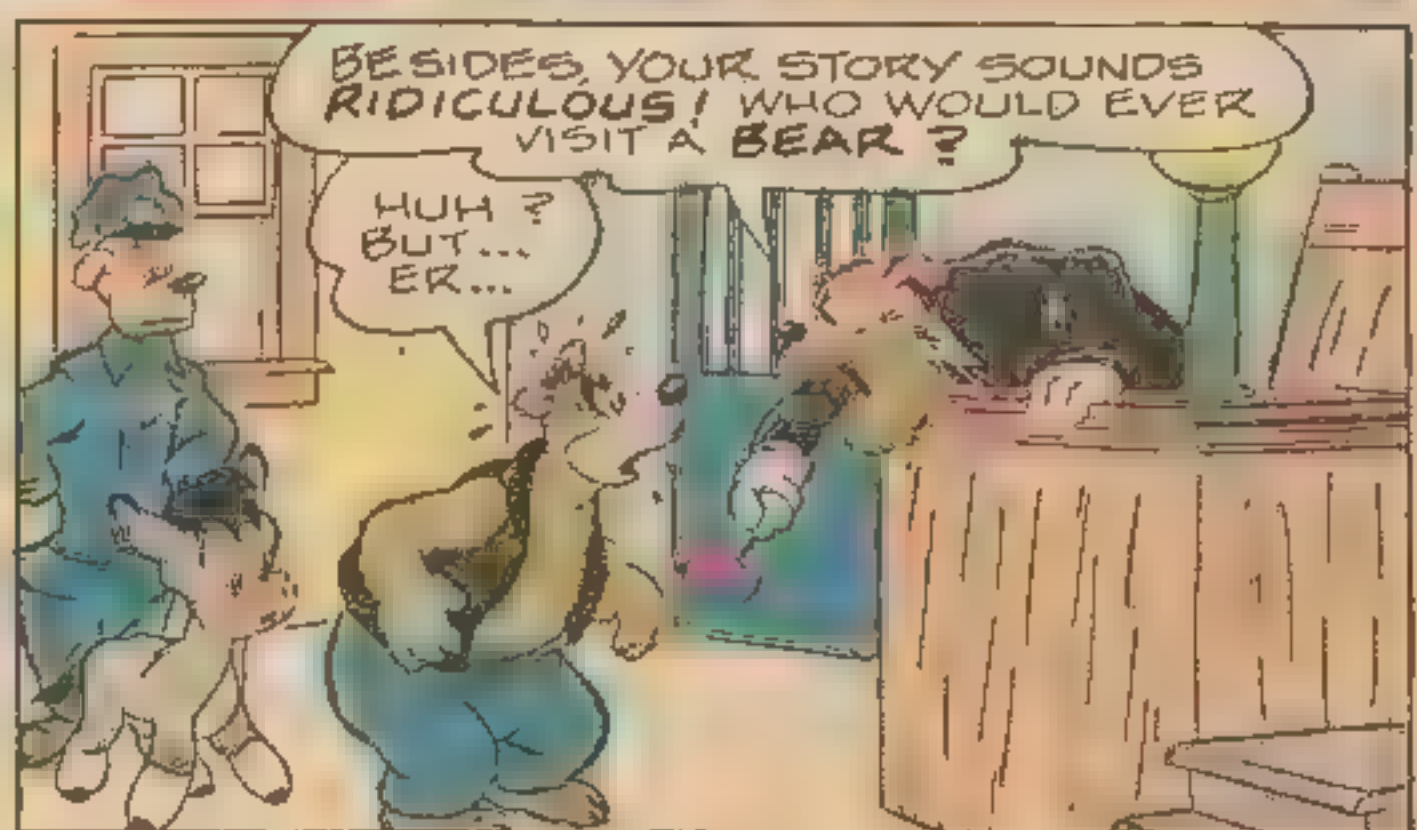
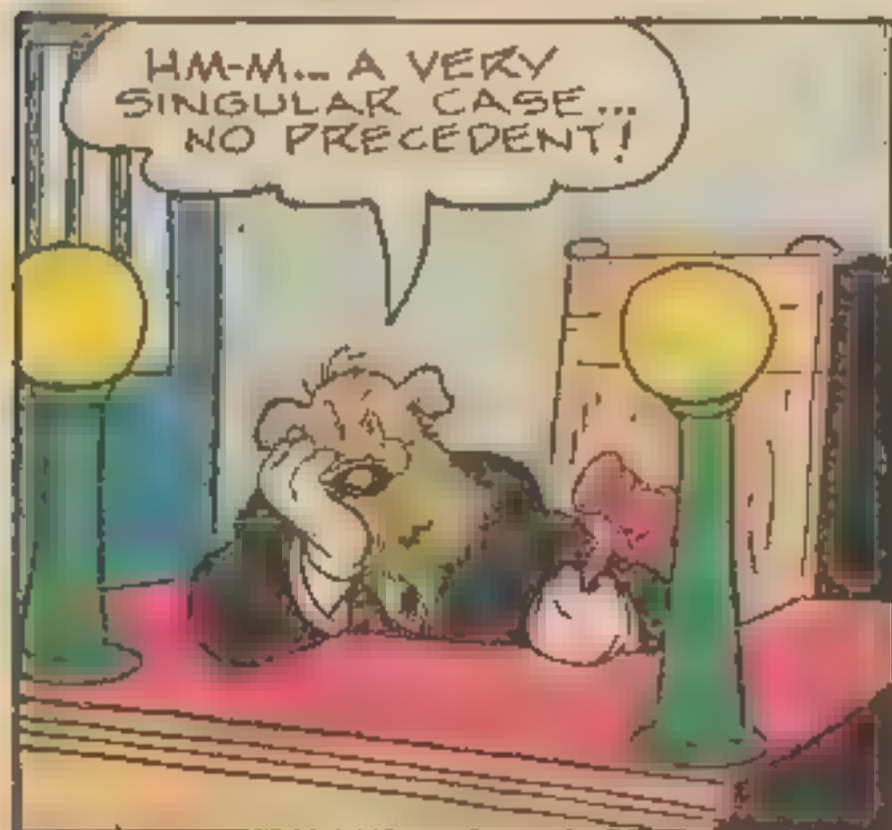
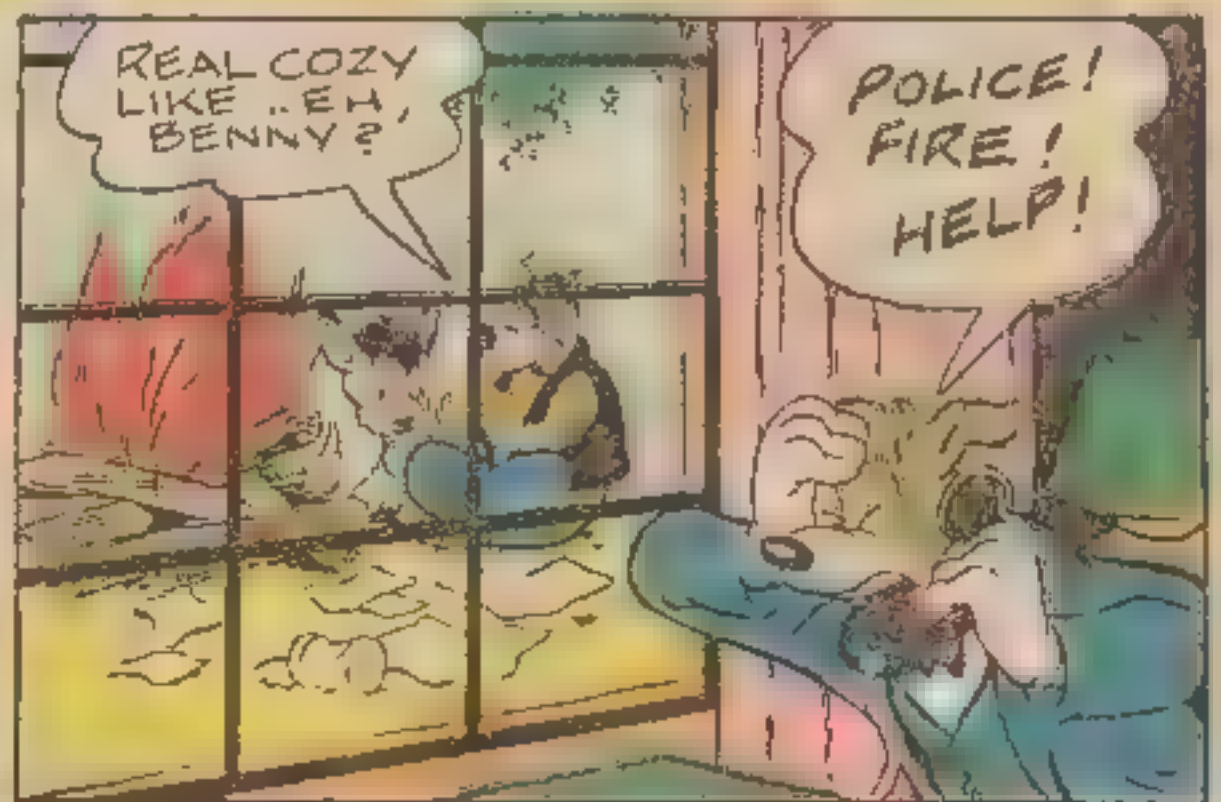
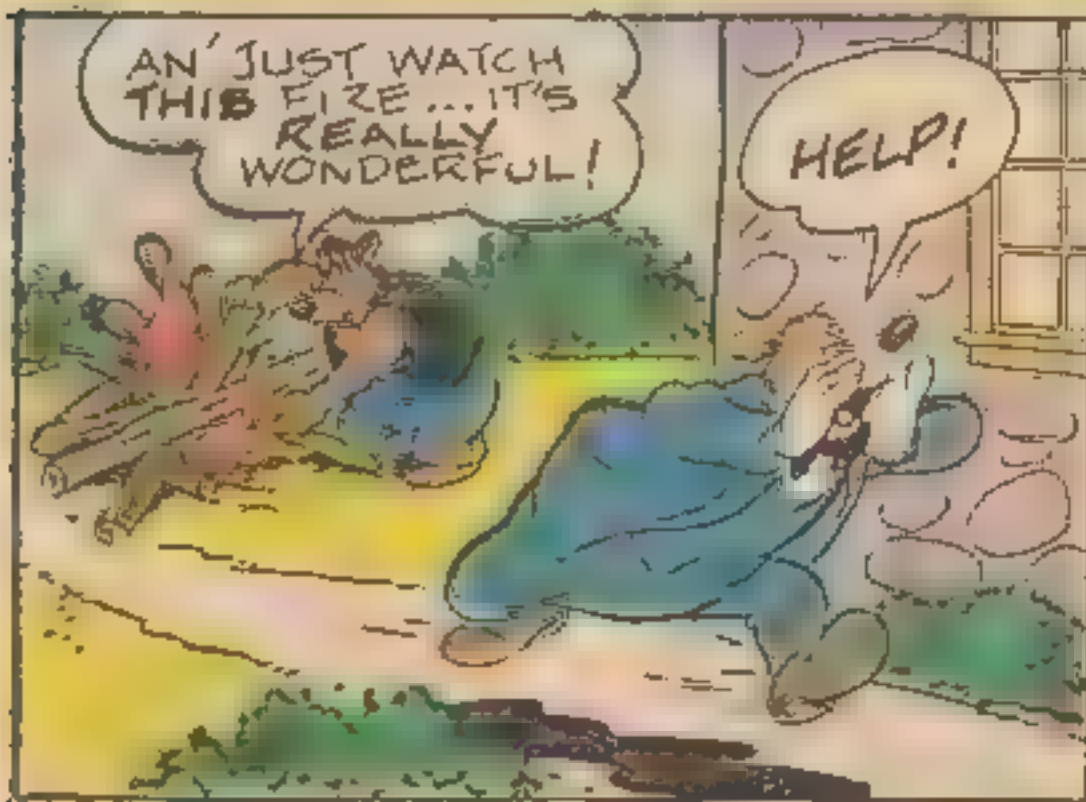
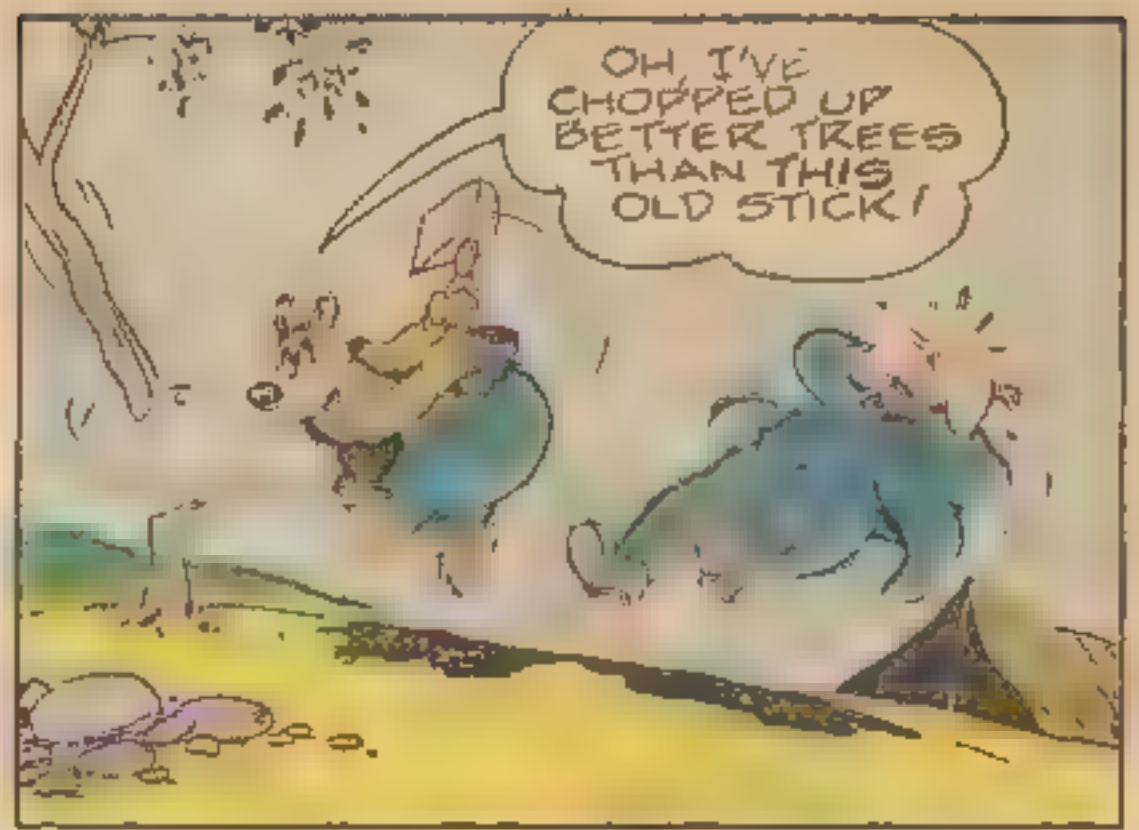




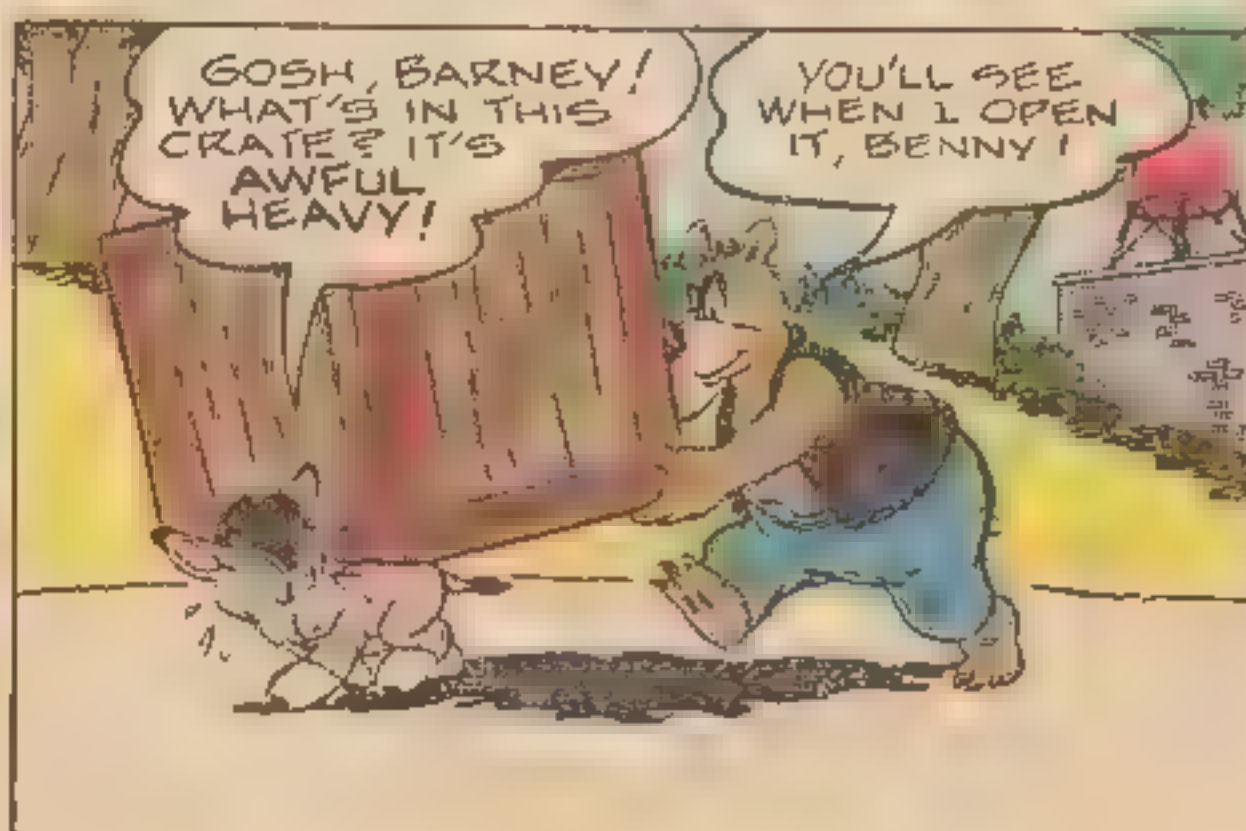
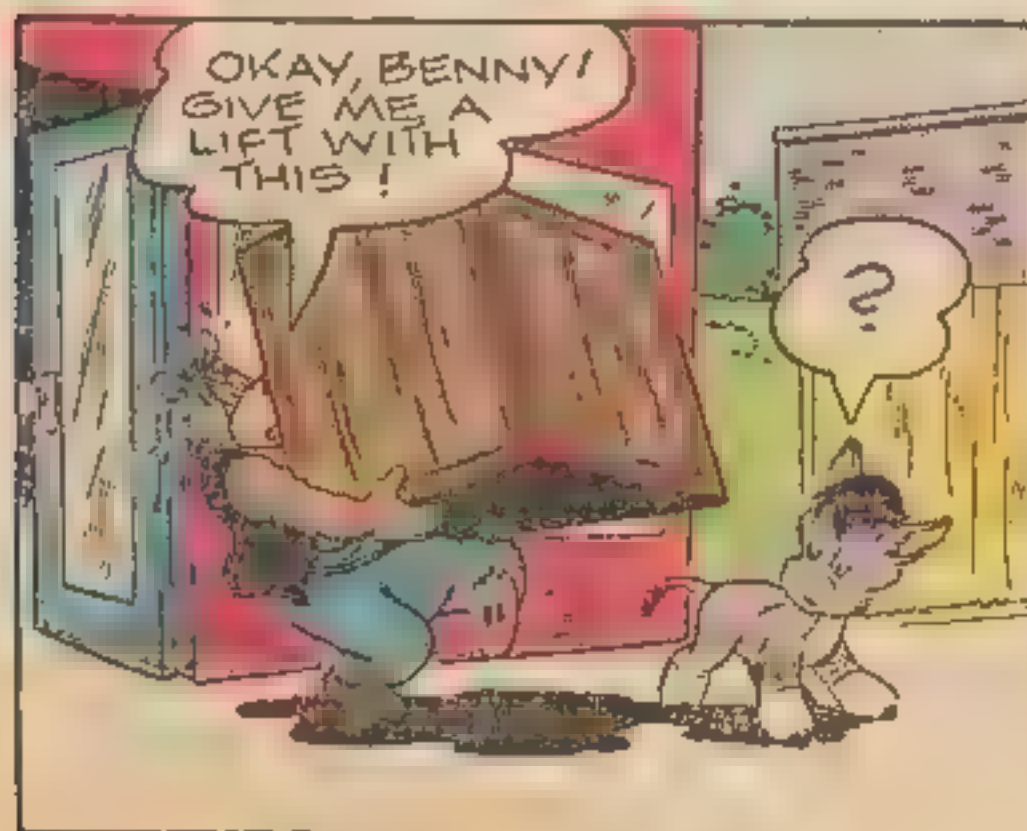
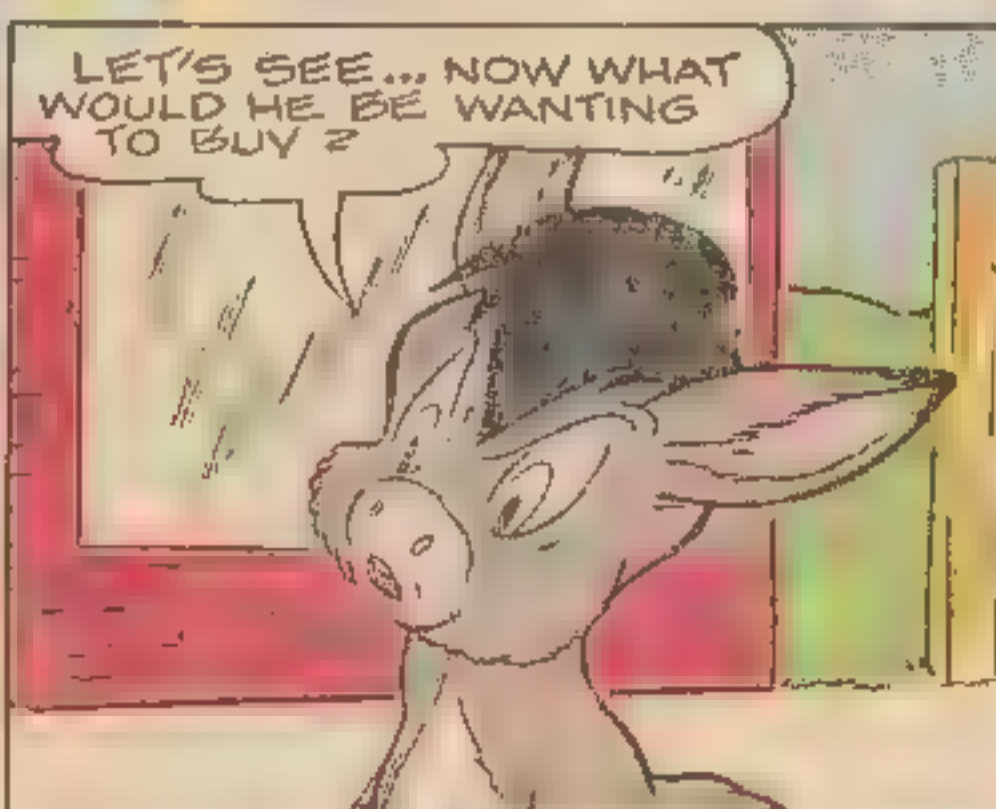
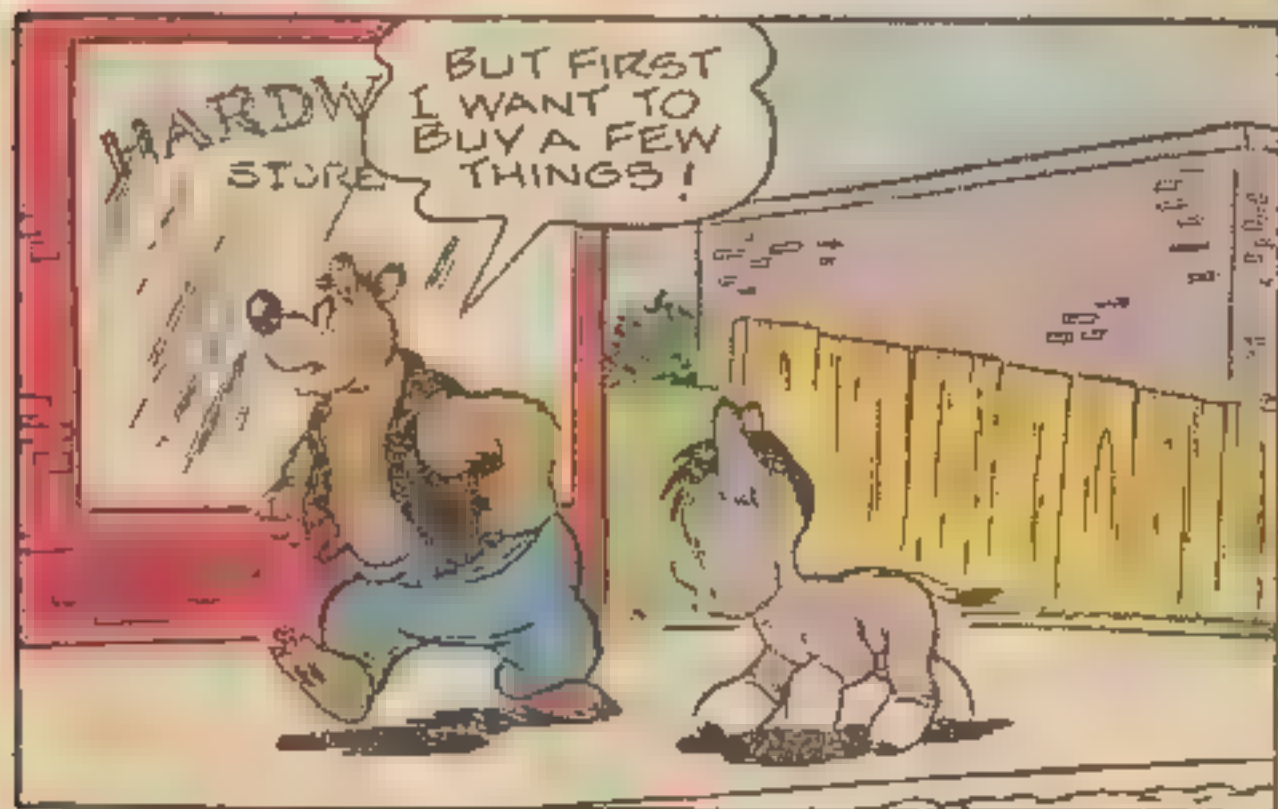
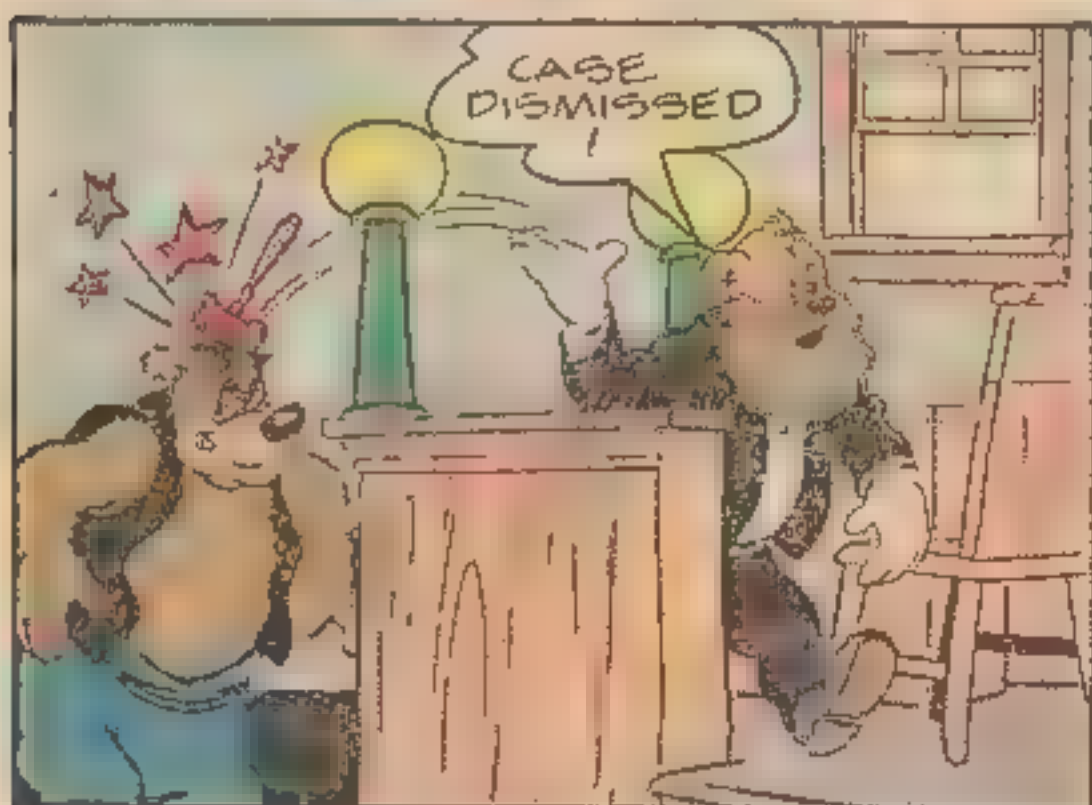
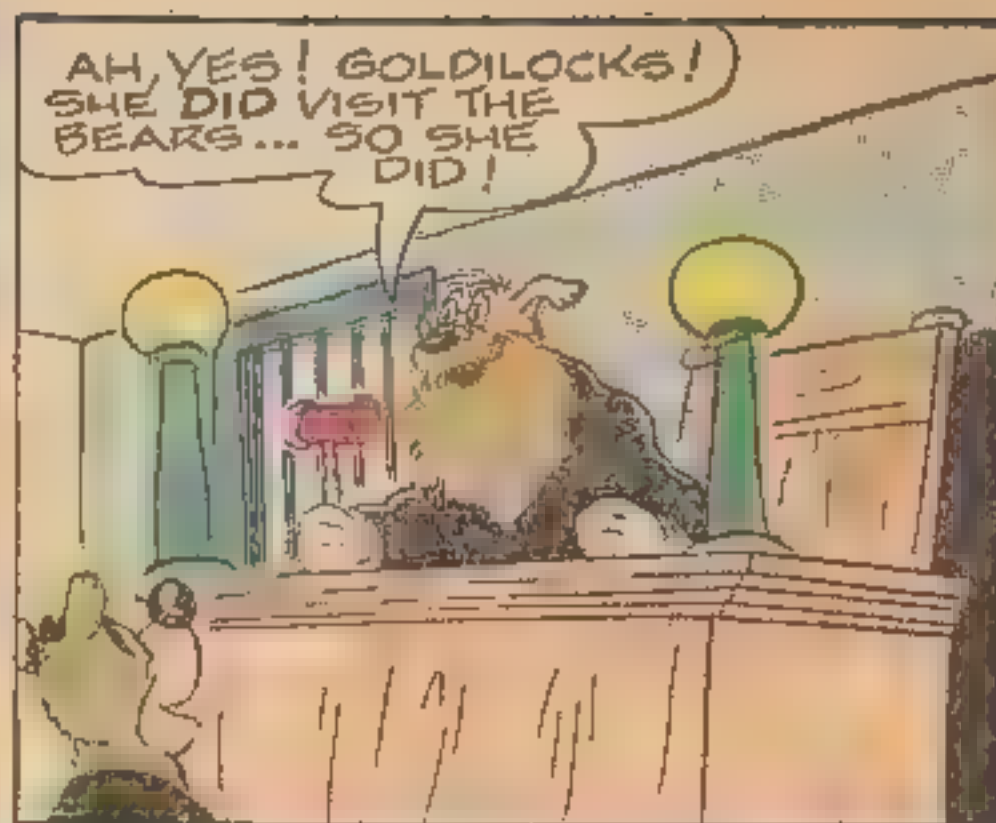
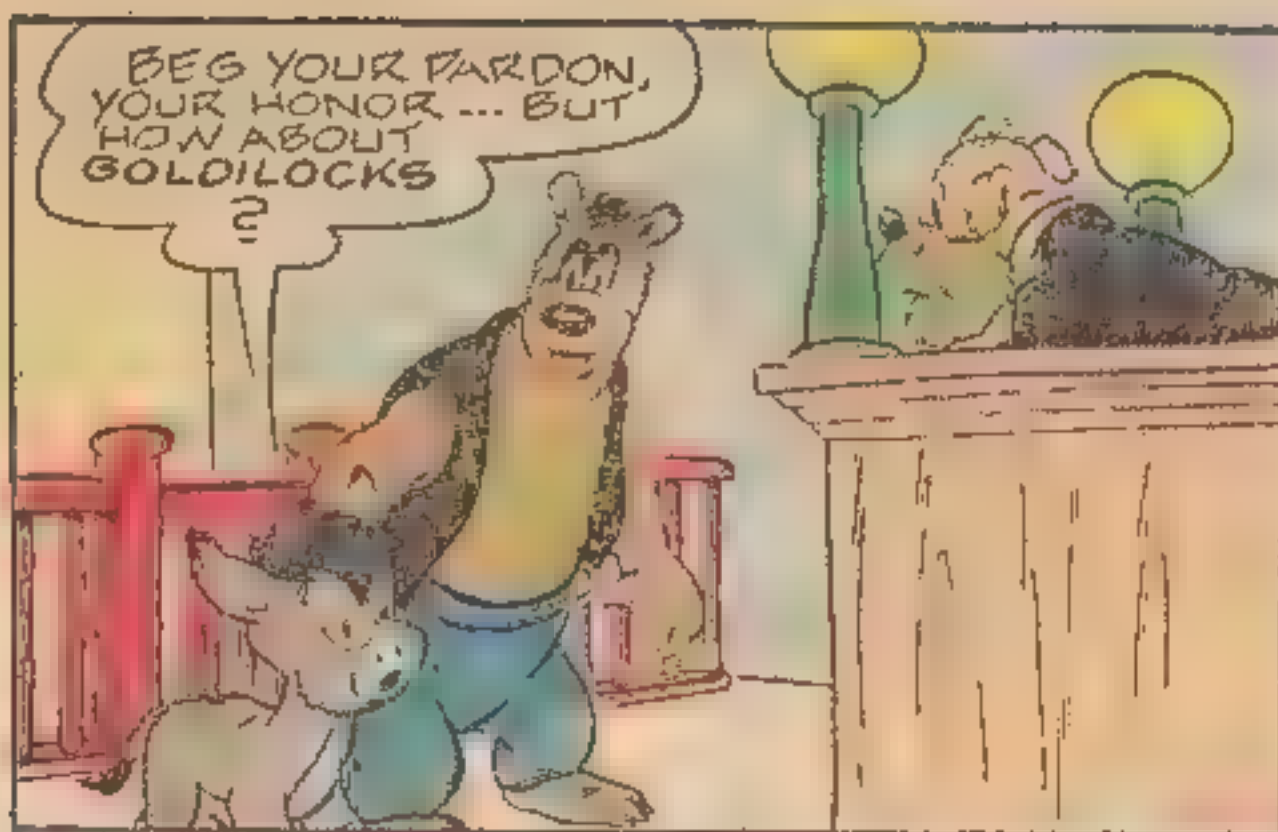




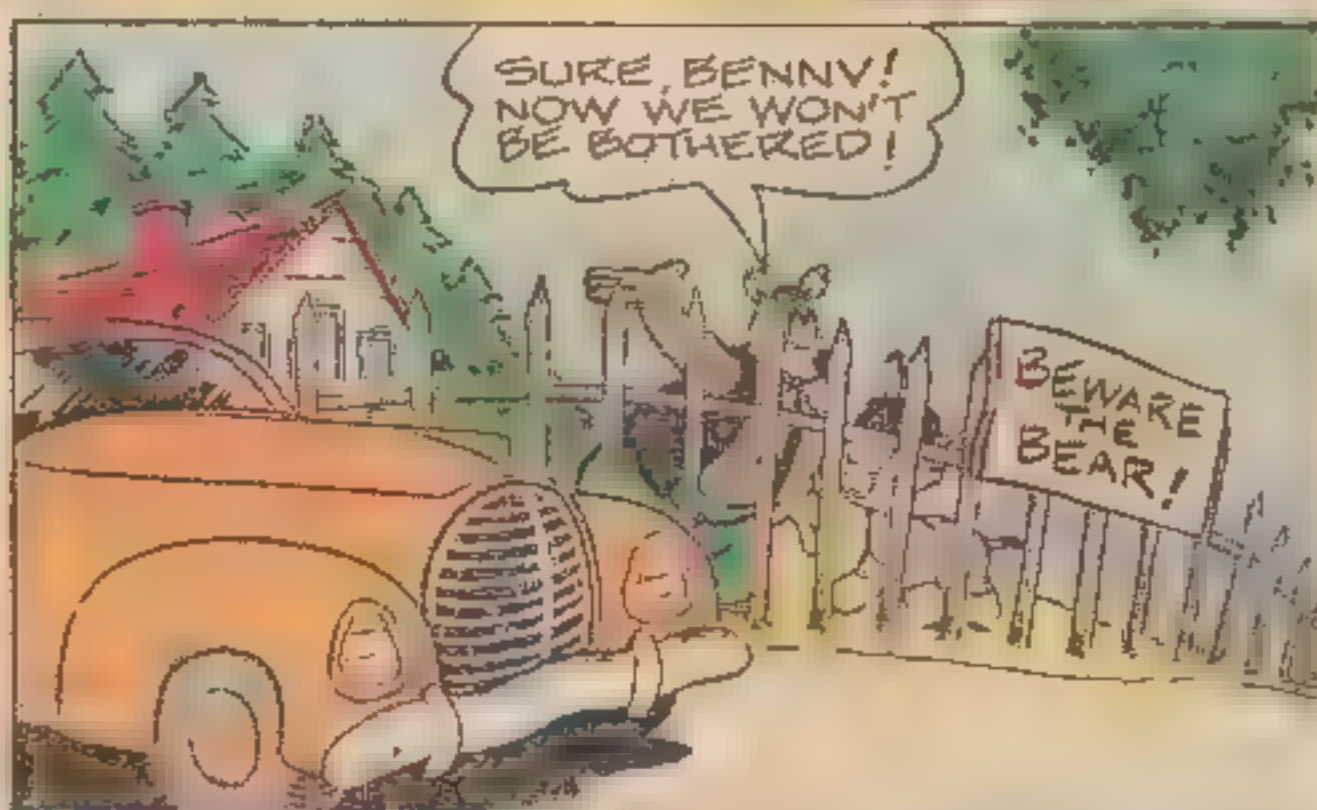
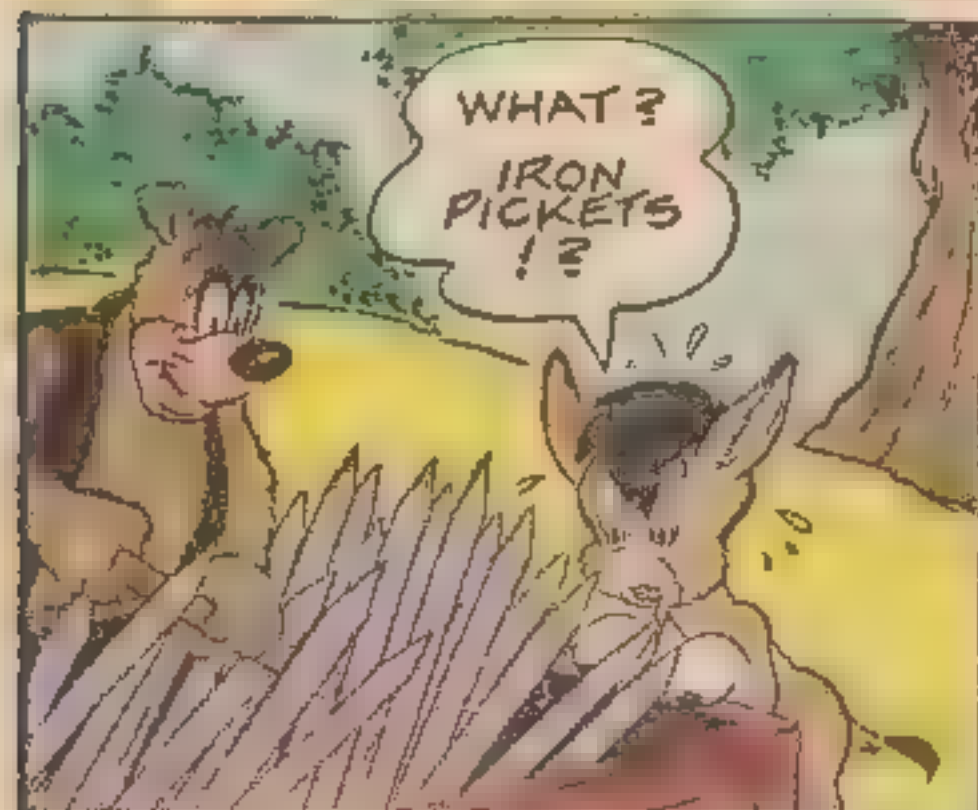
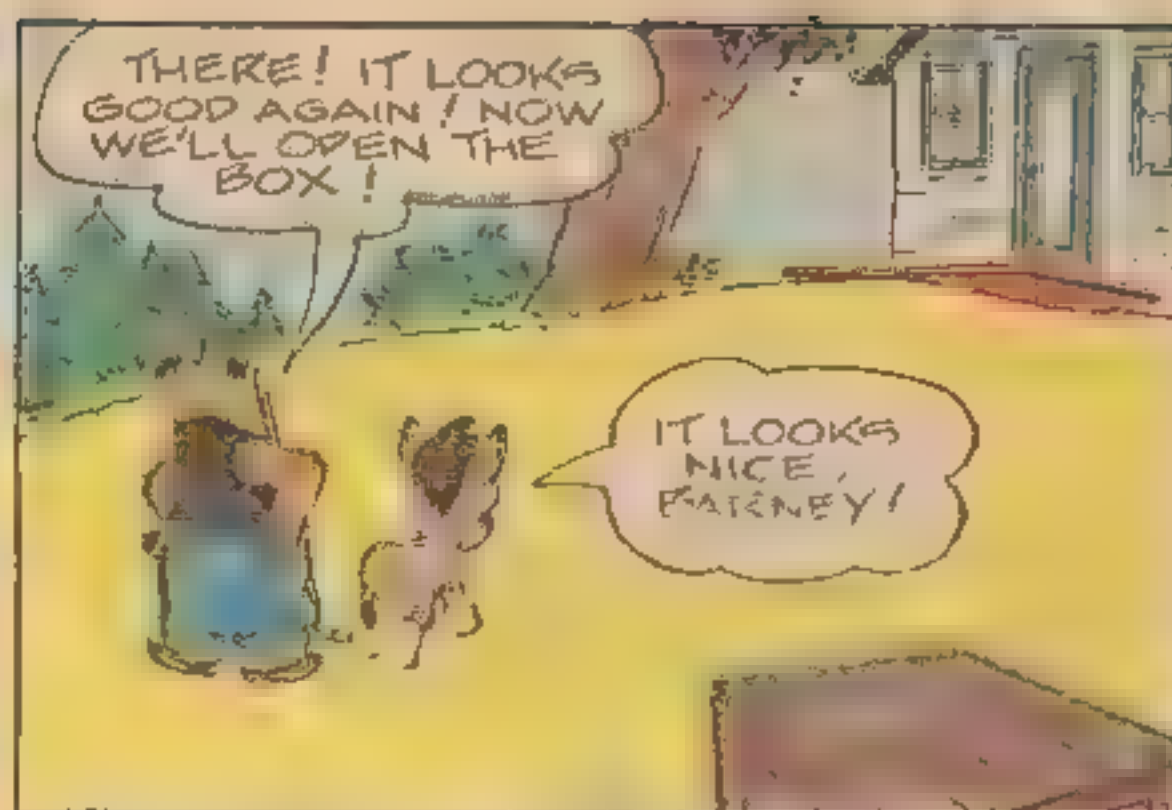
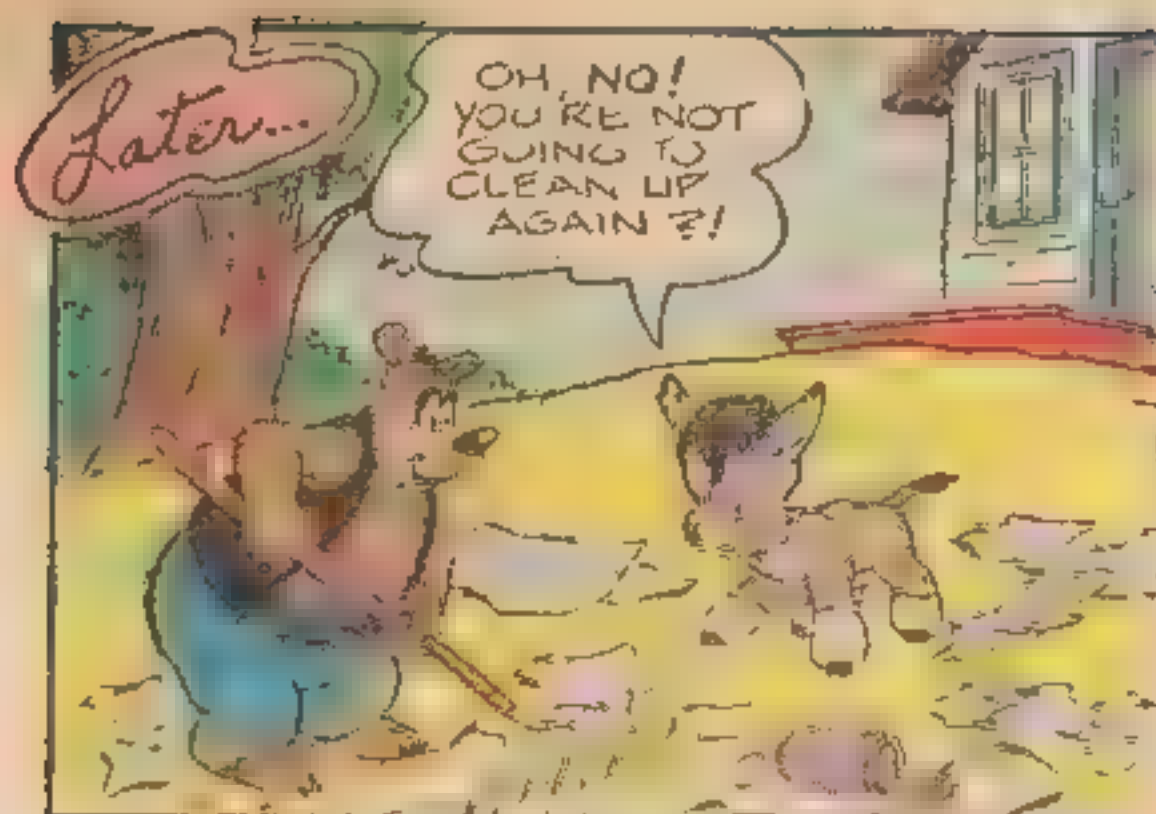












STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1909, and July 2, 1946 in Tom and Jerry Comics published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1949, New York, N. Y., 1949.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State of New York, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who being duly sworn, depose and say that she is the Business Manager of Tom and Jerry Comics and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true and correct statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., of the said Tom and Jerry Comics, a daily, weekly, semi-weekly or twice weekly publication, published at New York, N. Y., on the 1st day of October, 1949, for the date shown in the above title, and that the said statement is true and correct, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1909, and July 2, 1946 (Sec. 1103, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, give the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, of the said Tom and Jerry Comics, and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, it being also stated that the said two paragraphs contain the names of all persons known to the said company and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, bondholders, mortgagees, or other security holders in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER

Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of September, 1949

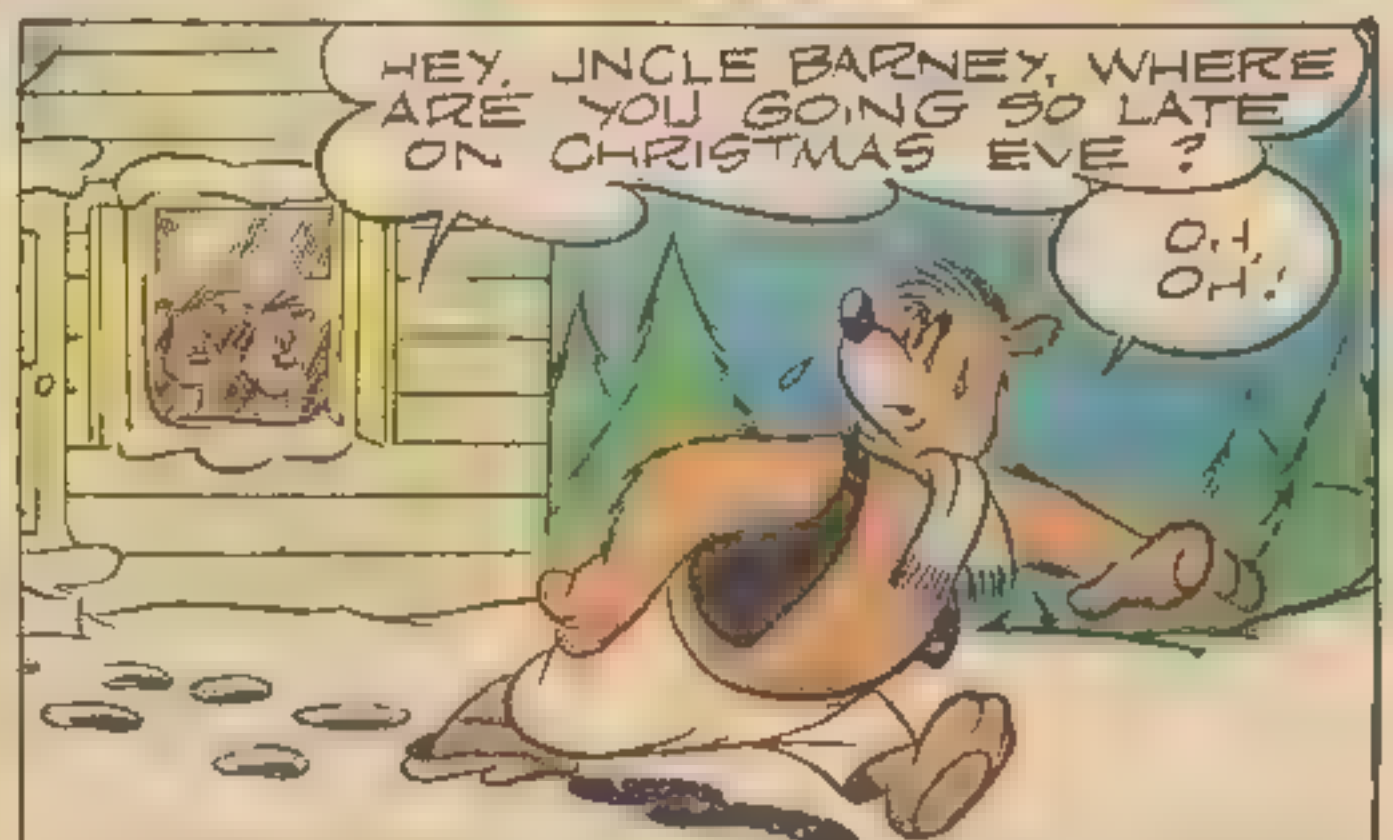
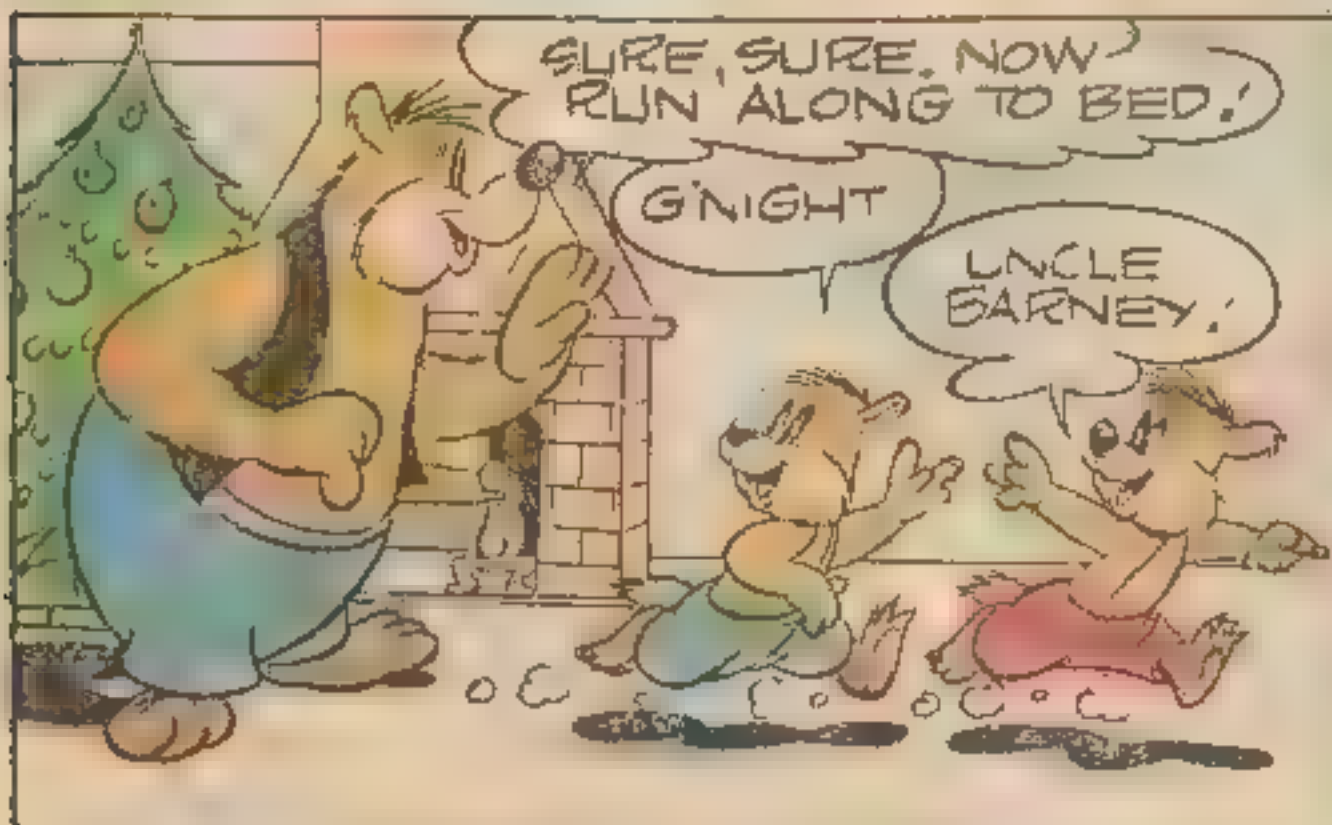
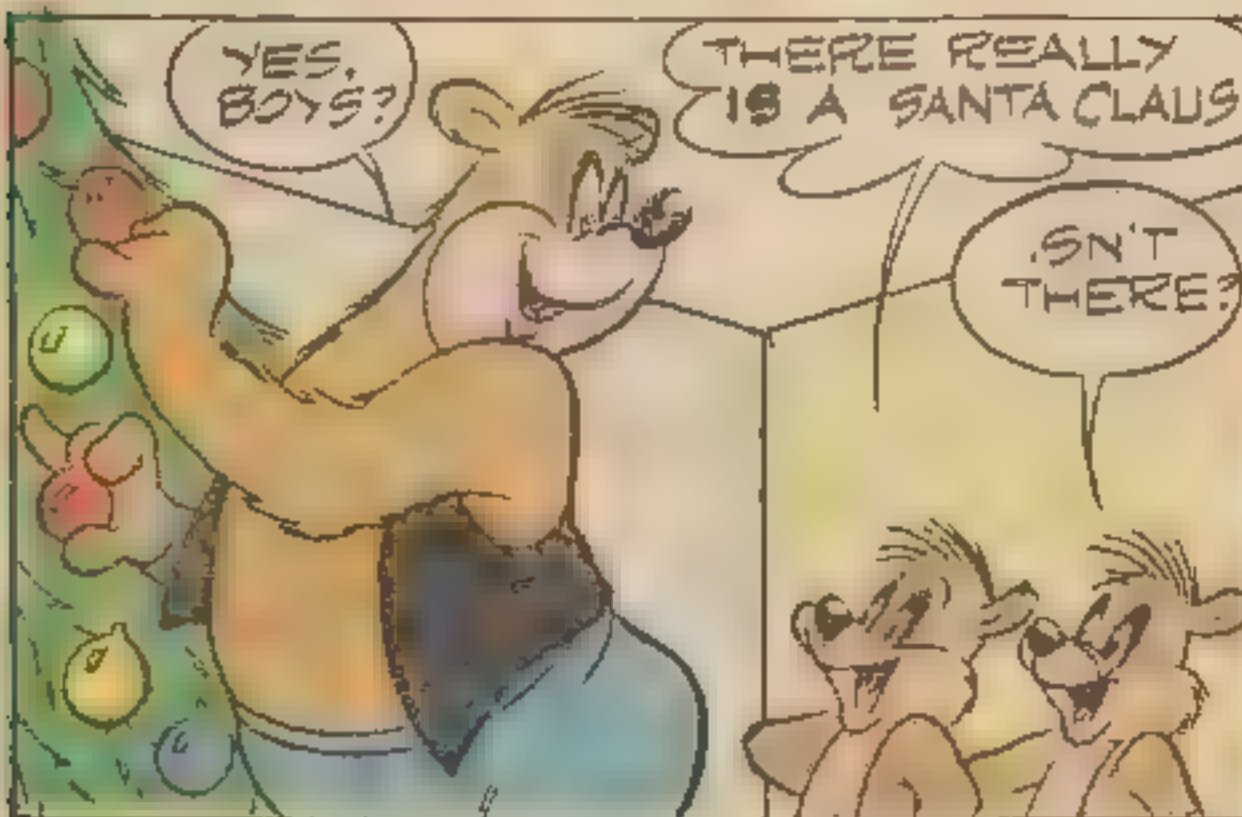
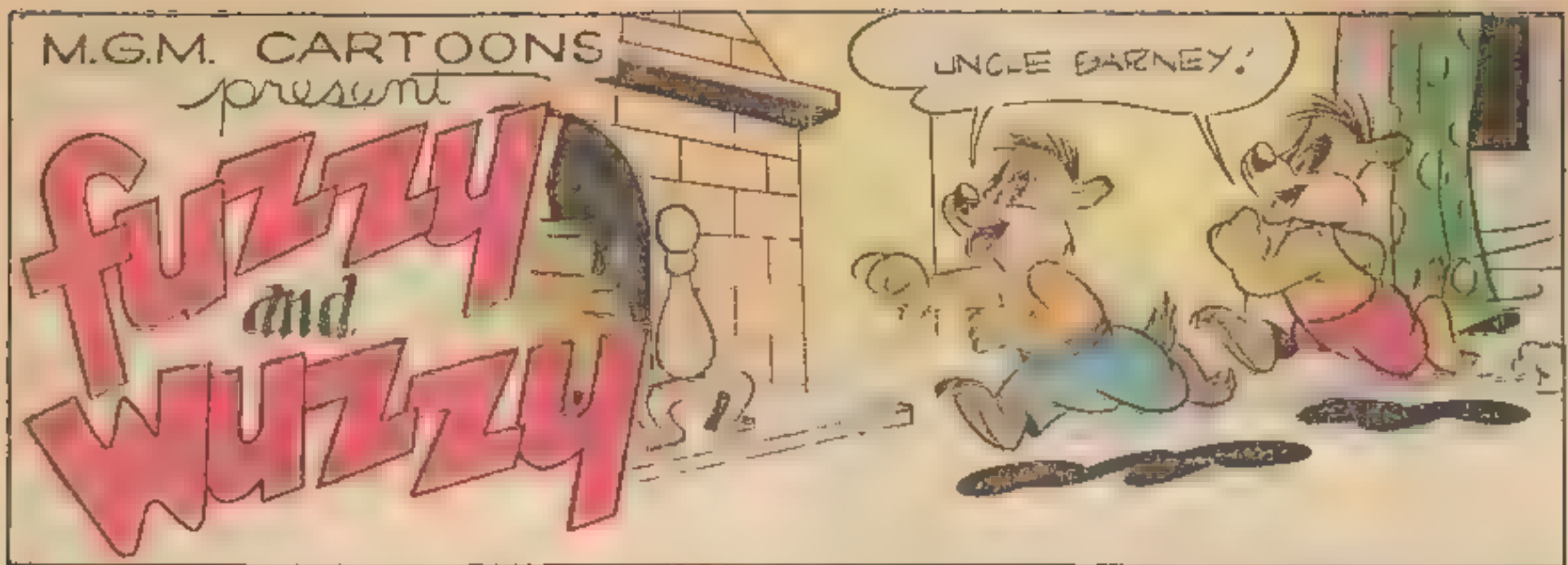
(Seal)

JEANNETTE SMITH (GRILLIN)

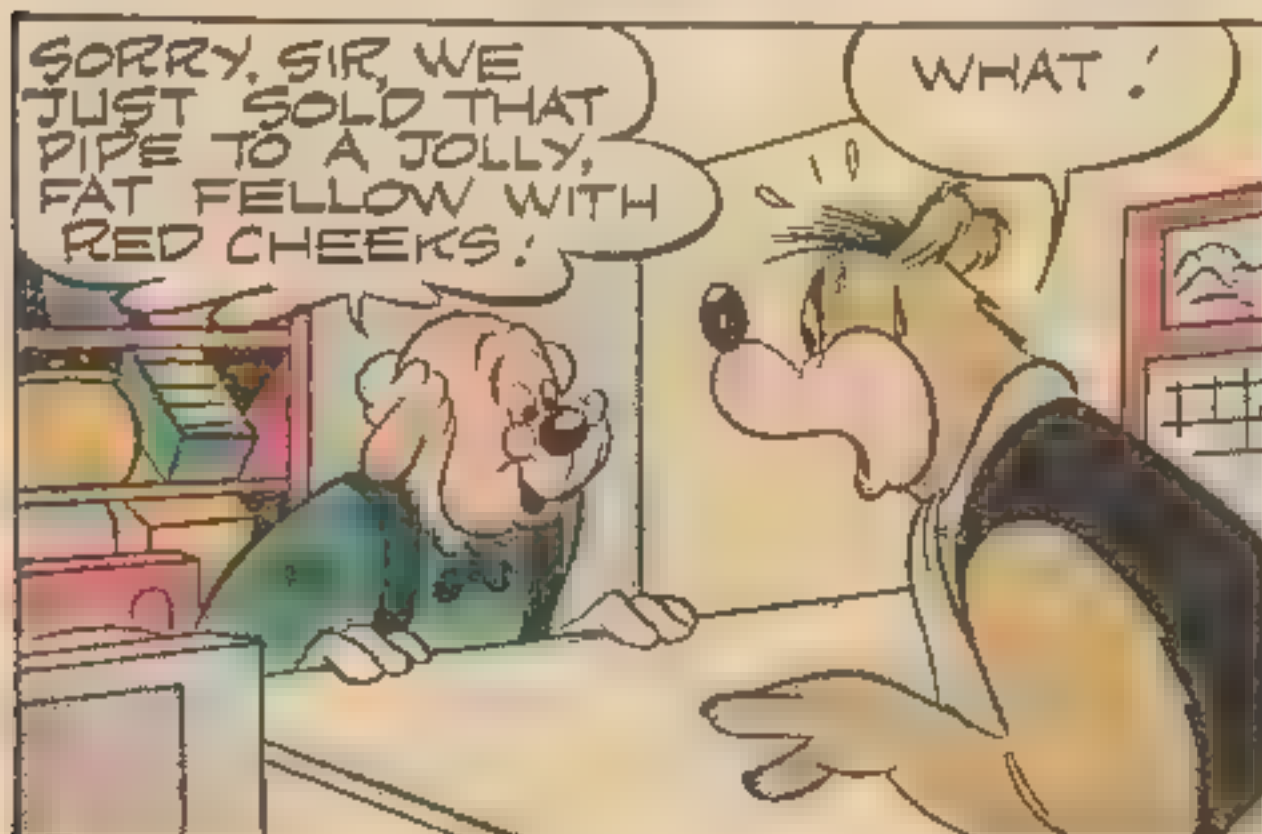
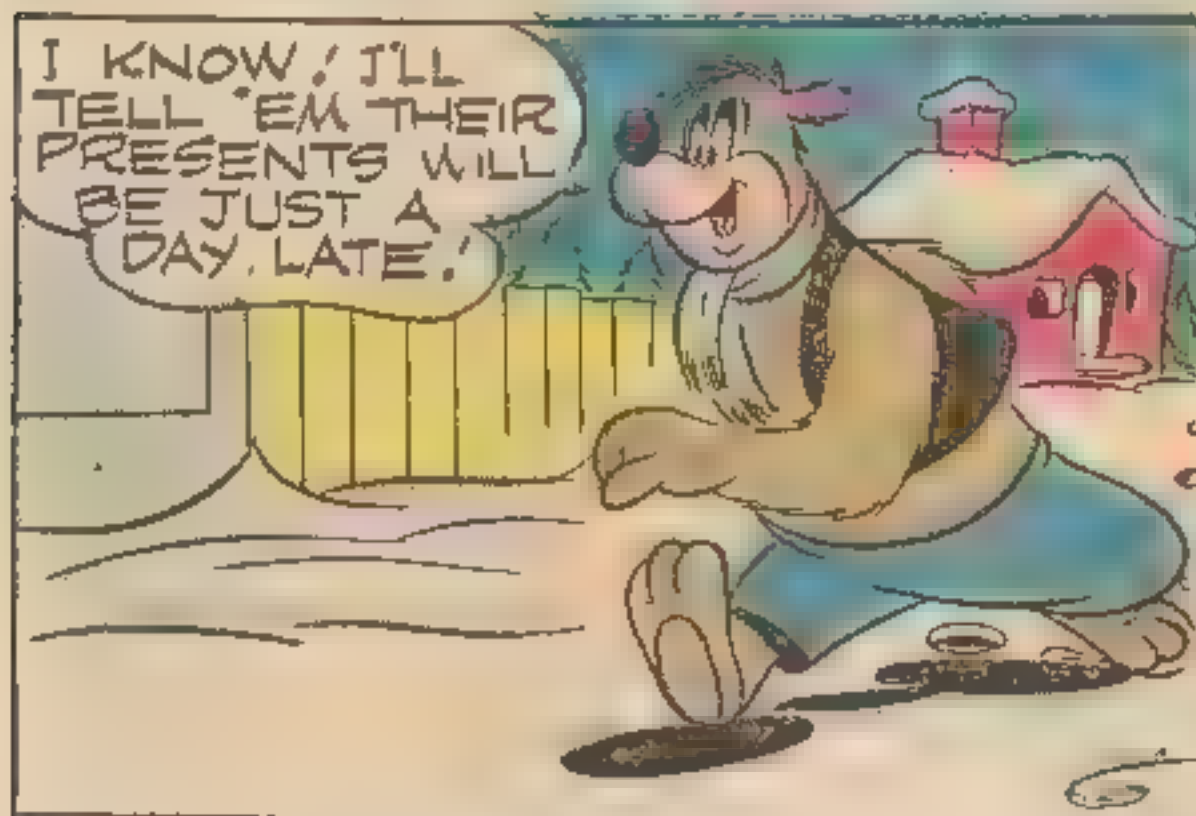
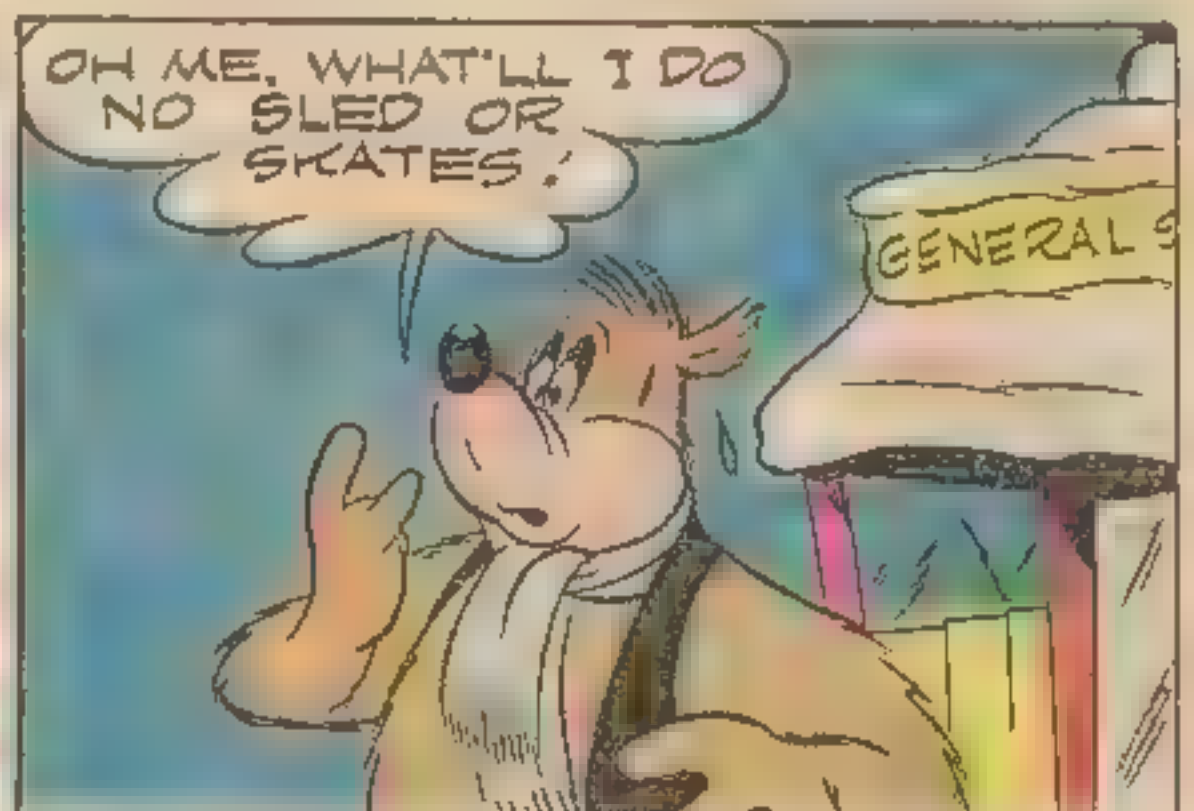
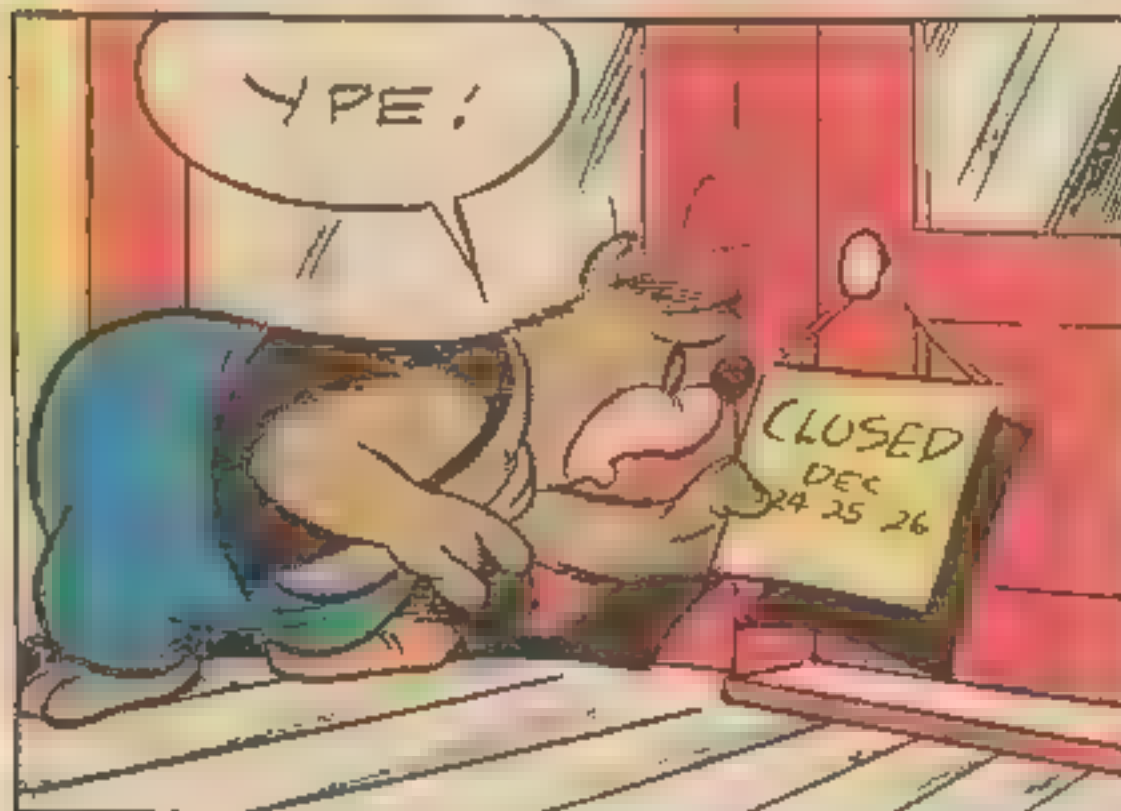
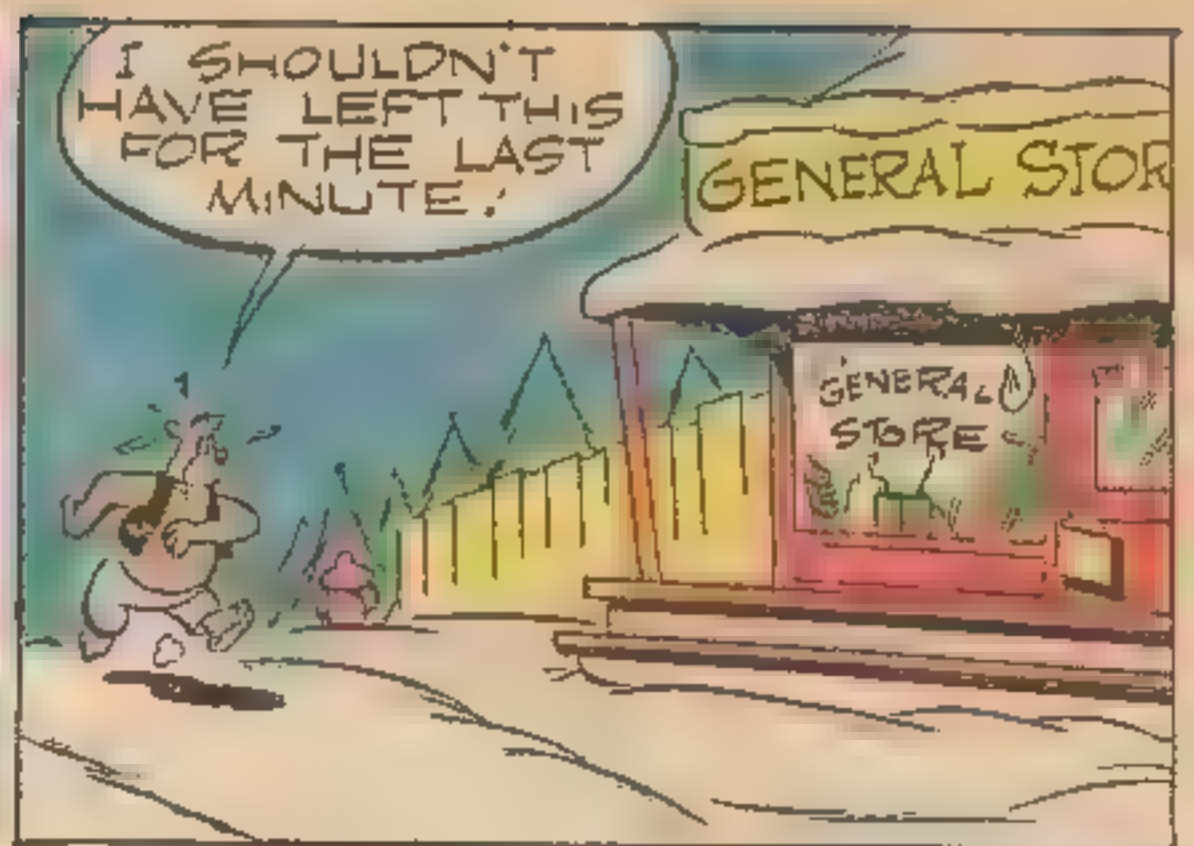
(My Commission Expires March 30, 1950)

BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

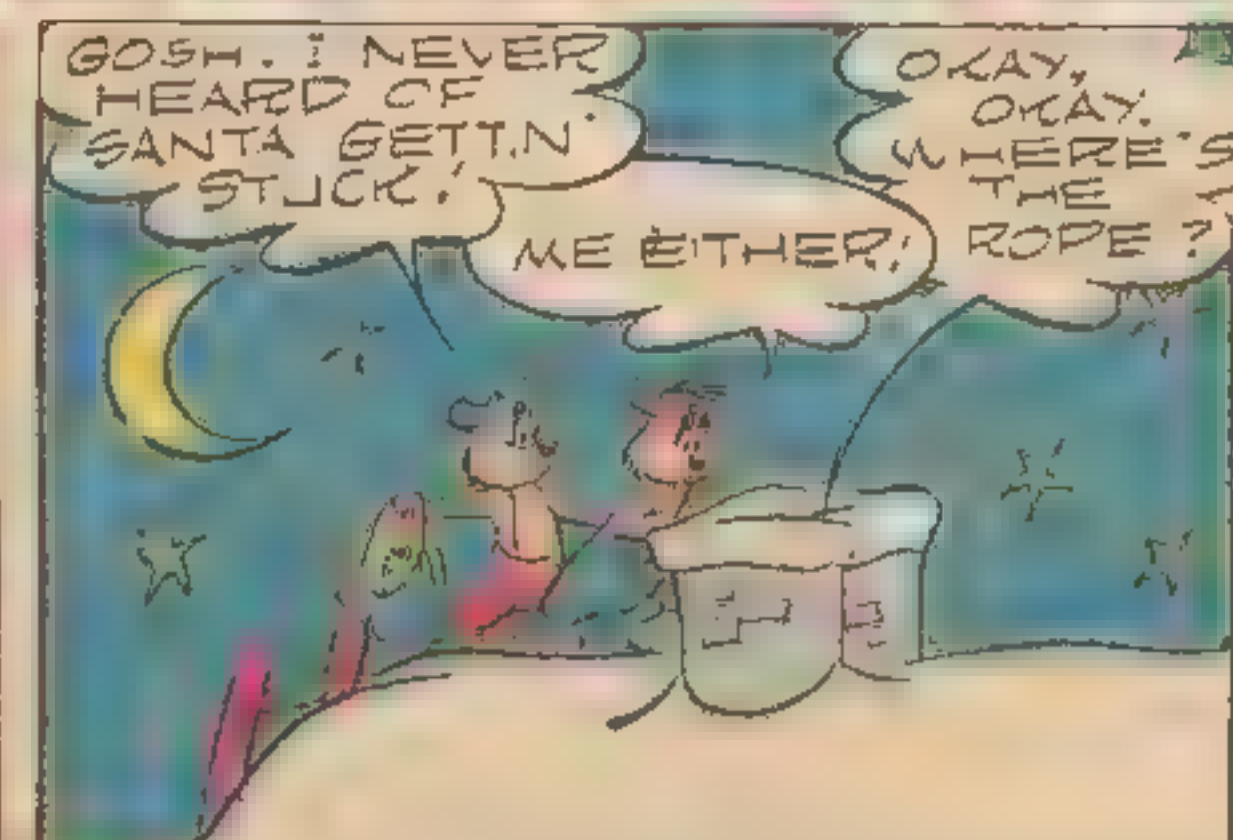
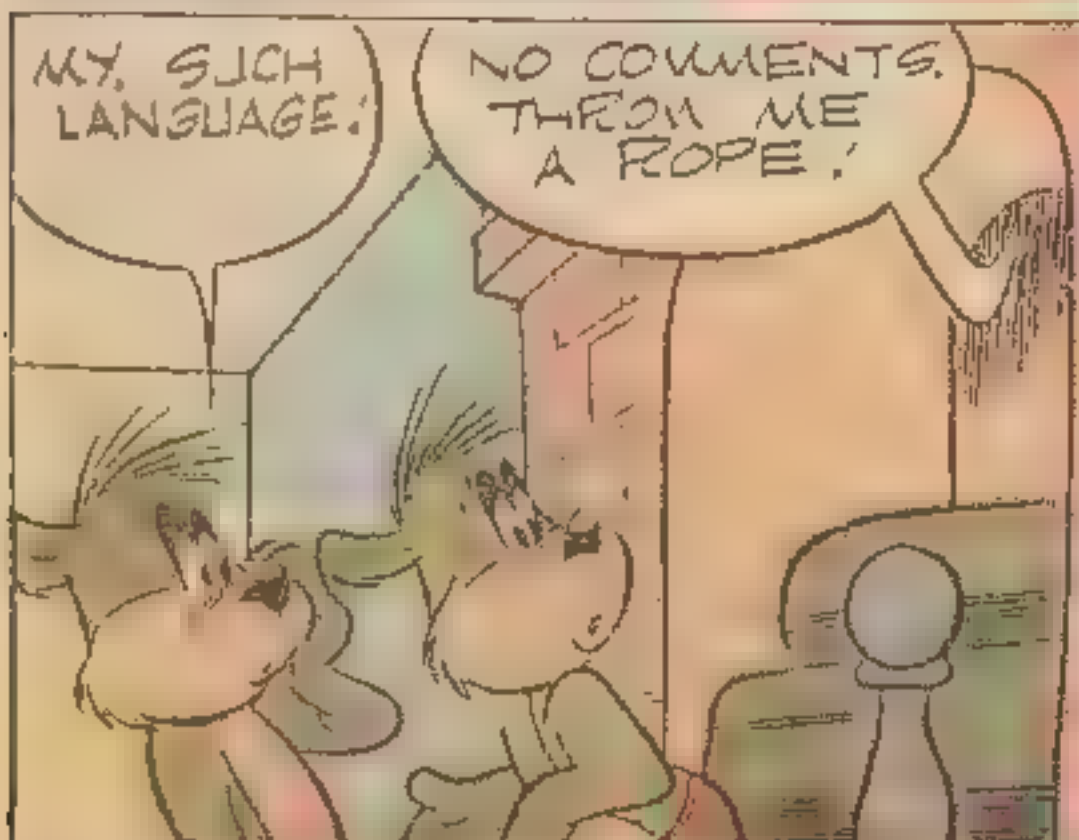
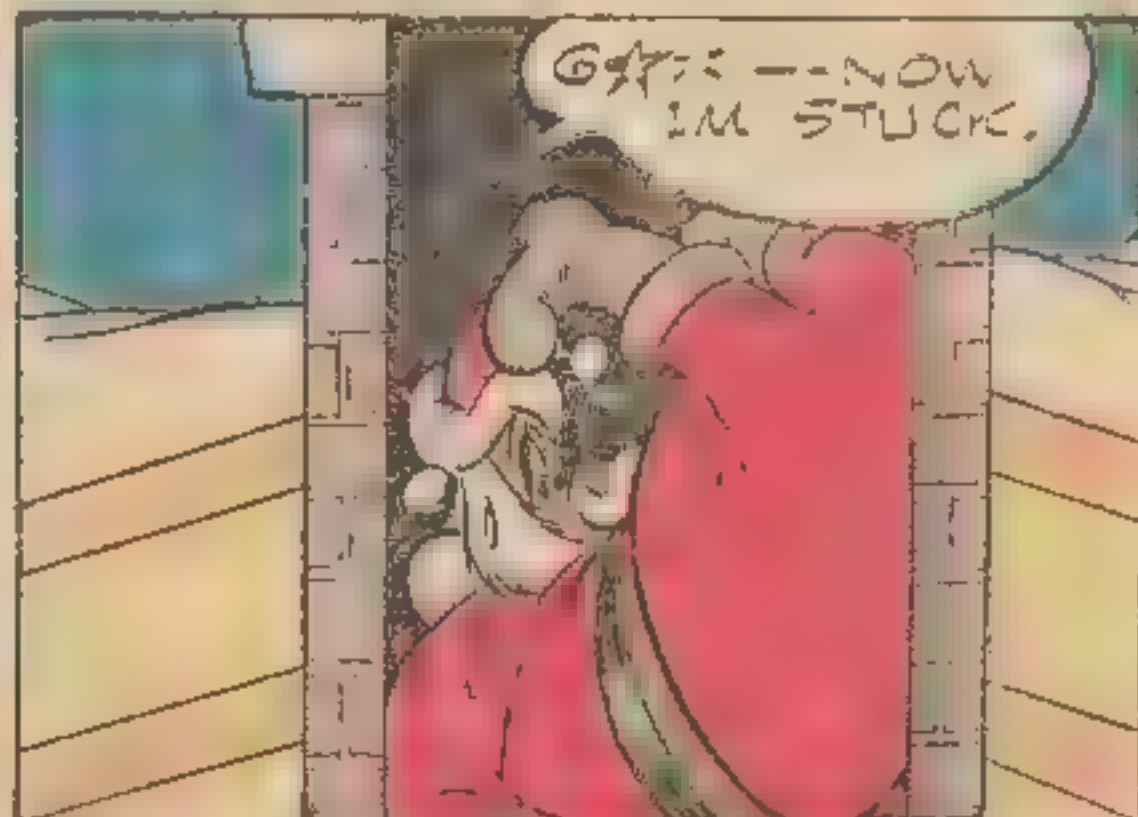
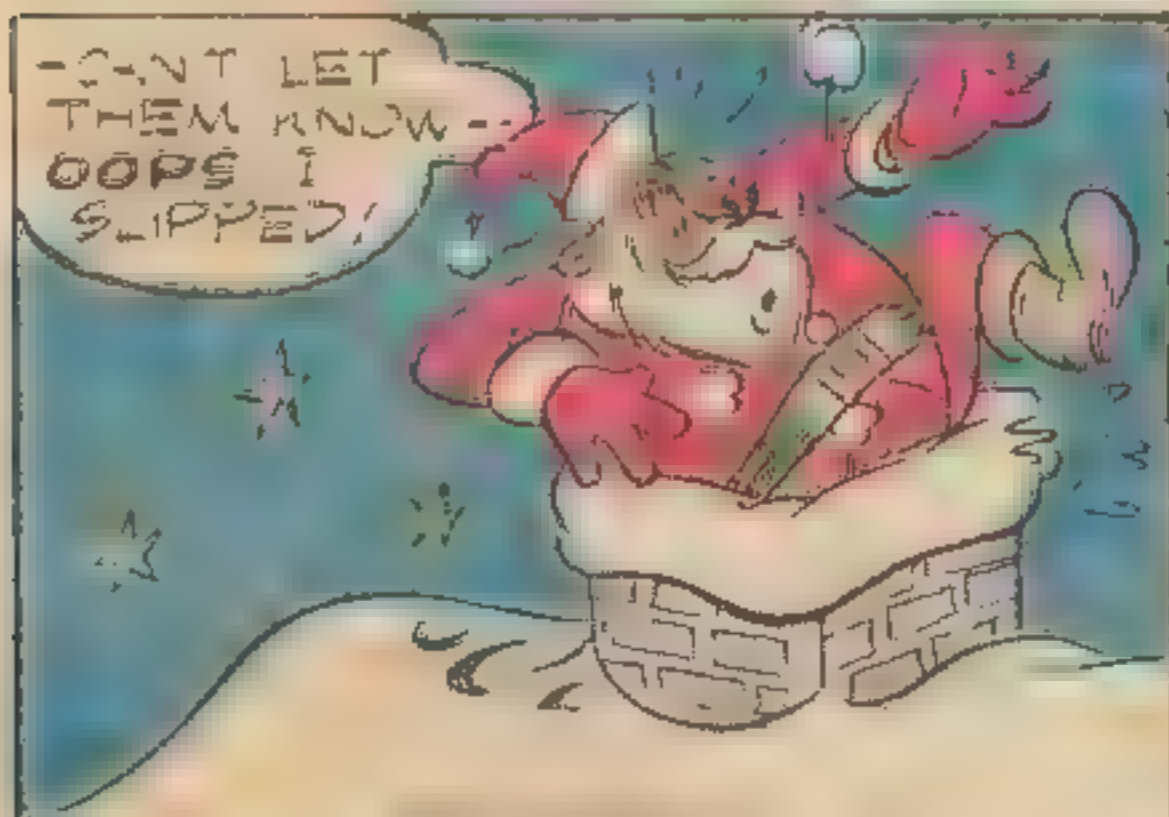




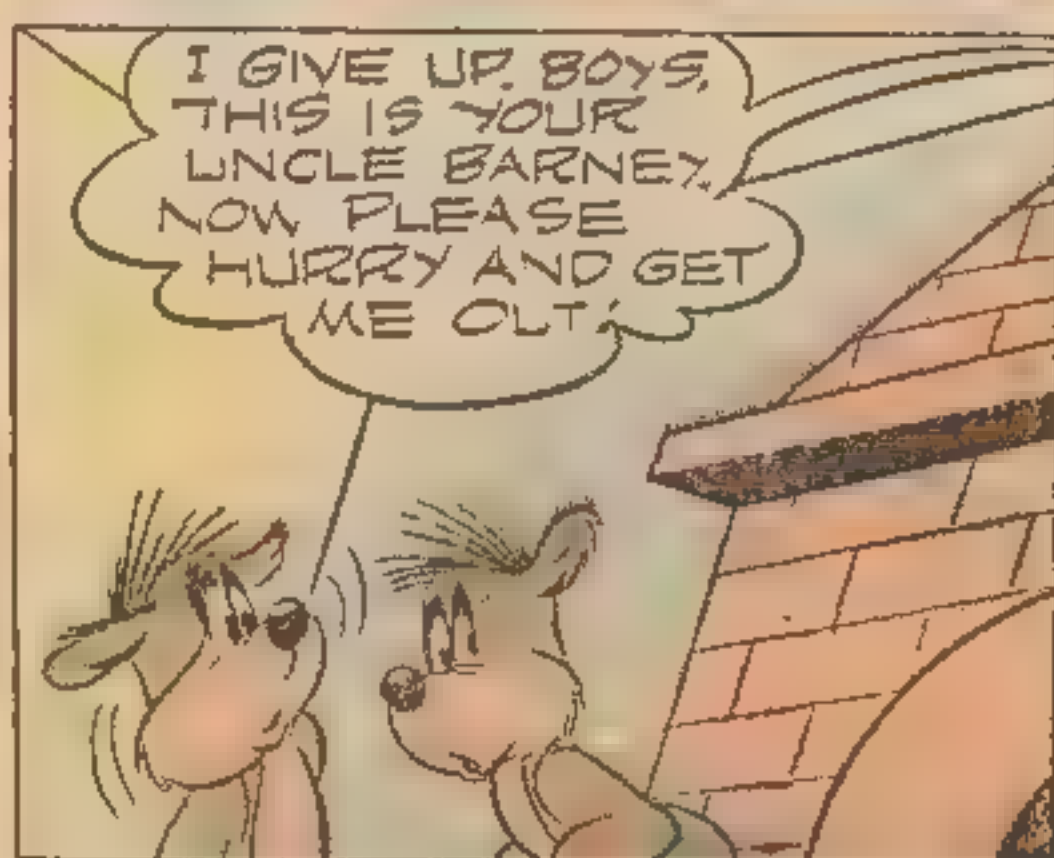
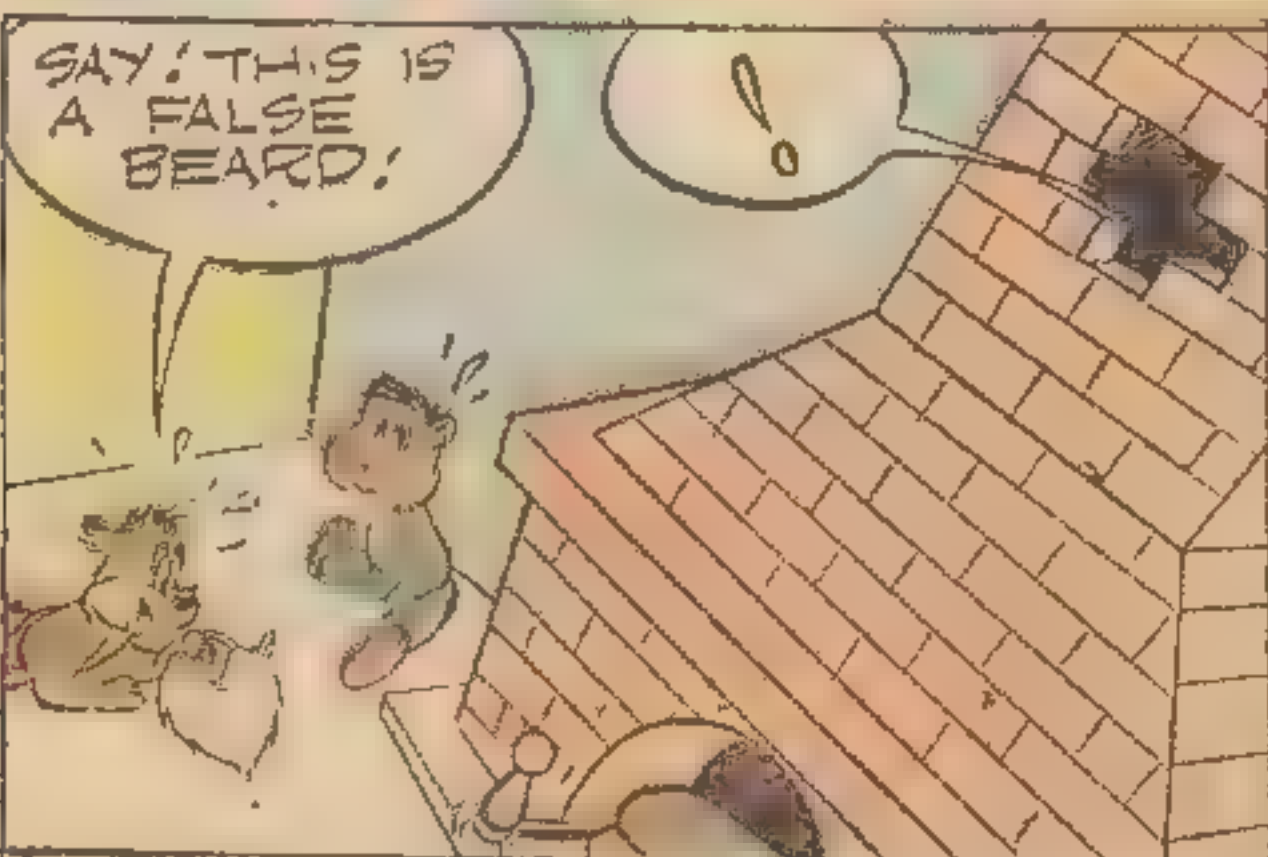
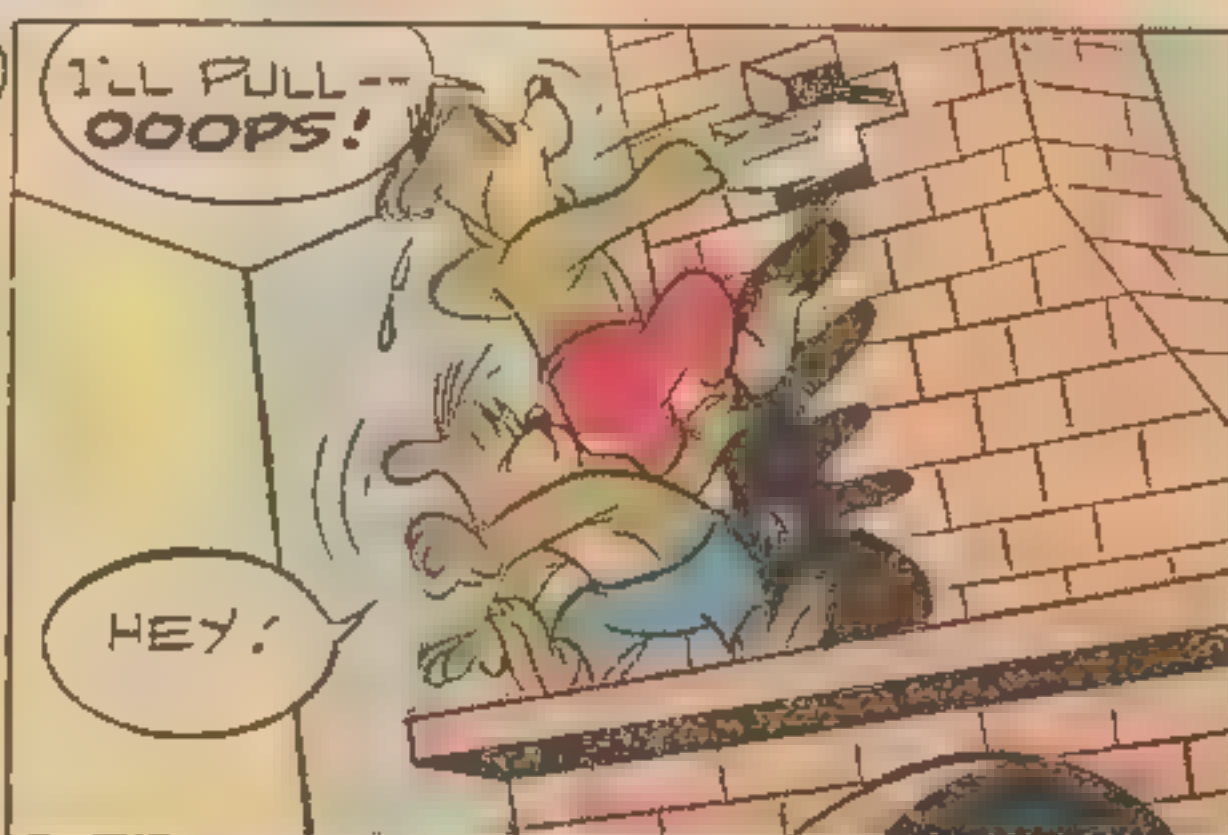
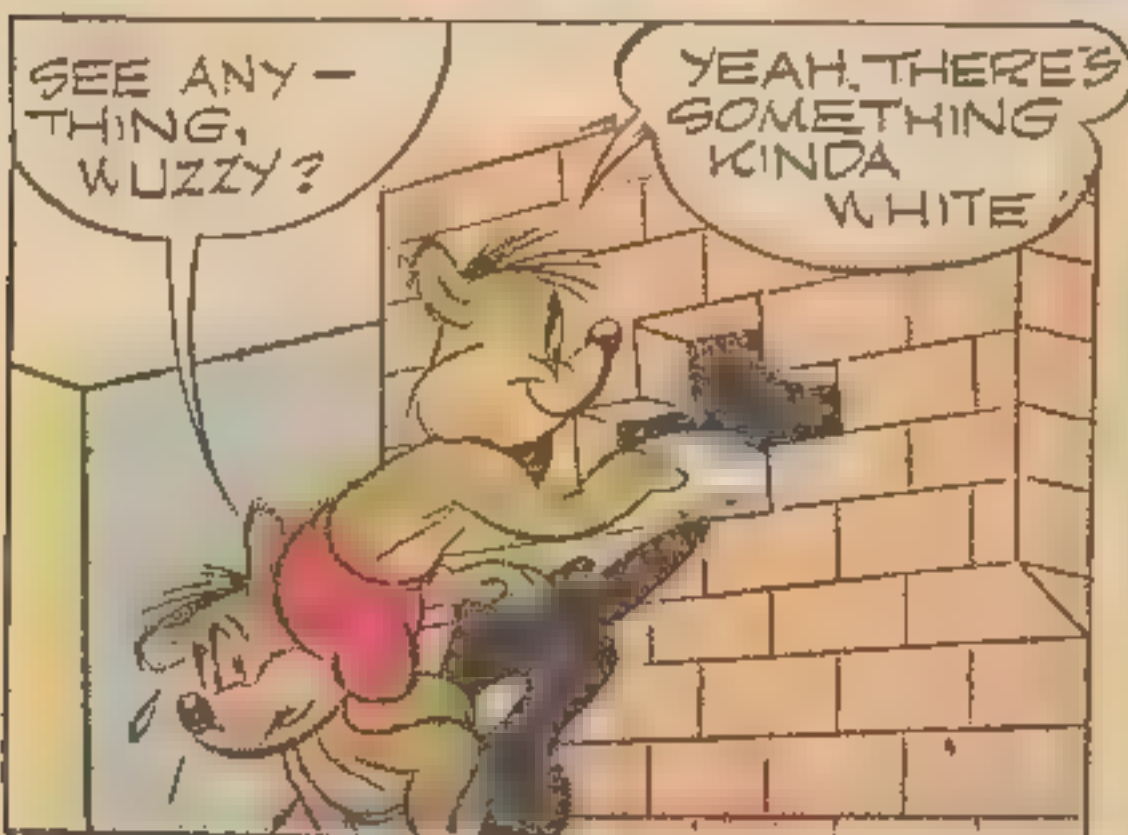
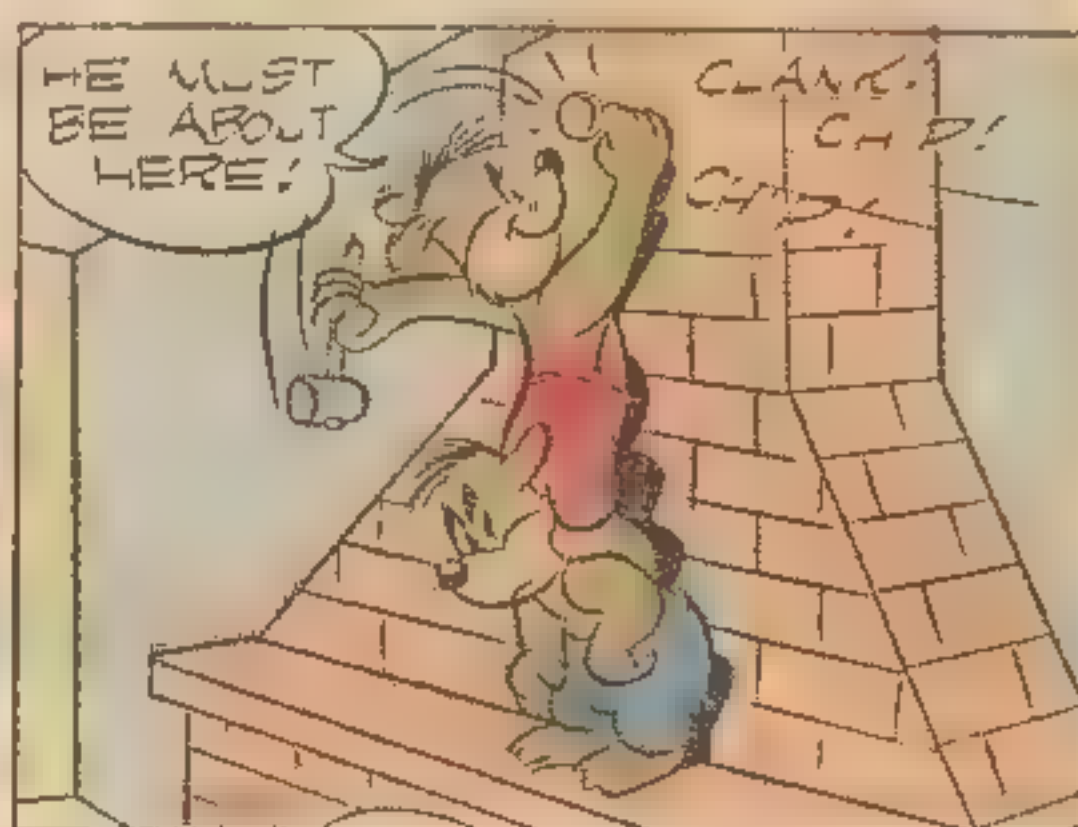
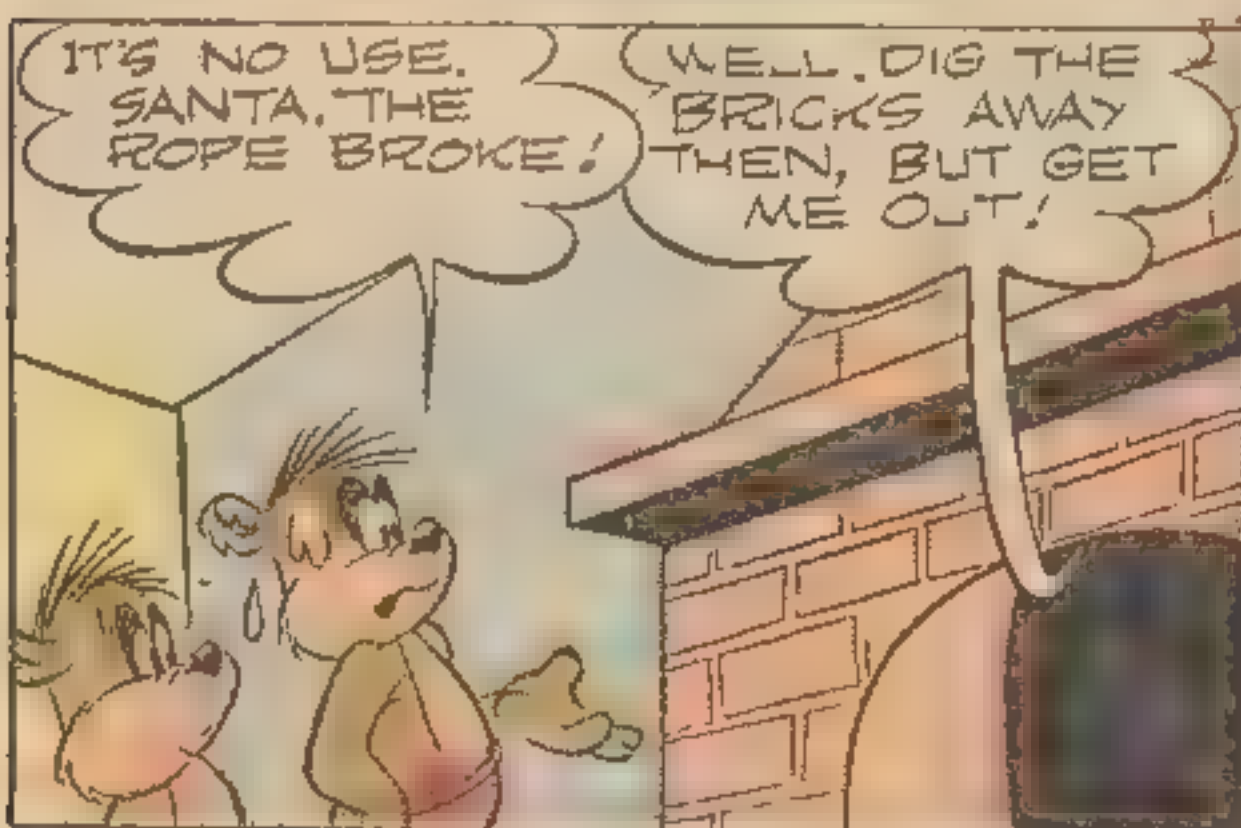
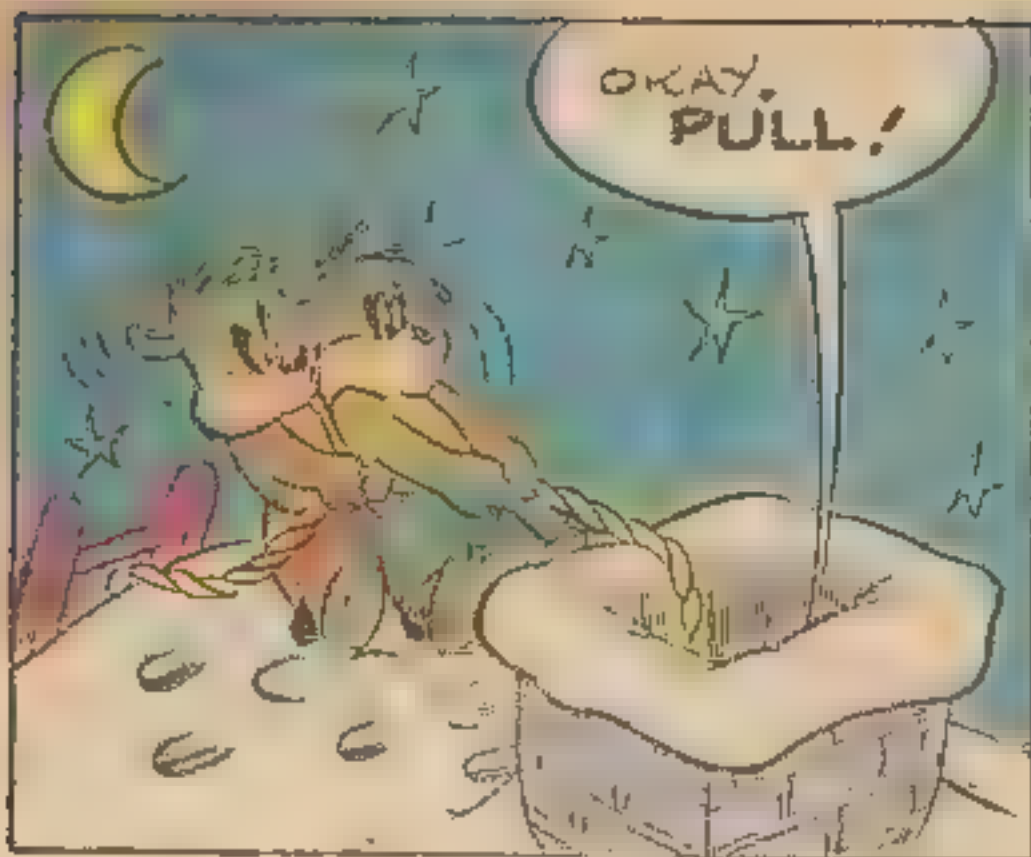




















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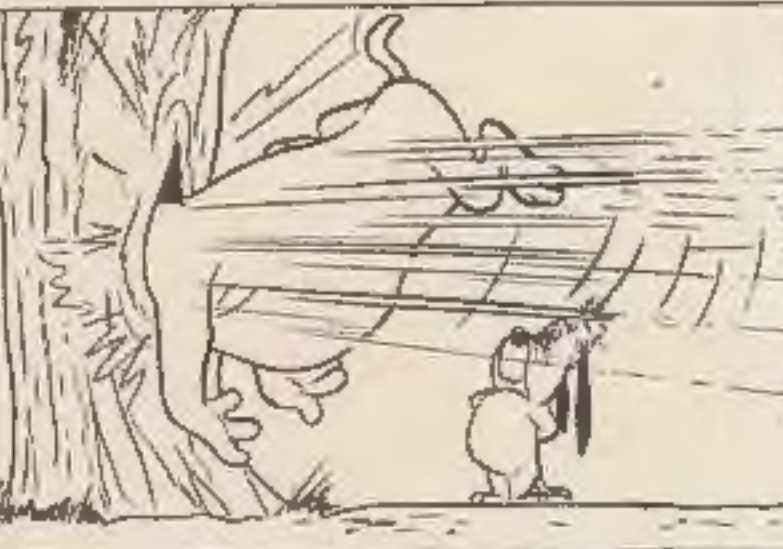
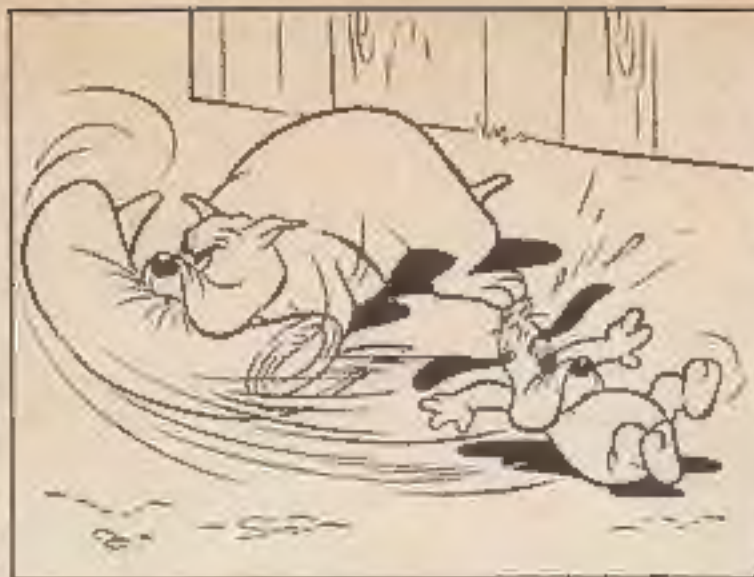
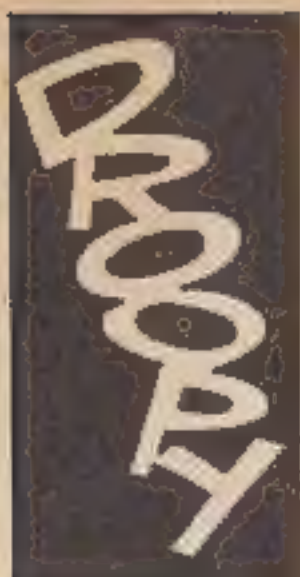
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Street and Number  
City and State  
☐ 1 year ☐ 2 years ☐ 3 years

3. Name Age  
Street and Number  
City and State  
☐ 1 year ☐ 2 years ☐ 3 years

4. Name Age  
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